

THE
ADVENTURES
O F
TELEMACHUS,
THE
SON of *ULYSSES.*

The SIXTEENTH EDITION,
Carefully Revised and corrected.

VOL. II

To which is added,

The ADVENTURES OF
ARISTONOUS.

L O N D O N:

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THE
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TELEMACHUS.

BOOK XII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Nestor, in the name of the allies, demands succours of Idomeneus against the Daunians their enemies. Mentor, who has a mind to regulate the government of the city of Salentum, and train up the people to agriculture, orders matters so, that the allies are contented with having Telemachus at the head of a hundred noble Cretans. After whose departure, Mentor makes an exact review of the city and port of Salentum; informs himself of every thing; causes Idomeneus to make new regulations for trade and government, and divide the people into seven classes, whose rank and quality he distinguishes by different habits; and makes him restrain luxury and unprofitable arts, in order to employ the inferior part of the people in agriculture, which he renders an honourable profession.

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ALREADY had the army of the allies pitch'd their tents, and the field was cover'd over with rich pavilions of all sorts of colours, where the fatigu'd Hesperians waited for refreshing sleep. When the kings, together with their retinue, were enter'd the city, they were astonish'd to find, that in so short a time so many stately buildings were rais'd ; and that the distractions of so great a war had not hinder'd this infant city from growing, and being embellish'd all at once.

' They admir'd the wisdom and vigilance of Idomeneus, who was the founder of so fine a kingdom ; and every one concluded that now they had made peace with him, it would be a great addition of strength to the allies, if he would enter into their confederacy against the Daunians. They propos'd this to Idomeneus, he could not reject so reasonable a thing, and promised them his assistance. But, as Mentor was ignorant of nothing that is necessary to render a state flourishing, he was of opinion that the forces of Idomeneus could not be so great as they seem'd to be, wherefore, taking him aside, he thus spoke to him.

You see our care has not been altogether unprofitable to you : Salentum is secured from the evils that threaten'd her ; it is now your fault if you don't raise her glory as high as the heavens, and equal the wisdom of Minos your grandfather, in the government of your people. I continue my freedom of speech to you, believing you would have me do so, and that you abhor flattery. Whilst these kings were extolling your magnificence, I was thinking within myself all the while upon the rashnes of your conduct. At this word rashnes, Idomeneus chang'd colour, his eyes look'd disorder'd, he redd'n'd, and was going to interrupt Mentor, to shew him his resentment. Mentor,

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in a modest, respectful tone, but yet free and bold, said to him : I see you are offended at this word rashness, and it had been wrong in any one but me to have made use of it ; for we ought to respect kings, and use them very tenderly, even when we are reprobating them. Truth of itself is offensive enough to them, without the addition of rugged terms ; but I thought you could have suffer'd me to speak to you without lenitives, in order to discover to you your error. My design was to accustom you to hear things call'd by their names, and to understand, that when others give you their advice about your conduct, they will never dare to tell you all their thoughts ; and therefore, unless you would be deceiv'd, you must always apprehend more than they will say to you in things wherein your conduct has been amiss. For my part, I am willing to soften my words according to your occasions. But it will be for your advantage, that a plain, disinterested man should talk a rough language to you in private. No other will ever dare to do it ; and so you will never see truth but by halves, and cover'd under fair disguises.

At these words, Idomeneus, who had by this time master'd his passion, seem'd ashame of his excessive delicacy. You see, said he to Mentor, what it is to be us'd to flattery. I am indebted to you for the safety of my new kingdom, and there is no truth, but I should think myself happy to hear from your mouth ; but pity a prince whom flattery had poison'd, and who could never find a man generous enough to tell him the truth, not even in his misfortunes. No ; I have never met with any-body who has lov'd me well enough to displease me, by telling me the whole truth. As he spoke these words, his eyes were bath'd with tears, and he tenderly embrac'd Mentor. Then that wise old man said to him : it is with grief that I find myself constrain'd to tell you some harsh things ; but it is not in my power to betray you, by hiding the truth from you. Put yourself in my place ; if

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you have hitherto been deceiv'd, it is because you were willing to be so, and because you were afraid of counsellors too sincere. Haye you looked out for such as were most disinterested, and most fit to contradict you? Have you made it your business to choose men the least forward to please you, who scorn a mercenary conduct, and such as would not scruple to condemn your passions and your wrong sentiments of things? When you have met with flatterers, have you remov'd them from your prefence? Have you been upon your guard against them? No, no: you have not done as those do who love truth, and who deserve to know it. Let us see if you have now the courage to suffer yourself to be humbled by the truth that condemns you.

I was saying, therefore, that what acquired you so much applause, deserves rather to be blam'd. While you had abroad so many enemies that threaten'd your kingdom, as yet but indifferently establish'd, you thought of nothing in your new city, but to raise stately buildings in it. It is this has cost you so many uneasy nights, as you yourself have own'd to me: you have drain'd your treasures; you neither thought of increasing your people, nor of cultivating the fertile lands upon this coast. Ought you not to have looked upon these two things, as the two main pillars of your strength, to have a great number of able men, and lands well cultivated to maintain them? You should at first have had a long peace, to favour the multiplying of your people. You should have minded nothing but agriculture, and the enacting of wholesome laws. Vain ambition has push'd you on to the brink of a precipice; and aiming to appear great, you had like to have ruin'd your real greatness. Now, therefore, be diligent to repair those oversights; put a stop to all your pompous structures; renounce that pageantry, which would ruin your new city; let your people take breath, and enjoy peace; apply yourself to settle them in plenty, in order to facilitate their marriages.

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Know, that you are no otherwise a king, than as you have a people to govern, and that your power is not to be measur'd by the extent of the lands you posses, but by the number of the men who shall inhabit those lands, and be bound to obey you. Possess a country fruitful, tho' of moderate extent; stock it with numberless multitudes of laborious, disciplin'd people; contrive it so, that you get the love of those people, and then you are more powerful, more happy, more glorious, than all the conquerors who lay waste so many kingdoms.

How shall I then behave myself to these kings, reply'd Idomeneus? shall I confess my weakness to them? it is true, I have neglected tillage, nay, and trade likewise, which might be so commodiously carry'd on upon this coast: I have thought of nothing but raising a stately city: must I, my dear Mentor, disgrace myself amidst so many kings, and betray my indiscretion? if I must, I will without any hesitation, let them think of it as they please; for you have taught me, that a true king, who is made for his people, and owes himself wholly to them, ought to prefer the welfare of his people to his own glory.

This sentiment, reply'd Mentor, becomes a father of his people; 'tis this good disposition, and not the vain magnificence of your city, that argues you a true king: but your honour must be maintain'd, even for the interest of your kingdom. Leave the thing to me; I will go tell those kings that you are engag'd to establish Ulysses, if he be still living, or at least his son, upon the royal throne of Ithaca; and that you are resolv'd to expel thence by force all the lovers of Penelope. They must needs be sensible, that this war requires a great number of troops, and so they will agree that you can afford them but small assistance at first against the Daunians.

At these words Idomeneus look'd like one that had just been eas'd of a mighty burthen. My dear friend, said he to Mentor, you save my honour, and

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the reputation of this growing city, whose weakness you will thus hide from all my neighbours : but how will it look in me to say, that I will send forces to Ithaca, to establish Ulysses, or at least his son Telemachus, since Telemachus has engag'd himself to go to the war against the Daunians ? be easy, replied Mentor ; I shall tell nothing but the truth. The ships that you send to establish your trade, shall go to the coast of Epirus ; they will do two things at once, that is, re-invite to your coast the foreign merchants, whom too great imposts keep from coming to Salentum, and learn news concerning Ulysses. If he be yet living, he cannot be far from those seas that divide Greece from Italy, and it is confidently reported that he has been seen among the Phæcians. But even supposing there are no hopes of seeing him ever again, your fleet will do an eminent service to his son, by spreading thro' Ithaca, and all the neighbouring countries, the terror of young Telemachus's name, who was thought to be dead as well as his father. Penelope's lovers will be dismay'd when they hear that he is ready to return with the succours of a powerful ally. The people of Ithaca will not have the boldness to think of shaking off the yoke : Penelope will be exceedingly comforted, and still refuse to make choice of a new husband. Thus you will serve Telemachus, while he is with the allies of this coast of Italy, fighting in your stead against the Daunians. Here Idomeus cried out, happy is the king who is supported by wise counsels ; a wise and faithful friend is more valuable to a king than victorious armies. But doubly bless'd is the king who is sensible of his happiness, and knows how to make his advantage of wise counsels ! for it often happens that wife and honest men, whose virtue is fear'd, are far remov'd from his trust, to make room for flatterers, whose treachery is not suspected. I myself have fallen into this error, and I will relate to you all the disasters that befel me by means of a false friend who flatter'd my pas-

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Mentor easily made the confederate kings sensible that Idomeneus ought to take care of Telemachus's affairs, while that prince went along with them. They were satisfy'd with having in their army the young son of Ulysses, with a hundred Cretan youths, appointed by Idomeneus to accompany him. They were the flower of the young nobility, whom the king had brought with him from Crete, and whom Mentor had advised him to send to the war. You must, said he, during a peace, take care to multiply your people; but, for fear the whole nation should grow effeminate and ignorant of the art of war, you must send the young nobility to foreign wars. This will suffice to keep up the whole kingdom in an emulation of glory, in the love of arms, in a contempt of fatigues, and of death itself; and, lastly, in the practice of the military art.

The confederate kings departed from Salentum well pleas'd with king Idomeneus, and charm'd with the wisdom of Mentor; they were overjoy'd that they carried Telemachus along with them; but the latter could not controul his grief when he was to part with his friend. Whilst the confederate kings were taking their leaves, and swore to Idomeneus that they would preserve an eternal alliance with him, Mentor, holding Telemachus lock'd in his arms, found himself bedew'd with his tears. I am insensible, said Telemachus, of the joy of going in quest of glory: nothing now affects my soul, but the grief that I must part from you. Methinks I see again that unhappy time, when the Egyptians tore me from your arms, and removed me far from you, without the least hope of ever seeing you any more.

Mentor return'd an obliging answer, the better to comfort and cheer him up: this, said he, is a separation of a very different kind; it is voluntary; 'twill be short; you go in search of victory: you ought, my

my son, to love me less tenderly, and in a more masculine manner. Accustom yourself to my absence, for you will not always have me with you. You should let wisdom and virtue, rather than the presence of Mentor, suggest to you what you ought to do.

In saying these words, the goddess, conceal'd under the figure of Mentor, cover'd Telemachus with her ægis, and infus'd into him the spirit of wisdom and fore-sight, intrepid valour, and gentle moderation, which are so rarely found together. Go, said Mentor, into the thickest dangers, as often as it is necessary you should go. A prince disgraces himself more by avoiding danger in engagements, than by never going to the war at all. The courage of him who commands others, ought never to be suspected. If it be necessary for a people to preserve their general or their king, it is still more necessary for them, that his reputation, in point of valour, should be unquestionable. Remember that he who commands ought to be a pattern to all others; his example is to animate the whole army: therefore fear no manner of danger, O Telemachus, and rather perish in the combat, than excite the least doubt of your courage. Those flatterers who shall be most eager to hinder you from exposing yourself to danger on necessary occasions, will be most forward to tax you privately with cowardice, if they find you easy to be restrain'd on those occasions. But then again, run not blindly into needless dangers; for valour can no longer be a virtue, than as it is govern'd by prudence; otherwise it is a stupid contempt of life, and a brutal ardour. Fool-hardy valour is never firm: he that does not command himself in dangers, is rather wild than brave: he is forc'd to be beside himself, that he may be above fear, since he cannot surmount it by the natural disposition of his heart. In this case, if he does not run away, he is at least disorder'd; he loses his presence of mind, which would be necessary to him to give proper orders, to lay hold of opportu-

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nities to rout the enemy, or serve his country. If he has all the warmth of a soldier, he has nothing of the discretion of a captain ; nay, he has not even the true courage of a private soldier ; for a soldier ought in time of battle to preserve such a presence of mind, and such a moderation, as is necessary to obey. He, who rashly exposes himself, disturbs the order and discipline of the troops, sets an example of temerity, and often brings the whole army into great disasters. They who prefer their vain ambition to the security of the common cause, deserve to be punish'd, instead of being rewarded.

Be very careful then, my dear son, not to seek glory with impatience : the surest way to find it, is to wait calmly a favourable opportunity. Virtue gains the more reverence and respect, as she shews herself plain, modest, averse to pomp ; and the greater the necessity of exposing yourself to danger grows, the greater ought your courage and foresight to be. Moreover, remember that you ought never to draw upon yourself the envy of others. On your part, be not jealous of their success. Be the first in praising what is praise-worthy, but praise with discretion. Repeat the good with pleasure, conceal the bad, and think no more of it but with sorrow. Be not positive before the old commanders, who have that experience which you cannot have ; listen to them with deference ; consult them ; desire the most able to instruct you, and be not ashamed to impute to their instructions whatever improvements you shall make. In short, give no ear to discourses which may tend to excite your distrust or jealousy against the other chief officers : but converse with them with confidence and frankness. If you think that they have fail'd in point of respect to you, unbosom yourself to them, and set forth your reasons : If they are capable of understanding the generosity of this conduct, you will charm them, and draw from them all that you have occasion to expect. If, on
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the contrary, they are not wise enough to apprehend your meaning, you will learn from self-experience, what unjust treatment may be expected from them; you will so take your measures as not to be again exposed to such mortifications as long as the war lasts, and thus you will have nothing to accuse yourself of. But, above all things, be sure you avoid telling certain flatterers, who go about to make mischief, the grounds of complaint which you think you have against any of the commanders of the army. I will tarry here, continued Mentor, to assist Idomeneus to procure the happiness of his people; and to make him completely repair the faults which ill counsels and flatterers have made him commit in the settlement of his new kingdom.

Hereupon Telemachus could not forbear discovering to Mentor some surprize at, and even some contempt of, Idomeneus's conduct. But Mentor check'd him for it in a severe tone. Do you wonder, said he, that the most valuable men are still men, and betray some human frailties amidst the numberless snares, and the distractions inseparable from a royal state? It is true Idomeneus was brought up with notions of pomp and loftiness: but where's the philosopher, who, had he been in his place, could have resisted flattery? it is true, he suffer'd himself to be too much prepossess'd by those he trusted: but the wisest of kings are often deceiv'd, whatever precautions they take to avoid it. A king cannot do every thing, and therefore must have ministers for his relief, and these he must trust. Besides, a king is not so well acquainted as private persons with those that surround him, who are ever mask'd before him, and use all manner of artifices to impose upon him. Alas! my dear Telemachus, you will experience it but too much! We do not find in men either the virtues or abilities we look for in them: though we study and sound them carefully, yet we are daily mistaken in them! Neither is it ever possible to make even the best

best of men always to act as they ought for the publick good : even they have their prepossessions, inconsistencies, and jealousies ; and are seldom to be persuaded or corrected.

The more people a prince has to govern, the greater necessity he has for ministers, in order to execute by them what he cannot do by himself ; and the more need he has of men to entrust with authority, the more is he expos'd to be deceiv'd in his choice of them. He who to day unmercifully censures kings, would govern worse than they to-morrow, and commit the same faults, with others infinitely greater, if he were invested with the same power. A private condition, together with a tolerable share of wit and good elocution, covers all natural defects, sets off shining parts, and makes a man seem worthy of all the highest employments : but 'tis authority that puts all natural abilities to a severe test, and which discovers great defects. Greatness is like certain glasses, which magnify every object : all defects seem to increase in those high stations, where the minutest things are attended with great consequences ; and where the lightest faults have violent effects. The whole world is continually bent upon observing one single man, and judges him with the utmost rigour : but those who judge him have no manner of experience of the condition he is in ; they are not sensible of the difficulties that attend it ; and they require such perfection in him, that they will not allow him to be a man. And yet a king, tho' never so good and so wise, is still but a man ; his knowledge has bounds as well as his virtue ; and he has humours, passions, and habits, of which he is not absolute master. He is beset with cunning and mercenary people : he meets not with the assistance he looks for : he falls into some error or other every day ; sometimes through his own passions, and sometimes through those of his ministers. He has scarce mended one fault, but he lapses into another. Such is

is the condition of the most knowing, and most virtuous kings. The longest and best reigns are too short and too defective to repair in the end, what, by inadvertency, has been done amiss in the beginning. All these miseries are inseparable from a royal state; and as human nature is too weak to bear so great a burden, we therefore ought to pity and excuse kings. Are they not indeed to be pitied for having it incumbent upon them to govern so many men, whose wants are infinite, and the well governing of whom is attended with so much trouble and difficulty? to speak freely, men are much to be pitied for being govern'd by a king, who is no more than a man like themselves; for none but the gods can effectually rule and reform mankind. But then, kings are no less to be pitied for being but men, that is, weak and imperfect, and yet being obliged to govern a numberless multitude of corrupt and deceitful men.

Telemachus readily answer'd: Idomeneus has, through his fault, lost his hereditary kingdom in Crete; and, had it not been for your counsels, he would have lost a second at Salentum. I confess, replied Mentor, he has committed great faults; but seek in Greece, and in all other the best govern'd countries, for a king who has not committed inexcusable ones. The greatest men have, in their temper and genius, natural defects, by which they are sway'd; and therefore they deserve the most praise, who have the courage to acknowledge and repair their errors. Think you that Ulysses, the great Ulysses your father, who is the pattern of the kings of Greece, has not his weaknesses and faults as well as others? had not Minerva conducted him, step by step, how often would he have sunk under the dangers and distresses in which fortune sportfully plung'd him? how often has Minerva restrain'd or reclaim'd him, in order to conduct him steadily to glory thro' the path of virtue? do not even expect, when you shall see him reign with so much glory at Ithaca, to

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find him altogether free from imperfections. Undoubtedly you will discover some in him: but yet Greece, Asia, and all the islands of the sea, have admired him, notwithstanding those defects, which are drown'd and effaced by a thousand admirable qualities. You will be very happy, if you can likewise admire him, and constantly study him as a pattern for your imitation.

Accustom yourself, O Telemachus! not to expect, even from the greatest men, any more than what human nature is capable to perform. Unexperienced youth gives way to a presumptuous humour of censoring and criticizing, which gives it a disgust for all the models it ought to imitate; and throws it, at last, into an incurable indocility. You ought not only to love, reverence, and imitate your father, altho' he be not perfect; but you ought likewise to have a great esteem for Idomeneus. Notwithstanding what I have found amiss in him, he is naturally sincere, upright, equitable, generous, beneficent; his courage is perfect, he abhors fraud, when he is sensible of it, and when he is free to pursue his own inclination. All his outward qualities are great, and proportion'd to his dignity. His sincerity in owning his faults; his good-nature; his patience in allowing me to say the harshest things to him; his resolution, with regard to himself, in repairing publickly what he had done amiss, and thereby setting himself above the censures of men; all these are indications of a soul truly great. Good fortune, or the wise counsel of others, may keep a man of very mean capacity from committing some faults; but nothing less than an extraordinary virtue can engage a king, long seduc'd and intoxicated by flattery, to rectify his errors; 'tis far more glorious thus to recover a fall, than never to have fallen. Idomeneus has committed such faults as most kings commit; but very few kings thus correct the faults they have committed. For my part, I could not forbear admiring him, at the same time that he permitted

me to contradict him. Admire him too, my dear Telemachus ; it is not so much for his reputation, as for your own good, that I give you this advice.

By this discourse Mentor made Telemachus sensible, what danger there is of being guilty of injustice, when we allow ourselves to make rigorous reflections on other men, especially on those who sustain the weight, and bear the troubles and difficulties of government. After this, he said to him, It is time for you to depart : farewell ; I will stay for you here, O my dear Telemachus : remember, that those who fear the gods have nothing to fear from men : you will find yourself expos'd to the most imminent dangers ; but know, that Minerva will never forsake you.

At these words Telemachus thought he felt the influence of the goddess's own presence ; and he had certainly known that it was she who spoke to him in order to fill him with confidence, if she had not recall'd the idea of Mentor to his mind, by saying to him, forget not, my son, all the care I have taken of you in your infancy, that I might make you a wife and courageous as your father : do nothing unworthy of his great example, and of the maxims of virtue, which I have endeavour'd to inspire you with.

The sun was already rising, and gilded the tops of the mountains, when the kings came out of Salentum to rejoin the troops, which now began to march under their commanders, from the encampment round the city. On every side were seen the glittering heads of bristling pikes : the splendor of their shields dazzled the beholders eyes ; and clouds of dust obscur'd the face of heaven. Idomeneus and Mentor conducted into the camp the confederate kings. At last they parted, after interchanging the marks of a true friendship on both sides. The allies no longer doubted that the peace would be lasting, now they knew the good disposition of Idomeneus's heart, which had been represented to them very different from what it really

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was ; for they had judg'd of him not by his own natural inclinations, but by the flattering and pernicious counsels which he had suffered himself to be misled by.

After the army had marched away, Idomeneus led Mentor into all the quarters of the city. Let us see, said Mentor, how many men you have, both in the town and in the country ; let us take an exact account of them, and examine how many husbandmen there are amongst them. Let us see how much corn, wine, oil, and other useful commodities, your lands produce in moderate years ; whereby we shall know whether the land yields wherewithal to subsist all it's inhabitants, and an overplus besides, to carry on a profitable trade with foreign countries. Let us likewise examine the number of your ships and mariners : for it is from thence we are to make an estimate of your power. Then he went to visit the port, and going on board every vessel, he inform'd himself to what part each of them went to traffick ; what merchandize they carried ; what commodities they brought home in return ; what was the charge of the ship's voyage ; what loans the merchants made one to another ; what societies they set up among themselves, that he might know if he were equitably and faithfully maintained ; finally, he enquired concerning the dangers of shipwreck, and other mischances incident to trade, in order to prevent the ruin of merchants, who, out of a greedy desire of gain, often undertake things above their strength and ability to go through with.

He appointed severe punishments for all bankrupts, because their breaking is at least owing to their rashness, if not to their dishonesty. At the same time he made several regulations, in order to prevent bankruptcy ; and for that end he appointed magistrates to take an account of the merchants effects, profits, expences, and ventures. They were never suffered to be venturers of another man's estate, nor above half

of their own. Furthermore, they carried on by companies and joint-stock, those undertakings which they could not manage singly: and the rules of government in these companies became inviolable, through the rigorous punishment inflicted on those who infringed the same. Besides, there was an entire freedom of trade; and, instead of cramping it with hard taxes and duties, there was a reward proposed to all merchants that could open a new trade between Salentum and any other nation.

By this means there resorted great multitudes of people to them from all parts: the commerce of that city was like the flux and reflux of the sea: riches pour'd into it like the waves which come rolling one upon another. There was free import and export allowed to every thing: whatever was brought in was useful for some purpose or other; and whatever was carried out did but make room for other riches to come in. Strict justice alone presided in the port among so many different nations: upright dealing, honesty, and candour, seem'd to invite, from the top of those stately towers, all merchants from the remotest corners of the earth. Every one of these merchants, whether he came from the eastern shore, where the sun each day springs forth from the bosom of the deep, or whether he came from that great sea, where the same planet, fatigu'd with it's course, extinguishes it's flames, and goes to rest; every one, I say, liv'd in as much peace and safety in Salentum, as if he had been in his own country.

As to the inside of the city, Mentor visited all the magazines, warehouses, tradesmen's shops, and all the publick places. He prohibited the importation of all such foreign goods as might introduce luxury and effeminacy. He regulated their apparel, food, household stuff, the dimensions and embellishments of houses according to the different conditions of the inhabitants. He banish'd all gold and silver ornaments, and tol

Idomeneus, I know but one way to make your peo-

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ple frugal in their expences, and that is, by setting them an example yourself. It is indeed requisite, that you should be distinguish'd by a certain majesty in your outward appearance; but your authority will be sufficiently display'd by your guards, and the chief officers that are about you. Content yourself with a garment of superfine wool of a purple colour: let the chief men of your state be clad in the same wool, with no other difference but that of the colour, and a slight embroidery of gold on the selvedge of your own robe. Different colours will serve to distinguish different degrees, without the expence of gold, silver, or precious stones. Regulate those degrees according to each one's birth. Let those be placed in the first rank, who are descended from a more ancient and illustrious stock. They, who by their merit shall have the authority of great employments, will be satisfy'd to come after those ancient and illustrious families, who have been in so long a possession of the first honours. Such as are inferior to them in point of extraction will easily give place to them, provided you do not suffer them to forget themselves in too high and too sudden a preferment, and provided you bestow commendations on those who know how to be moderate in prosperity. The distinction which is the least expos'd to envy, is that which proceeds from a long succession of ancestors.

As for virtue, it will be sufficiently excited and encourag'd, and men will be forward enough to serve the state, provided you decree crowns and statues to gallant actions; and ordain that they shall be a source of nobility for the children of those that have perform'd them.

Persons of the first rank, next to yourself, shall be clad in white, with a gold fringe at the bottom of their garments: they shall wear a gold ring on their finger, and a golden medal with your effigies on their neck. Those of the second rank shall be clad in blue, with a silver fringe, and a ring, but no medal. The

third in green, without a ring or fringe; but with a medal. The fourth in deep yellow. The fifth in pale red. The sixth in grislin. The seventh, that is the lower sort, in yellow mix'd with white.

Let these be the colours for the seven different degrees of freemen. As for slaves, they shall be clad in dark brown. Thus, without any expence, every one will be distinguish'd according to his degree, and all those arts shall be banish'd from Salentum, which serve only to keep up a vain pomp and luxury. All the artificers who are now employ'd about those pernicious trades, shall either betake themselves to necessary arts, which are but few, or else to merchandize, or to agriculture. It shall never be permitted to take any change in the nature of the stuffs, or in the fashion of clothes; for it is scandalous, that men, who are destin'd to a serious and noble life, should amuse themselves in studying affected ornaments, or suffer their wives, in whom such amusements would be less shameful, to be guilty of those extravagances.

Thus Mentor, like a skilful gardener, who lops off the useleſs branches of fruit-trees, endeavour'd to retrench ostentation and luxury, which vitiates good manners: and, instead thereof, he recommended a noble and frugal plainness in all things. He likewise regulated the ordinary food of citizens and slaves. What a shame is it, says he, for men of high condition, to place their grandeur in ragoûts and kickshaws, by which they enervate their faculties, and continually impair the health of their bodies. They ought to place their happiness in their moderation, in their power to do good to other men, and in their acquiring reputation by their good actions. Sobriety makes the plainest food the most palatable; it is temperance that procures the purest and most lasting pleasures, at the same time that it preserves a vigorous constitution of body. Therefore confine your table to the best sorts of meats, but dress'd without any ragoûts: for to

provoke

provoke mens appetites beyond their natural call, is nothing else but an art of poisoning.

Idomeneus grew very sensible how much he had been to blame in suffering the inhabitants of his new city to soften and corrupt their manners, by departing from the laws of Minos, touching sobriety. But the wise Mentor represented to him, that even the reviving of those very laws would be to no purpose, unless by his own example he gave them that vigour and authority which nothing else could procure them. Thereupon Idomeneus began to regulate his tables, where he would admit of nothing but excellent bread, wine of the growth of that country which is strong and palatable, but of this a very small quantity, with plain meats, such as he us'd to eat with the other Grecians at the siege of Troy. No person durst open their mouths against a law that the king had impos'd on himself; and thus every-body retrench'd that profusion, and those dainties, which they had begun to swallow in at their repasts.

After this, Mentor silenc'd all soft and effeminate musick, which corrupted the youth. He likewise condemn'd with no less severity, the Bacchanalian musick, which is little less intoxicating than wine itself, and occasions riots and all manner of irregularities. Therefore he restrain'd all musick to festivals in the temples, there to celebrate the praises of the gods, and of those heroes who have left us patterns of the most transcendent virtues. He likewise confin'd to the temples all the great ornaments of architecture, such as columns, pediments, porticoes. He drew plans of a plain and graceful model, whereby on a small spot of ground, one might build a delightful and convenient house for a numerous family; always contriving it so, that the situation of it was wholesome, it's several apartments independent one of another, and that it might be easily kept in order, neatness, and repair, at small charge. He order'd that every considerable house should have a large hall, and a small

small peristyle, with little rooms for all free persons; but he most severely prohibited the superfluous multitude and vain magnificence of apartments. These different draughts of houses, according to the largeness of each family, serv'd to embellish part of the city at small expence, and to make it regular; whereas the other part, which was already built up according to the caprice and pride of private persons, though more magnificent, was far from being so agreeable and commodious. This new city was built in a very little time, because the neighbouring coast of Greece furnishes good architects, and a great number of masons were brought from Epirus, and several other countries, upon condition that after they had finish'd their works, they shou'd settle about Salentum, have lands given them to cultivate, and so help to people the country.

Painting and sculpture were arts which Mentor did not think fit to be laid aside; but he was against suffering many hands to apply themselves that way in Salentum. He erected a publick school to teach these arts, with masters who had an excellent taste, to examine the young disciples. Nothing low or indifferent, said he, should be found among those arts which are not absolutely necessary. And therefore none ought to be allow'd to learn them but youths of a very promising genius, and who are likely to attain to the utmost perfection in them. As for others, who have their capacity turn'd to arts less noble, they will be very profitably employ'd about the ordinary occasions of the commonwealth. The only use, said he, that ought to be made of sculptors and painters, is to preserve the memory of great men, and great actions. It is in publick buildings, and tombs, where you ought to preserve the representations of what has been perform'd, by an extraordinary virtue, for the service of the country. Yet Mentor did not carry his moderation and frugality so far as to disallow those large structures design'd for horse or chariot races, wrestlings, fights with the cæstus, and all other exercises

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which cultivate the human body, and render it more dextrous and vigorous.

He suppress'd a prodigious number of merchants and shopkeepers, who sold figur'd stuff's of remote countries, embroider'd works of an excessive price, gold and silver vases emboss'd with figures of gods, men, and animals, and distill'd liquors and essences. He order'd likewise that the furniture of every house should be plain, strong, and lasting : so that the Samantines, who used to complain loudly of their poverty, began now to be sensible that they enjoy'd a great many superfluous riches, which made them really the poorer, and they became truly rich, in proportion as they had the courage to part with them. It is the best way, said they themselves, to grow rich by despising such riches as exhaust a state, and by lessening our wants, in reducing them to the true necessary occasions of nature.

Mentor was very diligent in viewing the arsenals and publick magazines, to see whether the arms and other warlike implements were in good condition : for, said he, we ought always to be in a readiness to make war, the better to avoid the misfortune of having it begun upon us. He found there was great want of many things ; and thereupon he presently assembled together such artificers as understood to work in iron, steel, or brass. You might presently have seen flaming furnaces, and whirling clouds of smoke and fire, like the subterraneous eruptions of mount *Aetna* : you might have heard the anvil groaning under the repeated strokes of the sturdy hammer ; the adjacent mountains, and shores of the sea echoing back the sound. You would have thought yourself in that fam'd island, where Vulcan clears up the Cyclops, and forges thunderbolts for the father of the gods : and, as an effect of a wise forecast, you might have seen all the preparations of war carrying on in a profound peace.

After

After this, Mentor went out of the city with Idomeneus, and found a vast tract of fertile land lying waste and uncultivated. Others were manur'd but by halves, thro' the negligence and poverty of the husbandmen, who not only wanted hands, but likewise spirit and strength sufficient to bring agriculture to perfection. Mentor, beholding these neglected fields, said to the king, This land courts inhabitants in order to enrich them, but cannot find any. Let us therefore take all the superfluous artizans that are in the city, and those who follow such trades as only tend to corrupt good manners, and let us set them to cultivate these hills and plains. It is, indeed, a misfortune that those men, who are incur'd to such arts as require a sedentary life, are not accustom'd to hard labour; but here is a remedy for it: we must divide among them all the lands that are void of inhabitants, and call to their assistance some of the neighbouring people, who, in subjection to them, will undertake the hardest sort of labour; which they will do, provided they are allow'd a reasonable recompence out of the product of the lands which they shall begin to clear: and in time they may come to enjoy a proportion of the lands, and thereby be incorporated with your people, who are not yet sufficiently numerous. Provided they be laborious and obedient to the laws, they will prove as good subjects as any you have, and make a great addition to your power. Your city artificers, thus transplanted into the country, will train up their children to labour, and break them to the yoke of a rural life. Moreover, all the foreign masters, who are employ'd in the building of your city, have engag'd to clear part of your lands and turn husbandmen. Incorporate them with your people, as soon as they have finished their works in the city. These men will be highly pleased to spend their lives under a government which is now so mild. Being strong and laborious, their example will serve to excite industry among the artificers transplanted from the city

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city into the country, with whom they shall be intermix'd ; and thus, in process of time, the whole country round about will be stock'd with families of vigorous people, addicted to husbandry.

As for the multiplication of your people, you need be in no pain about that ; for they will soon increase beyond measure, provided you encourage and facilitate marriage, which you may easily do. Most men have an inclination to marry, and it is nothing but a narrowness of circumstances that hinders them from it. If you do not over-burthen them with taxes, they will find a way to live at ease with their wives and families ; for the earth is never ungrateful ; she always yields plenty of her fruits to those who are careful to cultivate her, and refuses her favours to none but such as are remiss in bestowing any pains upon her. The more children husbandmen have the richer they are, provided the prince does not impoverish them ; for their children, even in their greenest years, begin to be a help to them. The youngest tend the sheep in the pastures ; those of riper years drive the greater herds of cattle ; and the eldest work at the plough with their father. Mean while the mother, with the rest of the family, dresses a plain repast against her husband and her dear children return home, after the fatigues of the day : she takes care to milk her cows and sheep, and lo ! rivers of milk are pour'd forth unto her : she lights up a large fire, round which the innocent peaceful family every evening divert themselves in singing, till the sweet hour of rest invites to bed : she prepares cheeses, chesnats, and preserv'd fruits, that look as fresh as if they had been just gather'd.

And now the shepherd returns home with his flute, and sings to the assembled family such new songs as he learnt in the neighbouring villages. The husbandman comes in with his plough, and his fatigued oxen walk with bending necks, and a slow pace, notwithstanding the goad that urges them along. All the hardships

of labour conclude with the day : the poppies which bandman w
Morpheus, by the command of the gods, scatters over under such
the earth, appease all gnawing cares, lull nature into again in e
a soft enchantment, and every one falls asleep without which have
being solicitous for what the next day may pro- will it be
dnce. Happy are the men that live without ambi- during a ha
tion, diffidence, or disguise, provided the gods bestow the same
on them a good king, who never disturbs their inno- country wi
cent joys ! but what a horrible inhumanity is it, out crown'd wi
of pride and ambition, to wrest from them the agree- the grapes v
able fruits of the earth, which they owe to none but sweeter than
bounteous nature, and the sweat of their own brows hills; the
nature alone, out of her own fruitful bosom, would concerts of
afford sufficient maintenance for an infinite number brooks, sha
moderate and laborious men : but 'tis the pride and their skippi
luxury of some men that reduces so many others to the with flower
dreadful hardships of poverty. Will it i
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But what shall I do, said Idomeneus, if those peo- to cause so m
ple that I disperse about this fruitful country, negle- quillity, ben
to cultivate it ? follow just a contrary method to what is usually observ'd, answer'd Mentor. Greed Is not this p
and inconsiderate princes make it their sole busines the earth, a
lay heavy taxes on such of their subjects as are mo much at hom
diligent and industrious in improving their estates is among t
because they think they can raise those taxes upon misery, Happy, t
such people with most ease : and at the same time if the gods,
they favour those whom bad habits make more mis- make him
erable. Invert this evil method, which oppresses people, and
the good, encourages vice, and introduces a negli- ample to all
gence, no less fatal to the king than to the whole state. Award taxes, fines, nay, if need be, sever- lead of oppo
penalties on those who neglect the culture of the lands, just as you would punish soldiers who abando
their post in war. On the contrary, grant favour up them, a
and exemptions to such families as, being multiplied power which
do proportionably augment the culture of their land. By this means their families will soon increase, and ot, said Me
every body will be spirited up to labour, which will ere pretence
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man will be no longer despised, it being no longer under such dreadful pressures. The plough will be again in esteem, guided by those victorious hands which have occasionally defended their country. Nor will it be less creditable to cultivate one's patrimony during a happy peace, than gallantly to have defended the same during the troubles of war. The whole country will flourish and smile again : Ceres will be crown'd with golden ears of corn : Bacchus, pressing the grapes with his feet, shall cause rivulets of wine sweeter than nectar, to stream down from the sloping hills : the hollow vallies shall ring again with the concerts of shepherds, who, beside the transparent brooks, shall join their voices to their pipes, whilst their skipping flocks shall crop the grass enamell'd with flowers, fearless of the ravenous wolves.

Will it not be a great happiness for you, O Idomeneus ! to be the source of so many blessings, and to cause so many people to live in a delightful tranquillity, beneath the shadow of your auspicious name ?

Is not this glory more desirable than that of ravaging the earth, and spreading every where (nay, almost as much at home, even in the midst of one's victories, among the vanquish'd abroad) slaughter, devastation, misery, horror, cruel famine, and desperation ?

Happy, thrice happy, that king who is so beloved of the gods, and has so great a soul, as to endeavour to make himself in this manner the delight of his people, and to shew, in his reign, so charming an example to all succeeding ages ! the whole earth, instead of opposing him, would come and throw themselves at his feet, to beg him to be their king.

But, replied Idomeneus, when my people have this influence of peace and riches, pleasures will soon corrupt them, and they will turn against me that very power which I have made them masters of. Fear not, said Mentor, any such inconvenience. It is a mere pretence, which is always brought in to flatter prodigal princes who would over-charge their people with

with taxes. Besides, this may be easily remedied; the laws which we just now settled for husbandry will inure them to a laborious way of living, and even in plenty they shall have nothing beyond what is necessary, because we banish all arts that serve only to furnish superfluities. Nay, that very plenty shall be moderated, by encouraging matrimony, and by the great increase of families. Each family, being grown numerous, and possessing but a narrow portion of land, will be obliged to bestow an incessant labour tilling it. It is a wanton idleness which makes the people insolent and rebellious. They shall have bread in abundance; but then they shall have nothing else except the fruits of their own land, gotten by the sweat of their brows.

To keep your people within such a moderation as we have been speaking of, you must forthwith regulate the extent of the ground which each family is possessed. You know that we have divided all your people into seven classes, according to their different conditions: now every family in every class, must restrain'd from enjoying more land than is absolute necessary for the sustenance of those persons of whom it is compos'd. This rule being inviolable, the nobility will not be able to purchase from the poor. All shall have lands, but each shall have but a very small share, which will excite them to make the most of it by improving it. If in a long process of time the land should be overstock'd with people, you may send colonies abroad, which will increase the power of the state.

Furthermore, 'tis my opinion you ought never suffer wine to grow too common in your dominion; and if too many vines have been planted, you may command them forthwith to be pluck'd up. Wine is the source of the greatest mischiefs among the people: it occasions distempers, quarrels, seditions, idleness, aversion to labour, disorders in families. Let wine therefore be preserved as it were for a cordial,

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a choice liquor to be employ'd only in sacrifices, or extraordinary festivals. But do not think you can ever reduce so important a rite into practice, unless you enforce it by your own example. Again, you must see that the laws of Minos be strictly observ'd, in relation to the educating of children : publick schools must be set up, where they may be taught to fear the gods, to love their country, to reverence the laws, and to prefer honour before pleasures or life itself.

There must be magistrates to superintend the families, and have an eye to the manners of private persons ; nay, be you yourself their overseer, since you are king, that is, the shepherd of the people, whose sole duty is to watch over your flock night and day. By that means you will prevent a thousand crimes and disorders ; and what you cannot prevent, you must be sure to punish at first with very great severity ; for 'tis an act of clemency to stop the course of iniquity, by making early examples of such as shall offend. A little blood spilt in due time saves the spilling of a great deal, and makes a prince feared, without using severity too often. But how detestable a maxim is it for a king to place his safety in the oppression of his people ! how barbarous is it never to cause them to be instructed, nor to lead them gently in the paths of virtue, nor to use methods to win their love ; but to drive them by terror to despair, and to reduce them to the dreadful necessity, either to renounce their liberty for ever, or to shake off the yoke of tyranny by force ! is this the right method to reign peaceably ? is this the true way that leads to glory ?

Let me tell you, that wherever the command of a prince is most absolute, there the prince is least powerful ; he takes all, ruins every thing, and is the only possessor of his whole state : but then the state languishes, the country is uncultivated, and al-
l desert ; the cities decay every day, and trade sickens

sickens and dies. The king, who cannot possibly be such by himself, and who is great only by mean of his subjects, annihilates himself by degrees, in proportion as he annihilates his people, to whom he owes both his riches and his power. His kingdom is drain'd both of money and men ; and the loss of the latter is the greatest and most irreparable of all losses. His despotic power makes as many slaves as he has subjects. They all flatter him ; they all seem to adore him ; they all tremble at the least glance of his eye. But see what will happen upon the least revolution : this monstrous power, wound up to too excessive a height, cannot be durable. It is destitute of supplies from the hearts of the people and having tired out and provoked the several degrees of men in the state, it forces all the members of the body to sigh with equal ardour for a change. At the very first blow the idol is thrown down, broken pieces, and trampled under foot. Contempt, hatred, fear, resentment, distrust, in short, all the passion unite themselves against so detested an authority. The king, who, during the time of his vain prosperity could not find one single man that durst speak the truth to him, shall not find in his misfortunes any one man that will vouchsafe to excuse him, or defend him against his enemies.

After these discourses, Idomeneus, being prevail'd upon by Mentor, hasten'd to distribute the waste lands to all the useless and unprofitable artificers, and likewise put in execution whatever had been resolved before. He only reserved for the masons the land he had decreed to them ; and which they could not cultivate, till the buildings in the city were finish'd.

The END of the TWELFTH BOOK.

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THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS.

BOOK XIII.

The ARGUMENT.

Idomeneus relates to Mentor what confidence he repos'd in Proteuslaus, and the artifices of that favourite, who had concerted with Timocrates the ruin of Philecles, and the betraying of Idomeneus himself. He avvns, that being prejudic'd by these two men against Philecles, he had charg'd Timocrates to go and kill him in an expedition wherin he commanded his fleet; that Timocrates having miscarried in that attempt, Philecles had spared his life, and retired to the iſle of Samos, having resign'd the command of the fleet to Polymenes, whom Idomeneus had appointed by an order under his hand; and that, notwithstanding Proteuslaus's treachery, he had not the resolution to part with him.

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READY the fame of Idomeneus's mild and easy government begins to draw, from all parts, multitudes of people, who come to incorporate with his subjects, and seek their happiness under such an amiable administration.

And now the fields, which had for so long time been over-run with brambles and thorns, begin to promise plentiful harvests, and fruits, till then unknown. The earth opens her bosom to the plough-share, and prepares her riches to recompence the labour of the husbandman. Hope shineth forth again on every side. You might see in the vallies, and on the hills, numerous flocks of sheep skipping on the grafts, and great droves of horned cattle making the high mountains resound with their lowings. These flocks and droves serve to fatten the fields and meadows; and all this is owing to Mentor, who had advis'd Idomeneus to make an exchange with the Peucetes, a neighbouring nation, of all the superfluous things that were in Salentum, for those sheep, cows, and oxen, which the Salentines had not of their own.

At the same time both the city and villages round about were filled with sprightly youth, who long had languish'd in misery, and durst not marry for fear of increasing their misfortunes. When they saw, that Idomeneus began to assume sentiments of humanity, and was willing to become their father, they were no more in dread of hunger, or the other plagues with which heaven afflicts the world. Nothing now was heard but shouts of joy, and the rural songs of shepherds and husbandmen celebrating their nuptial ties. One would have thought, that the god Pan was there with his satyrs, and fauns, mingled with the nymphs, dancing to the flute's mellow sound, beneath the spreading

spreading boughs; their few'd on the more The old much as lives, wept tenderness heaven, C who resent ever bestow mankind, from him those happy indebted t will be tr young, me celebrated pleasing jo tongue, n heart. T pines; an they dread of every f

And no never felt f low'd, and never have greatness o be fear'd; made for th in those k of their p I now perce lat to you son'd with w was the occ hereupon I

Idomeus govern'd only to ease tedious labours, so they were still the more affecting and more pure.

The old men, amaz'd to see what they durst not so much as have hoped for in the course of their long lives, wept through an excess of joy, mix'd with tenderness; and lifting up their trembling hands to heaven, O great Jupiter, said they, bless the king who resembles thee, and is the greatest gift thou ever bestow'dst on us. As he is born for the good of mankind, return him all the good which we receive from him. Our children's children, sprung from those happy marriages which he encourages, shall be indebted to him even for their very birth, and he will be truly the father of all his subjects. The young men and maidens in conjugal couples joyfully celebrated the praises of him to whom they ow'd that pleasing joy. His venerated name dwelt on every tongue, nay more, was eternally engraven on every heart. The sight of him was accounted a great happiness; and the losing of him was the only thing they dreaded; the loss of him had been the desolation of every family.

And now Idomeneus confess'd to Mentor that he never felt so sensible a pleasure as that of being beloved, and making so many people happy. I could never have believ'd it, said he: I thought all the greatness of princes consisted in making themselves be fear'd; that the rest of mankind were only made for them; and all that I had heard concerning those kings, who were the darlings and delight of their people, appear'd to me as a mere fable: I now perceive the truth of it. But pray let me relate to you how, from my very infancy, I was poison'd with wild notions about kingly authority, which was the occasion of all the misfortunes of my life. Hereupon Idomeneus thus began:

Protesilaus,

Protesilaus, who is somewhat older than myself, was, of all other young men, the person whom I most lov'd. His bold and lively temper suited my genius; he enter'd into my pleasures; he indulg'd my passions, and instilled into me a diffidence and jealousy of another young man, whom I lov'd also, and whose name was Philocles. This latter rever'd the gods, and had a great, but well-govern'd spirit: he plac'd greatness not in raising, but in conquering himself, and in doing nothing that was mean and un-handsome. He talk'd to me freely of my faults; and even when he durst not speak to me, his silence, and the sorrow of his countenance, gave me sufficiently to understand what he meant to reproach me with,

At first his sincerity pleas'd me, and I often protested to him that I would ever hear him with confidence, to secure me against flatterers. He told me what measures I ought to take to tread in the steps of Minos, and make my subjects happy. His wisdom was less profound than your's, O Mentor, but his maximis were sound and good, as I now perceive. By degrees the cunning insinuations of Protesilaus, who was jealous and very ambitious, were so prevailing as to give me a disgust to Philocles, who, being no forward man, let the other get the ascendant, and contented himself with telling me the truth, whenever I had a mind to hear it; for it was my good, and not his own fortune, that he sought.

Protesilaus insensibly persuaded me to believe that Philocles was a morose man, and a proud censurer of all my actions; that he ask'd no favour of me, because he was too haughty to bear the thoughts of being oblig'd to me; and that he ambitiously aspir'd to be thought superior to all honours. He added, that that young man had spoke of my faults to every-body with the same freedom as to myself; that he gave sufficiently to understand, what a small esteem he had for me; and, that by lessening and detracting from my reputation, and by the pomp of an austere

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At first I could not tell how to believe, that Philocles had any such design; for there is a certain candour and ingenuity in true virtue impossible to be counterfeited, and which cannot be mistaken, if attentively consider'd. Yet Philocles continuing obstinately bent to condemn my follies, I began to grow weary of him. The complaisance of Protephilus, and his unexhausted industry to find out new diversions for me, made the other's austerity more and more intolerable to me.

In the mean while Protephilus, being vex'd that I did not believe all he had told me against his rival, resolv'd to speak no more to me about him, and to use something stronger than words to persuade me. He imposed upon me in the following manner: he advised me to send Philocles to command the ships which were going to attack those of Carpathus; and to induce me to it, you know, said he, that my commendations of him cannot be suspected of partiality: I own he has courage, and a genius for war; he will serve you better than any man, and I prefer the interest of your service to all my resentments against him.

I was extremely pleased to find such equity and uprightness in the heart of Protephilus, whom I had entrusted with the administration of my most important affairs. I embrac'd him in a transport of joy, and thought myself too happy in having repos'd all my confidence in a man, who seem'd to be so much above all passion and self-interest. But, alas! how much am I to be pitied! this man knew me better than I knew myself; he knew that kings are generally distrustful and unattentive; distrustful, by having continually about them such men, whose artful insinuations they are too often expos'd to: unattentive, because pleasure gets the dominion over them, and they are us'd to have others think for them, without

34. *The Adventures* Book XIII.

without being at the trouble of it themselves. Therefore Protephilus was sensible it would be no hard matter to make me jealous of a man who would not fail to perform great actions, and especially as his absence would give him a full opportunity to lay snares for him.

Philocles, when he departed, foresaw what was likely to befall him. Remember, said he to me, that I shall be no longer able to defend myself; that my enemy alone will have your ear; and that while I expose my life in your service, I run the hazard of having no other recompence but your indignation. You are mistaken, said I to him; Protephilus speaks not of you, as you do of him; nay, he praises you, esteems you highly; he thinks you worthy of the most important employments: if ever he opens his mouth against you, he from that moment loses my confidence: therefore fear nothing, but go, and think only how to serve me well. He went, and left me in a strange situation.

I must now confess to you, Mentor, that I saw plainly how necessary it was for me to have several persons to consult with; and that nothing was more detrimental, either to my reputation, or the success of my affairs, than the leaving all to one single man. I found, that the wise counsels of Philocles had kept me from many dangerous miscarriages into which the haughtiness of Protephilus would have precipitated me. I was satisfied, that Philocles's mind was full of probity, and replenished with the most equitable maxims; things not so discoverable in Protephilus; yet had I suffer'd this latter to dictate in so peremptory a tone, that it was hardly now any longer in my power to contradict him. I was tired out with being thus perpetually between two men whom I could not reconcile: and, in this lassitude, I weakly chose rather to hazard something at the expence of my affairs, than not to enjoy a little liberty. I durst not even whisper to myself the shameful reason of the course I

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Book XIII. of TELE MACHUS. 35

had taken ; but that shameful reason, which I was afraid to discover, did, however, work secretly at the bottom of my heart, and was the true motive of all my actions. Philocles surprized the enemy, won a compleat victory, and was hastening home in order to prevent the ill offices he fear'd from his rival ; but Protefilaus, who as yet had not had an opportunity to deceive me, wrote to him that 'twas my pleasure he should pursue his victory, and make a descent upon the island of Carpathus. He had indeed persuaded me, that I might easily subdue that island ; but he manag'd it so, that Philocles wanted many necessary things for his undertaking, and ty'd him up to such orders as occasion'd many disappointments in the execution of it.

In the mean while, he made use of a very corrupt servant of mine, whom I always had about me, and who took notice of every thing I did, to give him an account of it ; though they seemed to have no great correspondence together, and always to be at variance with each other. This servant, Timocrates by name, came to me one day, and told me as a great secret, that he had discover'd a very dangerous business. Philocles, said he, intends to make use of your naval forces to make himself king of the island of Carpathus. The commanders of those troops are his creatures, and he has gain'd all the soldiers by his large donatives, and yet more by the pernicious licentiousness in which he indulges them. His victory has puffed him up, as you may see by a letter (here is it) which he writ to one of his friends about his project of making himself king, which it is impossible to doubt of after so evident a proof.

I perus'd the letter, and it seem'd to me to be Philocles's hand, so exactly had Protefilaus and Timocrates forg'd it between themselves. This letter threw me into a great surprize ; I read it again and again, and could not tell how to think that it was wrote by Philocles, when I recall'd to my disorder'd mind all

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the sensible and affecting demonstrations he had given me of his disinterestedness and integrity. And yet, what could I do? how could I contradict a letter which I thought was certainly the hand-writing of Philocles? When Timocrates perceived I could no longer withstand his artifice, he push'd it on farther: give me leave, said he, faltering in his speech, to point out to you one particular passage in this letter: Philocles tells his friend, that he may speak in confidence to Protesilaus, concerning a certain thing which he only marks by cypher. Certainly Protesilaus must be privy to this design of Philocles, and they have reconcil'd themselves at your expence. You know it was Protesilaus who pres'd you to send Philocles against the Carpathians; for some time past he has forborn to speak to you against him, as he frequently used to do formerly; on the contrary, he cries him up and excuses him, upon all occasions; and of late they have even visited one another with civility. Doubtless Protesilaus has concerted measures with Philocles, in order to divide between them the island of Carpathus. You see yourself, that he has put you upon this enterprize against all prudential rules, and cares not if he ruins all your naval forces, to gratify his own ambition. Do you think, that he would be thus subservient to the aspiring views of Philocles, if they were still at variance? No, no; 'tis no longer to be doubted that they are reconcil'd, in order to raise themselves jointly to a great authority, and perhaps to overturn the throne you sit on. I know that by speaking thus freely to you, I make myself obnoxious to their resentment, if, notwithstanding what I have said, you continue them in power. But no matter; so long as I tell you nothing but truth.

These last words of Timocrates made a deep impression upon me: I no longer doubted the treachery of Philocles, and grew jealous of Protesilaus, as one that was his friend. Mean while, Timocrates was

continually

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continually speaking thus unto me : if you stay till Philocles has made himself master of Carpathus, it will then be too late to put a stop to his designs ; therefore hasten to secure him whilst you may. I shook with horror at the deep dissimulation of men, nor did I any longer know whom to trust : for, after I had found Philocles false, I did not know one man upon the face of the earth, whose virtue was able to cure me of my jealousy. I resolv'd to destroy that pernicious wretch forthwith ; but I fear'd Protefilaus, and was at a loss how to act with respect to him : I dreaded to find him guilty, and yet no less dreaded to trust him.

At last, in my disorder, I could not forbear telling him that I was grown jealous of Philocles. He look'd with an air of surprize at it, and represented to me how upright and regular his conduct had been ; he magnify'd his services ; in short, his whole behaviour was such as convinced me that there was too good an understanding between them. On the other side, Timocrates let no opportunity slip to make me sensible of their correspondence, and to induce me to destroy Philocles, whilst it was yet in my power to secure him. Mark, dear Mentor, how unhappy princes are, and how they are expos'd to be made the play-ball of other men, even when those men seem to lie trembling at their feet.

I thought it a piece of deep policy to break Protefilaus's measures, by sending Timocrates privately to the fleet, with orders to slay Philocles. Protefilaus carry'd on his dissimulation to the last, and deceiv'd me to much the more effectually, in that he look'd like one who suffers himself to be deceiv'd. Timocrates put to sea, and found Philocles under very great difficulties in making the descent : he was in want of every thing ; for Protefilaus, not knowing whether he forged letter was sufficient to ruin his enemy, resolv'd to try another scheme for that purpose, at the same time, namely, the miscarriage of an enterprize,

terprise, of which he had raised in me such mighty expectations, and which would not fail to incense me against Philocles. He, in the mean time, maintain'd so difficult a war solely by his own courage, his genius, and the affection the soldiers had for him. Tho' all the army was sensible that this descent was rashly undertaken, and would prove fatal to the Cretans; yet all endeavour'd to bring it to a happy issue, as strenuously, as if their own welfare and happiness had depended on the success of it; and every one was contented to venture his life every moment under so wise a general, and one who always studious to make himself beloved.

Timocrates expos'd himself to very imminent dangers, by attempting to destroy that commander from their midst an army which so fondly lov'd him; but fitter then resign'd ambition is blind: Timocrates thought nothing difficult to gratify Protephilus, with whom he expected after Philocles's death of Philocles. Protephilus could not endure me, and in good man, whose very sight secretly reproach'd the island of with his crimes, and who, by opening my eyes, misery and overthrow his projects.

Timocrates drew into his design two captains, who were continually near Philocles's person, and partners, who mis'd them great rewards from me. Afterwards told Philocles he was come by my order to deliver a secret message to him, which was not to be disclosed but in the presence of those two captains. Philocles having lock'd himself in with them and of Timocrates, the latter pull'd out a dagger and stab'd the other; but it happen'd to flant aside, and not go off their falling into his body. Philocles, with undaunted courage, wrung the dagger out of his hand, and used it against him and the other two: at the same time he call'd Idomen out for help; those without ran to the door, now perplex'd having broke it open, they disengaged him from the hands of those three ruffians, who, being in confusion, had attack'd him but faintly. They were disarmed, and would have been put to death, if the enraged multitude had not interceded for them, and committed with the approbation of the order I have given him; and, save his life, every Protephilus, Philocles, full of moderation, Timocrates

livelihood, but

and would have been torn in pieces upon the spot, by
the enraged army, if Philocles had not stopt the in-
censed multitude. Afterwards he took Timocrates
aside, and mildly ask'd him, who had put him upon
committing so black a deed? Timocrates, frighted
with the apprehensions of death, presently shew'd him
the order I had given him in writing to dispatch Phi-
locles; and, as all traitors are cowards, he resolv'd to
save his life, by revealing to Philocles the whole sto-
ry of Protefilaus's treachery.

Philocles, amaz'd and startled to find so much ma-
licious wickedness in men, took a course that was
full of moderation: he declar'd to the army, that
Timocrates was innocent; and having skreen'd him
from their violence, he sent him back to Crete. He
then resign'd the command of the army to Polimenes,
whom by my written order I had appointed general
after Philocles was kill'd: last of all, he exhorted the
troops to continue faithful, and true in their duty to
me, and in the night-time went in a small bark to
the island of Samos, where he lives in a peaceful po-
sition, misery and solitude, making statues and images for a
livelihood, being resolved to have nothing more to do
with unjust and treacherous men, but especially with
princes, whom of all mortals he thinks to be the
most blind and most unhappy.

deliver. Here Mentor stopping Idomeneus, Well, said he,
long before you discover'd the truth? No, re-
sponded Idomeneus, I by degrees found out the artifices
of Protefilaus and Timocrates: they quarrell'd with
each other; for wicked men are seldom long united.
not go off falling out discover'd to me the dreadful abyss
and courant to which they had thrown me. Well, said Mentor,
it again did you not resolve to get rid of them? alas, an-
d he cried Idomeneus, are you ignorant how weak and
door, how perplex'd the condition of princes is? when once
they have repos'd an entire confidence in corrupt and
confusing wretches, who have the art of making themselves
disarm'd, they can no longer hope for any liberty.

Those they despise most in their hearts are those whom they use best, and on whom they heap their favours. I abhor'd Protefilaus, and yet I left all my authority in his hands. Strange illusion! it was kind of satisfaction to me that I knew him; yet had not the resolution to resume the authority which I had resigned to him. Besides, I found him easily complaisant, studious to gratify my passions, zealous for my service; in short, I found reasons to excuse my weakness to myself, because I was unacquainted with true virtue, for want of choosing good ministers to manage my affairs. I thought there was no such thing as a good man upon earth, and that honest was but a gaudy phantom: What does it signify said I, to make a mighty bustle in order to deliver myself from the hands of one corrupt man, only to fall into those of another, who will be full as selfish and treacherous as he? in the mean while the forces commanded by Polimenes return'd home. I laid aside the thoughts of conquering the island of Carpath, and Protefilaus could not play the hypocrite so well but that I plainly saw how much he was vexed to hear that Philocles was safe in the island of Samos.

Mentor again interrupted Idomeneus, to ask him whether, after so black a treachery, he continued to entrust Protefilaus with his affairs? I was, answered Idomeneus, too great an enemy to business, and too indolent, to be able to get out of his hands. I might have disturb'd the method I had establish'd for my own ease, and have been at the pains of instructing a new man. This is what I had not resolution enough to undertake, and so I willingly shut my eyes to the artifices of Protefilaus: only I comforted myself without letting some of my intimate friends know, that I was no stranger to his dishonesty. Thus I fancied myself cheated but by halves, as long as I knew I was cheated: nay, I now and then made Protefilaus sensible of my being uneasy under his yoke. I often

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delight in contradicting him, in blaming publickly something he had done, and in deciding matters contrary to his opinion : but, as he knew full well my sumniness and sloth, he was not at all uneasy at my discontents. He pursued his point obstinately, using sometimes a very pressing peremptoriness, and sometimes supple and fawning insinuations : and especially, when he perceived that I was offended with him, he doubled his diligence, either to procure me new amusements to mollify me, or else to embark me in some affair, wherein he might be necessary, and shew his zeal for my reputation.

Though I stood upon my guard against him, yet this way of flattering my passions always prevail'd : he knew all my secrets ; he eased me in my troubles ; and made every body tremble by means of my authority : in fine, I could not resolve to part with him ; but, by maintaining him in his post, I put all honest men out of a capacity of representing to me my true interest. And now from this moment no man spoke his mind freely when I consulted him : truth fled far from me ; error, which is the forerunner of the fall of princes, began to stare me in the face, and I saw how very much I was to blame for sacrificing Philocles to the cruel ambition of Protesilaus. Those very men who were most zealous for my government and person, did not think themselves obliged to undeceive me, after so terrible an example.

I myself, dear Mentor, was afraid lest truth should break through the cloud, and reach me, in spite of all my flatterers ; for not having fortitude to follow it, this light became troublesome to me ; and I experienced within myself, that it had only rais'd bitter communion in my mind, without being able to deliver me from the fatal tie in which I was entangled. My want of spirit, and the dominion which Protesilaus had gain'd over me, threw me into a sort of despair of ever recovering my liberty : I was shy either of viewing my wretched state, or letting others see

it. You know, dear Mentor, the vain pride and false glory wherein princes are brought up ; they will never be persuaded that they are in the wrong ; to palliate one fault they commit a hundred ; rather than own they have been deceiv'd, and give themselves the trouble of amending their error, they will suffer themselves to be cheated all their lives long. Such is the state of weak and indolent princes : and it was exactly my own, when I was oblig'd to set out for the siege of Troy.

At my departure I left Protephilus sole regent ; and in my absence he govern'd my people with haughtiness and inhumanity : the whole kingdom of Crete groan'd under his tyranny : but yet no body durst tell me information how the people were oppress'd. They knew that I was afraid to be told the truth, and that I gave up to the cruelty of Protephilus all those who presum'd to speak against him. But the more the evil was smother'd the more violent it grew. He afterwards oblig'd me to turn out the valiant Merion who had so gloriously follow'd me to the siege of Troy : for, at my return, he grew jealous of him as likewise of all those whom I lov'd, and who shew'd any signs of virtue.

You must know, my dear Mentor, that from hence all my misfortunes had their rise. It was not so much my son's death that occasion'd the Cretans to revolt, as the vengeance of the gods, provok'd against me for my follies, and the hatred of the people, which Protephilus had brought upon me. When I spilt the blood of my son, the Cretans, tired out with a despotic government, had lost patience ; and the horror of that last action served only to give birth to what had long lain hid in the bottom of their hearts.

Timocrates follow'd me to the siege of Troy, secretly, by letters, gave Protephilus an account of every thing he could come to the knowledge of. I plainly perceiv'd that I was in slavery, but end-

you'd not to think of it, despairing to remedy it. When the Cretans, at my arrival, revolted, Proteius and Timocrates were the first that ran away. They had undoubtedly deserted me, if I had not been forc'd to fly almost as soon as they. Be assur'd, my dear Mentor, that men who are insolent in prosperity are ever weak and timorous in adversity. Their heads turns as soon as they are divested of their absolute authority; they are then as abject as they were proud before, and in a moment's time they pass from one extreme to another.

How comes it then, said Mentor to Idomeneus, that knowing these two wicked men so thoroughly, you still keep them near you, as I see you do? I am not surpriz'd they follow'd you, because nothing could have been more for their own interest. I am also sensible that you have done a generous action, in affording them refuge in your new settlement. But why will you again surrender yourself up to them, after so many fatal trials you have made of them?

You don't know, said Idomeneus, how unprofitable all kind of experience is, to easy inconsiderate princes: every thing makes them discontented, and yet they have not courage to redress any thing. The continu'd custom of so many years linked me fast, as with chains of iron, to those two men, and they believ'd me every hour. Since I came here, they have put me upon all the extravagant expences you have taken notice of; they have exhausted this infant state; they drew upon me this war, which would have ruin'd me; had it not been for you, I should have soon met at Salentum the same misfortunes I did at Crete; but you have at last open'd my eyes, and inspired me with the courage I wanted to set myself at liberty. I don't know how it is, but since you have been here, I find myself quite another man.

Mentor

Mentor then ask'd Idomeneus, how Protephilus had behaved himself in this change of affairs? Nothing, says he, was ever more artful than his conduct since your arrival here. At first, he omitted not the least opportunity to make me jealous of you; 'tis true, he said nothing directly against you, but several others inform'd me, that those two strangers were very dangerous men. One, said they, is the son of the trickster Ulysses, and t'other is a close man, whose mind is unfathomable; they are used to wander about from kingdom to kingdom; and who knows but they have hatch'd some design against this? these adventurers say themselves, that they occasion'd great troubles in the countries they pass'd through: our is but a feeble, unsettled, infant state, so that the least commotion may overturn it.

Protephilus said nothing, but endeavour'd to make me sensible of the danger and extravagance of all those reformatiōns which you put me upon: he pres'd me with my own interest: if, said he, you bring your people to live in plenty, they will work no more, but grow proud, indocile, and daily more apt to revolt: 'tis only weakness and misery that makes them humble, and hinders them from resisting authority. He often endeavour'd to re-assume his former ascendant over me, covering it with a pretence of zeal for my service. By endeavouring to ease the people, said he, you derogate from the regal power, and thereby do an irreparable damage to the people themselves; for it is necessary they should be always kept low for their own quiet and safety.

To all this I answered, that I knew how to keep the people in their duty to me, by making myself beloved by them; by not remitting any thing of my authority, though I eased them; by punishing steadily all offenders; in a word, by giving to children good education, and keeping all the people to an exact discipline, in a plain, sober, and laborious course of life. For, said I, are not the people to be kept in

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in subjection without starving them to death ? O in-
humanity ! O brutish policy ! how many people do
we see, govern'd with a gentle hand, and yet loyal
to their princes ? that which occasions rebellions, is
the ambition and restlessness of the grandees of the
state, when they have been allow'd too great a liber-
ty, and been suffer'd to give a loose to their boundless
passions : it is the multitude of the great and the
little who live at ease in luxury and laziness : it is the
over-increase of military men, who have neglected all
such employments as are useful in time of peace : in
short, 'tis the desperation of a people tired out
with oppression ; 'tis the severity, haughtiness, and
luxury of princes, that render them incapable of
watching over all the members of the state, to pre-
vent any trouble : This is what occasions revolts,
and not the bread which the labourer is suffer'd to eat
in peace, after he has earn'd it by the sweat of his
brow.

When Protephilus saw that I was immovably fix'd
in these principles, he took a course quite contrary to
his former, and began to follow those maxims he
could not destroy : he seem'd to relish them, to be
convinced by them, and to own himself obliged to
me for having made him so wise. He anticipates even
all my wishes to ease the poor ; he is the first to re-
present their wants to me, and to cry out against ex-
cessive taxes. You know yourself that he commends
you, that he seems to have great confidence in you,
and omits nothing to please you. As for Timocrates,
he begins to lose the good graces of Protephilus, and
cares about how to make himself independent : Pro-
tephilus is jealous of him, and 'tis partly through their
differences, that I have discover'd their perfidy.

Said Mentor to Idomeneus smiling, have you been
so weak as to suffer yourself to be tyranniz'd over for
so many years by two traitors, whose villanies you
were all the while acquainted with ? alas ! reply'd
Idomeneus, you do not know how far men of artifice

can

can work upon a weak indolent king, who suffers himself implicitly to be guided by them in all his affairs : besides, I told you before, that Proteſilaus now enters into all your views for the publick good.

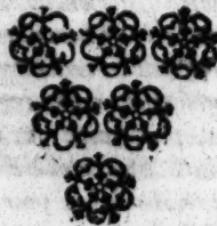
Hereupon Mentor refum'd the discourse, and with an air of gravity said : I fee but too well how prevalent the wicked are above the good, especially in the courts of kings, of which you are a sad example. But you say I have open'd your eyes as to Proteſilaus, and yet they are ſo far shut, as to leave the conduct of your affairs to this man, who is unworthy to breathe the vital air. Know that the wicked are ſometimes capable of doing good ; 'tis equally the ſame thing to them as to do ill, when thus they can ſerve their ambition : to do evil stands them in no pains, because they are not reſtrain'd by any ſentiment of goodness, or principle of virtue : and just ſo it is that they do well ; because their natural depravity leads them to it, that they may be thought good men, and ſo deceive the rest of their fellow-creatures. Strictly ſpeaking, they are not capable of virtue, though they ſeem to praetice it ; but they are capable of adding to all their other vices the moft horrible of vices, namely, hypocrify. So long as you inflexibly reſolve to do good, Proteſilaus will be ready to do it with you, in order to preſerve his authority ; but if he perceives in you the leaſt tendency to a relaxation, he will forget nothing to make you relapse into your errors, and to reſume, without reſraint, his natural deceit and iſolence. Can you live in honour and repofe while you are beſet day and night by ſuch a man, and know all the while that the wife and faithful Philocles lives poor, and in diſgrace, in the iſle of Samos ? you acknowledge, O Idomeus, that bold and iſinuating men, when preſent, predominate over weak princes ; but you ought to add, that princeſ have likewiſe another unhappyneſs, not at all inferior ; and that is, eaſily to forget virtue, and the ſervices of an abſent man. The multi-

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Book XIII. of *TELEMACHUS.* 47

line of men who surround princes, is the occasion that no one can make a deep impression upon them : nothing touches them, but what is present, and flattens them ; every thing else is soon forgotten. Virtue especially is what they are little affected by, because, instead of flattering them, it contradicts them, and condemns them for their follies. Is it any wonder then that they are not belov'd, when they themselves are fond of nothing but their own grandeur and pleasure ?

The END of the THIRTEENTH BOOK.



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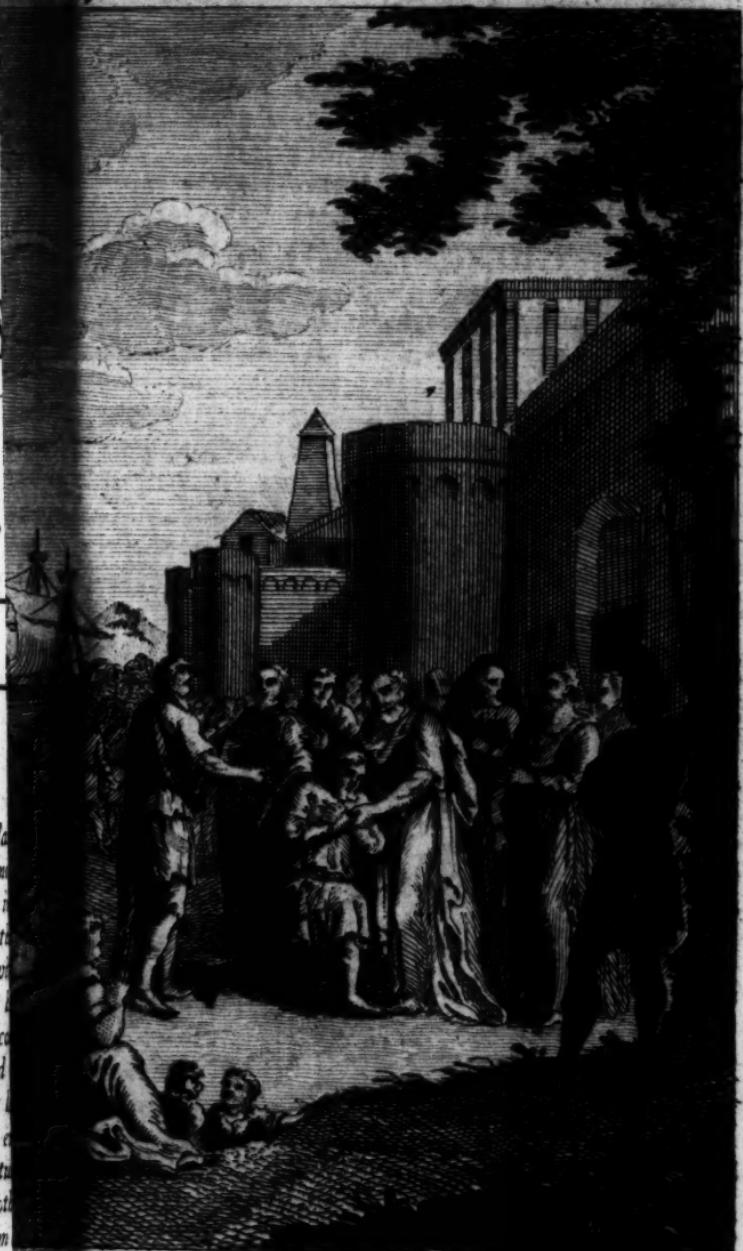
THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS.*

BOOK XIV.

The ARGUMENT.

Mentor prevails with Idomeneus to cause Proteus and Timocrates to be transported to the isle of Samos and to recal Philocles, in order to take him again into favour. Hegesippus, who is charg'd with the commission, executes it with joy; and arrives with those two men in Samos, where he sees again his friend Philocles, who led a poor, solitary, but contented life. Philocles is very hardly persuaded to return to his country and relations: but being at last convinced that it was the will of the gods, he embarks with Hegesippus, and lands at Salentum, where Idomeneus, who is now become quite another man, receives him as a friend, and consults him about the government of his kingdom.

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FTER this Mentor perswaded Idomeneus immediately to dis-
card Protefilaus and Timocrates,
and recal Philocles. The only
obſtacle to this, was the king's
dread of the severity of Philo-
cles : I must own, ſaid he, I
can't help being ſomewhat afraid
of his return, though I love and
eſteem him. I have ever ſince my infancy been ac-
cuſtom'd to be commended, to be courted, and to be
treated with that complaifance and indulgence, which
I cannot expect from this man. Whenever I did any
thing that he could not approve, his forrowful aspect
gave me ſufficiently to understand that he condemn'd
me ; when he was in private with me, his behaviour
was respectful and grave, but dry and unpleaſant.

Do you not ſee, ſaid Mentor, that princes, who
are ſpoil'd by flattery, think every thing harsh and
auftere, that is free and ingenuoſus ? they even go ſo
far as to imagine, that a man wants zeal for their
ſervice, and is averse to their authority, when he is
not ſo flavish as readily to flatter them in the moſt un-
juſt exercise of their power. Any free and generoſus
counſel appears to them haughty, censorious, and ſe-
ditiouſ. They grow ſo very nice, that every thing
that is not flattery, offends and provokes them. But
let us go yet a little farther : ſuppoſing that Philocles
is really harsh and auftere, is not that better than the
deſtructive flattery of your counſellors ? where will
you find a man without faults ? and ought not you to
feaſt of all, the fault of one that tells you the
truth a little too freely ? nay, is not this a fault ne-
ceſſary to the correction of your own faults, and to
the conqueſting that aversion to truth, which flattery
has begot in you ? you ought to haue a man about
you, who loves nothing but truth and you ; and who
loves you better than you know how to love yourſelf ;

who will tell you the truth in your own despight who will break through all your intrenchments ; a this necessary man is Philocles. Remember, that prince is extremely happy, when but one man of su greatnes of mind is born in his reign, who is by the most valuable treasure in his kingdom ; and the greatest punishment he ought to fear from gods, is to be depriv'd of such a man, if he rend himself unworthy of him, by not knowing his value, and how to make use of him. As to faults or over-fights of good men, you ought not be blind to them ; but, however, you should make use of their service. Set them right, but be not implicitly govern'd by their indiscreet zeal ; give them favourable ear, honour their virtue, let the publick see that you know how to distinguish it ; and, above all, take care not to be any longer as you have been hitherto. Princes, that are spoiled as you were, contending themselves with only despising corrupt men, do however employ them, confide in them, and bestow favours on them ; and, on the other hand, pretend not to want discernment to know virtuous men, give them nothing but empty praises ; not daring to trust them in any employments, nor to admit them into their familiar converstation, nor to bestow kindnesses on them.

Hereupon Idomeneus said, That he was ashamed he had so long delay'd the deliverance of oppress'd innocence, and the punishment of those who had abus'd him. Nor did Mentor meet with any difficulty persuading the king to part with his favourite : as soon as ever favourites are render'd suspected troublesome to their masters, the tired and perplexed prince grows impatient to get rid of them ; his friendship vanishes away ; past services are forgotten ; the fall of a favourite gives him no manner of uneasiness, provided he sees him no more. The king stantly gave private orders to Hegefippus, who was one of the chief officers of the household, to

Protesilaus and Timocrates, and to carry them under guard to the isle of Samos, there to leave them, to bring back Philocles from that place of exile. Hegeſippus, surpriz'd at these orders, could not forbear weeping for joy: now, said he to the king, you are going to gain the hearts of all your ſubjects; two men have been the ſource of all your miseries, as well as of those of your people; for twenty years have they cauſed all good men to groan, and it was even dangerous to be heard to groan; well was their tyranny; they crush all who attempt to come at you any other way than by them. Afterwards Hegeſippus discover'd to the king a many treacheries, and acts of inhumanity, committ'd by these two men, which never came to the king's ears, because no body durſt accuse them: he himſelf gave him an account of a ſecret plot which were, and had discover'd, and which was laid againſt Menelaus's life. The king ſhiver'd with horror at the relation.

In the mean while Hegeſippus haſten'd to go and ſeize Protesilaus in his house: it was not ſo large, but more convenient and pleasanter than the king's, mit the architecture was in a better taste: Protesilaus embellish'd it with great expences, drawn from the blood of thoſe whom he had made miserable. Protesilaus was at that time in a parlour of marble near his bedchamber, lying careleſſly on a couch of purple, embroide red with gold. He ſeem'd weary, and ſpent with fours; his eyes and eye-brows discover'd a ſort of ard, and fullen wildneſſ. The prime men of ngdom ſat round him on carpets, composing books to thoſe of Protesilaus, which they ob even to the leaſt glance of his eye. Scarce open'd his mouth, e'er all of them broke out ſcents of admiration at what he was going to. One of the principal of the company repeated himſelf, with ridiculous exaggerations, what Protesilaus himſelf had done for the king: another told

him, that Jupiter, having imposed on his mother was the author of his life, and that he was son to the father of the gods. Among the rest, a poet sung verses to him, wherein he recited, that Protephilus being instructed by the Muses, had equal'd Apollo in all the various performances of wit. Another poet more mercenary and impudent, call'd him in his verse the inventor of the liberal arts, and the father of the people whom he had made happy, describing him with the horn of plenty in his hand. Protephilus hearken to these praises with an air of moroseness and disdain like one who knows well enough that he deserves even far greater, and who thinks he shews great condescension when he suffers you to praise him. There was a flatter who took the liberty to whisper in his ear some pleasant sarcasm upon Mentor's new polity at which Protephilus smil'd, and presently the whole assembly burst out into a loud laugh, tho' the greatest part of them knew not the least tittle of what had been said; but Protephilus soon resuming his severe and haughty air, every one put on their former solemn awe and silence. Many of these nobles were watching the happy opportunity when Protephilus would turn towards them, and give them a hearing; they falter'd, and were disorder'd, because they had some hours to beg of him; their suppliant postures spoke for them; and they appear'd as submissive as a mother at the foot of an altar, when she begs of the gods to restore her only son to his health. Every one seem'd pleas'd with, and full of tenderness for, admiration of Protephilus, tho' in their hearts they mortally hated him.

At this very moment enters Hegeippus, seizes the sword of Protephilus, and tells him from the king that he is come to carry him to the isle of Samos. At these words all the arrogance of that favourite sinks down, like a huge fragment of a rock, that breaks off from the top of a steep mountain. Now he throws himself trembling at the feet of Hegeippus,

weeps, he falters, he stammers, he quakes, he braces the knees of that man, whom, not an hour before he would not vouchsafe to honour with a look. All those, who had just now been paying their attentions to him, seeing him lost beyond recovery, chang'd their flatteries into merciless insults.

Hegeſippus would not allow him ſo much time, as to take his laſt farewel of his family, or to write certain private writings : all was feiz'd and carried to the king. Timocrates was arrested at the ſame time, to his great amazement ; for being fallen with Preteſilaus, he thought he could not be involv'd in his ruin. They are both clapt on board a ſhip that was prepar'd for that purpose : they arrive at Samos, where Hegeſippus leaves thoſe two miser-wretches, and, to complete their misfortunes, unites them together. There, with the greatest rage they reproach each other with the crimes they had committed, and which now occaſion'd their fall. They are now paſt hopes of ever ſeeing Salentum again, condemn'd to live far from their wives and children, I don't ſay far from their friends, for they have none. They are now in an unknown land, where they have no means of living but by their laud : they, who had paſſ'd ſo many years in pleasure and pride, were now like two wild beaſts, ready to tear one another to pieces every moment.

Meantime Hegeſippus enquires in what part of the island Philocles dwelt ; they told him that he had a great way from the town, in a grotto that he call'd him instead of a house, upon the top of a mountain. Every body mention'd this stranger's habitation with great admiration. All the time he has been in the island, ſaid they, he has not ſo much as given the leaſt offence to any body. Every man wonders at his patience, his application to work, and peace of mind. He ſeems always contented, tho' he has nothing ; and tho' he is here remov'd from great employments without wealth, and with-

out authority, yet he is incessantly obliging those who deserve it, and has a thousand ways to do all his neighbours some service or other.

Hegeſippus continues his way towards the grotto, which he finds empty and open; for the poverty of Philocles, and the simplicity of his manners, never oblig'd him to shut his door when he went out: a plain mat of rushes serv'd him for a bed: he rarely kindled a fire, because he never eat any thing dress'd: all the summer he liv'd upon new-gather'd fruits, and in winter upon dates and dry'd figs: he us'd to quench his thirst at a crystalline spring of water, which fell in sheets from a high rock: he had nothing in his grotto but carving tools, and some few books which he read at certain hours, not in order to deck his wit, or to gratify his curiosity, but to teach him to be good and wise at the same time that it eas'd his labours. As for sculpture, he apply'd himself this way only to exercise his body, avoid idleness, and to gain a livelihood, without being oblig'd to any body.

As Hegeſippus enter'd the grotto, he was furprized to see the works which he had begun: he took notice of a Jupiter, whose serene countenance was too full of majesty not to be easily known to be the father of the gods and men: in another place he observ'd a Mars, with a rugged, threatening fierceness: but what was most affecting, was a Minerva, the inspirer of arts; her aspect was noble and mild, her shape free and lofty, and she was in so lively a posture, that one would have thought she would immediately walk. Hegeſippus, having with a great deal of pleasure taken a view of these statues, went out of the grotto, and at some distance from it, under a large tree, spy'd Philocles reading a book on the grass: he goes directly towards him, and Philocles, who perceiv'd him, knew not what to think. Is not that Hegeſippus, said he to himself, with whom I liv'd so long in Crete? but 'tis not likely that he should com-

into so remote an island : perhaps 'tis his ghost come to earth from the Stygian banks after his death.

Whilst he was in this uncertainty, Hegeſippus came near him, that he could not but know him again, and embrace him : And is it you yourſelf, my dear old friend, ſaid he ? What danger, what ſtorm has thrown you on this ſhore ? Why have you left the island of Crete ? Has ſome diſgrace, like mine, forc'd you from your country ?

Hegeſippus anſwer'd : 'tis no diſgrace has brought me hither, but, on the contrary, the favour of the gods. Then iſtantly he recounted to him the long continued tyranny of Proteſilaus, his intrigues with Timocrates, the misfortunes they had plung'd Ida-meneus into, that prince's fall, his flight to the Hesperian coaſt, the founding of Salentum, the arrival of Mentor and Telemachus, the wise maxims with which Mentor had imbu'd the king's mind, and the down-fall of those two traitors. He added, that he had brought them to Samos, there to ſuffer the like ba-niſhment which they had cauſ'd Philocles to ſuffer ; and concluded his diſcourse with telling him, that he had it in command to bring him to Salentum, where the king, who now fully knew his innocence, was alv'd to commit the management of his affairs to him, and to heap riches on him.

Do you ſee this grotto, anſwer'd Philocles to him, far to harbour wild beaſts, than to be inhabited by man ? yet here have I taſted for theſe many years, more ſweetneſs, more repoſe, than ever I did in the palaces of the iſland of Crete. Men no longer give me, for I no longer ſee them ; I no longer hear their flattering and poifonous diſcourses ; I have no longer any need of them ; my hands, incur'd to labour, eaſily ſupply me with all that plain nouriſhment which is neeđful for me. You ſee this ſlight garment is ſufficient to cover me, and I want nothing more : I enjoy a calm undiſturb'd reſt, and a ſweet ſleep, which the wiſdom I find in my books teaches

me

me how to make a good use of. What then have I farther to look for among jealous, treacherous, and inconstant men? No, no, my dear Hegeſippus, envy not my good fortune: Proteſilaus betray'd himself, going about to betray the king and destroy me: but he has done me no manner of hurt; on the contrary he has done me the greatest kindness; he has deliver'd me from the tumultuous hurry and slavery of business. To him I am beholden for my precious solitude, and all the innocent pleasures I here enjoy. Return, Hegeſippus, return to the king, assist him to support the miseries of greatness, and be that him which you would have me to be. Since his eyes, so long shut against truth, have at last been open'd by that wise man you call Mentor, let the king retain him near his person. As for me, I ought not, after shipwreck, to quit the haven where the storm has happily thrown me, to commit myself again to the mercy of the winds. O how much are kings to be pitied! O how worthy of compassion are those who serve them! If they are wicked, how much do mankind suffer by them, and what torments are prepared for them in the darkest hell! If they are good, what difficulties have they not to encounter and overcome! How many snares to avoid! How many enemies to suffer! Once more, my dear Hegeſippus, leave me in my happy poverty.

Whilst Philocles was thus delivering himself with great earnestness, Hegeſippus look'd on him with astonishment. He had seen him formerly at Crete during the time he administer'd the greatest affairs of state, lean, languid, and exhausted; the ardency and severity of his mind consum'd his body, through constant application to business; he could not without indignation behold vice unpunish'd; he requir'd in the management of affairs such an exactness as is however to be met with; and thus his employment broke his tender health. But at Samos, Hegeſippus found him plump and vigorous; notwithstanding

a florid blooming youth seem'd to be renew'd in face ; a sober, quiet, and laborious life had, as it were, given him a new constitution.

You wonder, said Philocles to him smiling, to see so chang'd : this freshness, and perfect health are owing to my solitude. My enemies have given me what I could never have found in the height of my fortune ; and would you have me part with true happiness to pursue a false one, and to plunge myself again into my former miseries ? I beg you would not be more cruel than Proteus ; at least envy me not the happiness for which I am indebted to him.

Hereupon Hegeippus urg'd to him, but in vain, all that he thought might move him. Are you then, he said to him, insensible to the pleasure of seeing your friends and relations, who sigh for your return, and whom the mere hope of embracing you fills with joy ? You, who fear the gods, and love to do your duty, consider as nothing the service of your king, the assisting him in all the good he designs, and the making so many people happy ? Is it allowable for a man to abandon himself to a wild and savage philosophy, to prefer his single self to all the rest of mankind, and to be master of his own quiet, than the happiness of his fellow-citizens ? besides all this, 'twill be thought that out of resentment you refuse to see the king. If he design'd any ill to you, 'twas because he did not know you. It was not the true, the honest, the Philocles, whom he went about to destroy ; no, 'tis quite another man he design'd to punish. But he knows you, and mistakes you not for another ; he feels all his friendship revive in his heart ; waits for you ; he already holds forth his arms to embrace you ; he impatiently counts the days, the hours, till you come ; and is your heart stony enough to be inexorable to your king, and to all your dearest friends ?

Philocles, who at first was soften'd at the sight of Hegeippus, re-assum'd his grave austere look at this discourse,

discourse ; like a rock which the winds assault in vain and against which the roaring billows break, so did he stand unmov'd ; nor prayers, nor reasons could find the least access to his heart : but in the moment when Hegesippus began to despair of prevailing over him, Philocles, having consulted the gods, found by the flight of birds, the entrails of victims, and by seven other presages, that he must follow Hegesippus.

Hereupon he no longer resisted, but prepared to go thither not without regretting the loss of that solitude where he had pass'd so many years. Alas ! said he, must I then quit thee, O lovely grotto, where peaceful slumber came every night to ease the labours of the day ! Here, in the midst of poverty, did the destinies spin the thread of my life with gold and silk ; then weeping, he prostrated himself to adore the Naiad who had so long quench'd his thirst with a clear flood, and the nymphs likewise that inhabit the neighbouring mountains. Echo heard his lamentations, and with a mournful voice repeated them to all the rural deities.

Afterwards Philocles went to the town with Hegesippus, to take shipping. He could not believe that the wretched Protefilaus, full of rage, and cover'd with confusion, would have the face to see him ; but he was mistaken ; for ill men have no shame, and are ever ready to make the meanest submissions. Philocles modestly avoided being seen by that miserable wretch ; fearing indeed to heighten his misfortune by shewing him the prosperity of an enemy, who was going to be rais'd on his ruins : but Protefilaus was very eager and earnest to find out Philocles, with design to move his compassion, and engage him to beseech the king to let him return to Salentum. Philocles was too sincere to promise to solicit his return, for he knew better than any man how pernicious such a thing would be to the publick. But he spoke very mild to him, testify'd a great compassion for his misfortunes, endeavour'd to comfort him, admonish'd him

justify the gods by a pious life, and an exemplary patience under his affliction : and having understood that the king had stript him of all his ill-gotten riches, he promis'd him two things, which he afterwards faithfully perform'd. One was, to take care of his wife and children, who were left at Salentum in a wretched poor condition, expos'd to the indignation of the populace : and the other was, to send him some supply of money to alleviate his misfortunes.

And now a favourable wind swells the spreading billows.

Hegeſippus grows impatient for Philocles's departure ; Proteſilaus ſees them embark ; his eyes remain fix'd and immoveable on the ſhore ; they follow the vessel that cuts the waves, and which the wind carries further and further ; and, when at laſt he could ſee them no more, he again paints the image of them in his mind. Then grown distracted, furious, and abandon'd to his despair, he tears off his hair ; rolls about the ſand ; he accuses the gods of severity ; he in vain calls cruel death to his aid, who, deaf to his prayers, deigns not to deliver him from his miseries, nor has he the courage to make away with himſelf.

Meantime, the ſhip, favour'd by Neptune and the winds, ſoon arrived at Salentum ; the king, being inform'd that it was just entering the port, instantly went with Mentor towards Philocles, and affectionately embrac'd him, expressing a deep concern for having ſo long persecuted him. This ingenuous confeſſion, and of looking like a weakneſs in a prince, was ſeene'd by all the Salentines as the act of a great foul, and raises itſelf above paſt miſcarriages by freely excusing them, in order to redreſs them. Every one rejoic'd for joy to ſee again this honest man, who lov'd the people, and to hear the king ſpeak with ſo much moderation and humanity.

Philocles, in a respectful modest manner receiv'd the king's carefleſs, and was very impatien't to ſteal away from the acclamations of the people. He followed

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low'd the king to the palace, where Mentor and he were presently grown as intimate as if they had pass'd their whole life together, tho' they had never seen one another before ; for the gods, who have deny'd eyes to the wicked to discern good men, have given eyes to good men whereby to know one another. Those, who have any relish of virtue, cannot be long together without contracting a friendship. Not long after, Philocles begg'd of the king, that he might retire to some private place near Salentum, where he might lead an humble life in the same manner he did at Samos. The king and Mentor us'd to go and see him almost every day in his solitude ; and there they consulted the proper means of strengthening the laws and of establishing a solid form of government for the publick good.

The two principal things they consider'd, were the education of children, and the way of living in time of peace. As for children, Mentor said, they belong less to their parents than to the publick ; they are the children of the people ; they are the hope and strength of the body politick ; it is too late to correct them when they are spoilt ; it is insignificant to exclude them from employments, when they have made themselves unworthy of them ; it is better by far to prevent the mischief, than be forc'd to punish it. The king, added he, who is father of all his people, is more particularly the father of all the youth, who are the blossom of a nation ; and it is in the blossom that fruits are prepar'd. Let not the king therefore disdain to watch over them himself, and to cause others to do the like in the educating of them : let him constantly enforce the strict observation of the laws of Minos, which ordain, that children be brought up to despise pain and death ; that honour be plac'd a neglect of pleasures and riches ; that injustice, baseness, ingratitude, and slothfulness be accounted infamous ; that from their tenderest Infancy they be taught to sing the praises of the heroes who were

Book XIV.
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loves of the gods, who have perform'd generous actions for their country, and who have distinguish'd themselves by their courage in battle : let the charms of musick seize their souls, in order to soften and purify their manners ; let them learn to be tender of their friends, faithful to their allies, equitable to all men, even to their most cruel enemies ; let them learn to be more afraid of the stings of conscience than of death itself, and all manner of torments. If children early imbibe these noble maxims, and if they are instill'd into them with the charms of musick, there will be but few who are not inflam'd with the love of glory and virtue.

Mentor added, that it was of the greatest importance to institute publick schools, to accustom the youth to manly exercises of the body, that they might not grow tender and lazy, which spoils the best dispositions. He farther advis'd to have a great variety of games and shews to animate the people, but more especially to exercise their bodies, to render them active, supple, and vigorous, with rewards and prizes to stir up a noble emulation. But what he most desir'd, for the encouragement of good manners, was, that young people should marry betimes, and that their parents, without any sordid views, should leave them to choose their wives themselves, such as they thought most agreeable both in mind and body, and to whom they might be constant.

while they were thus contriving to keep the young chaste, innocent, laborious, tractable, and fond of glory, Philocles, who delighted in war, said to them : in vain do you employ youth in all those games, if you suffer them to languish in a continual idleness, without any experience in war, or occasion to exert their valour : by this you will insensibly weaken them ; their spirit will be abated ; pleasure will corrupt their manners ; they will become an easy prey to other warlike nations ; and thus, by endeavouring

deavouring to shun the evils of war, they will fall into a miserable servitude.

Mentor replied, the evils of war are still more dreadful than you imagine. War drains a state, and puts it always in danger of being ruin'd, even while it is most victorious: how advantageously soever you may begin a war, you are never sure of ending it, without being expos'd to the most tragical reverses of fortune; with whatsoever superiority of forces you give battle, the smallest mistake, a panick fear, a nothing, snatches the victory out of your hands, and transfers it to the enemy. Nay, though you should hold victory chain'd, as it were, in your camp, you destroy yourself in destroying your foes; you unpeople your country, leave the ground almost uncultivated, interrupt commerce; nay, what is worse, you weaken the best laws, and tolerate the corruption of manners: the young men no longer apply themselves to literature; pressing necessity makes you connive at a pernicious licentiousness among your troops; justice, order, every thing suffers in this confusion. A king, who sheds the blood of so many men, and causes so many mischiefs, for the sake of a little glory, or to extend the limits of his kingdom, does not deserve to attain the glory he is in pursuit of, but rather deserves to lose what he possesses, for usurping that which does not belong to him.

But in this manner it is that you should exercise the courage of a nation in time of peace. You have already seen the exercizes of the body, which are to be instituted; the publick rewards for exciting emulation; the principles of glory and virtue which are to be infused into the children's minds, almost from their cradle, by celebrating to musick the greatest actions of the heroes; add to these helps the habit of a sober and laborious life. But this is not all: as soon as any one of your allies shall be engag'd in a war, you must send thither the flower

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flower of your youth, especially those who discover a genius for war, and who are most likely to improve by experience. Hereby you will maintain a high reputation among your allies ; your friendship will be courted, and they will be afraid to lose it ; and thus, without having a war upon your own hands, you will always be stor'd with a season'd and intrepid body of youth. Altho' you enjoy peace at home, yet fail not to treat honourably those who have a talent for war ; for the true way to avoid war, and preserve a lasting peace, is to cultivate arms, to honour men that are excellent that way, and always to have some of your subjects train'd up abroad in that profession, that they may be acquainted with the strength, discipline, and manner of fighting in the neighbouring countries : in short, the true way to avoid war, is to be equally remote from beginning one out of ambition, and from being afraid of it through effeminacy. Thus, being always in a readiness to go into it when necessity calls, you will arrive to that pass, as to be almost ever able to prevent it.

As for your allies, when they are breaking out into a war with each other, it will be your part to be mediator ; and thereby you will acquire a glory more solid and more lasting than that of conquerors ; you will gain the love and esteem of foreigners ; they will all of them stand in need of you, you will reign over them by the confidence they repose in you, as you reign over your own subjects by your authority. You will become the trustee of all secrets, the arbiter of treaties, the master of all their hearts. Your fame will fly thro' the most distant countries, and your name will be like a delicious perfume that spreads itself round about through all nations. In such circumstances, if a neighbouring state attacks you unjustly, they will always find you prepar'd to receive them ; but, what is still more advantageous to you, they will find you belov'd and succour'd ; all

your neighbours will take the alarm upon your account, being persuaded, that on your preservation depends the common welfare. This is a bulwark more secure than the strongest walls, and the most regular fortifications: this is true glory. But how few kings are there that know how to pursue it? Nay, rather, how few are there that do not pursue the contrary? they run after a deceitful shadow, and leave behind them true honour, for want of knowing it.

After Mentor had spoke thus, Philocles look'd upon him with astonishment, and then cast his eyes on the king: he was perfectly charm'd to see how greedily Idomeneus suck'd into his very soul the stream of wisdom which flow'd from the mouth of that stranger.

Thus Minerva, in the shape of Mentor, did establish in Salentum the most wholesome laws, and the most useful maxims of government, not so much for the sake of making the kingdom of Idomeneus prosperous and flourishing, as to shew Telemachus, against his return, a demonstrable instance, how far a wise administration contributes to render a people happy, and to procure to a good king a lasting reputation.

The END of the FOURTEENTH BOOK.

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BOOK XV.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus, being in the confederate camp, gains the affection of *Philoctetes*, who, at first, was prepossessed against him, upon account of *Ulysses* his father. *Philoctetes* relates to him his adventures, in which he intermixes the particulars of *Hercules's* death, occasioned by the poison'd garment which the centaur *Nessus* gave to *Deianira*; and explains to him how he obtained from that hero his fatal arrows, without which the city of *Troy* could not be taken; how he was punished for having betray'd his secret, by all the miseries he suffer'd in the isle of *Lemnos*; and how *Ulysses* employ'd *Neoptolemus* to engage him to go to the siege of *Troy*, where his wound was cured by the sons of *Aesculapius*.



ELEMACHUS in the mean while signaliz'd his courage amidst the dangers of the war. When he departed from Salentum, he made it his chief study to gain the affection of the old captains, whose reputation and experience were at the height. Nestor, who had before seen him at Pylos, and who had always lov'd Ulysses, treated him as his own son : he gave him instructions, which he enforc'd by divers examples ; he related to him all the adventures of his youth, and the most remarkable things he had seen perform'd by the heroes of the last age. The memory of this venerable sage, who had liv'd thrice the age of man, was like a history of ancient times, engrav'd on marble or brass.

Philoctetes at first had not the same kindness for Telemachus as Nestor had ; the hatred he had so long entertain'd in his heart against Ulysses, gave him a coldness towards his son, and he could not see without uneasiness what glories the gods seem'd to be preparing for this youth, to make him equal to those heroes, who had laid Troy in ashes. But at length Telemachus's regular conduct overcame all the resentments of Philoctetes, and he could no longer forbear loving a virtue so modest and sweet. He would often take Telemachus, and say to him, my son, (for I no longer scruple to call you so) I own your father and myself did for a long time entertain a hatred against each other ; I own too, that after we had levell'd Troy's proud walls to the ground, my anger was not yet asswag'd ; and, when I saw you, I felt a reluctance to love even virtue itself in the son of Ulysses. I have often blam'd myself for it : but, after all, virtue, when it is gentle, sincere, ingenuous, and modest, is perfectly irresistible. Then Philoctetes insensibly engag'd himself to relate to him, what it was

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that had kindled in his heart so much hatred against Ulysses.

I must begin my history, said he, higher up. I accompany'd in all his travels the great Hercules, who deliver'd the earth from so many monsters, and in comparison of whom all other heroes were but as a feeble bulrush to a lofty oak, or the little birds to an eagle. That hero's misfortunes and mine sprung from a passion which occasions the most terrible disasters, namely, love. Hercules, who had overcome so many monsters, could not vanquish that shameful passion, and became the laughing-stock of the cruel boy Cupid. He could not without blushing call to mind, that he had once so far forgot his glory, as to work at the spinning-wheel with Omphale queen of Lydia, like the most abject and most effeminate of all men, so great a command over him had a blind inconsiderate love. A hundred times has he confess'd to me, that this passage of his life had tarnish'd his virtue, and almost defac'd the glory of all his labours. Nevertheless, such is, O gods ! the weakness and inconstancy of men, who flatter themselves that they can do all things, and yet can resist nothing. Alas ! the great Hercules fell again into the snares of love, which he had so often detested. If he had been constant to Deianira his wife, happy, exceeding happy, had he been ; but too soon the blooming youth of Iole, on whose face the Graces were imprinted, stole away his heart. Deianira, burning with jealousy, bethought her of the fatal garment which the centaur Nessus had left her at his death, as an infallible way to revive the love of Hercules, whenever he seem'd to neglect her for another. But, alas ! this garment, full of the venomous blood of the centaur, contain'd the poison of the darts with which that monster had been pierc'd ; for you know that the arrows with which Hercules kill'd this perfidious centaur, had been dipp'd in the blood of the Lernæan Hydra, which had

had tinctur'd them with so strong a poison, that the wounds they made were incurable.

Hercules, having put on this garment, soon felt the devouring fire, which insinuated itself into the very marrow of his bones. Mount Oeta resounded with his horrible cries, which rung through all the hollow vallies; the sea itself seem'd troubled at his groans, which were far more terrible than the bellowsings of the fiercest bulls, in their combats. The unhappy Lichas, who had brought him the garment from Deianira, presuming to approach him, Hercules, in the height of his pain, seiz'd him, and whirl'd him round, as a slinger does a stone, which he is going to throw at a great distance from him. Thus Lichas being hurl'd from the top of the mountain by the strong arm of Hercules, tumbled amidst the waves of the sea, where he was presently chang'd into a rock, which still preserves it's human shape, and which, being incessantly beaten by the angry billows, frightens from afar the wary pilots.

After the misfortune of Lichas, I judg'd it not safe to trust myself any longer with Hercules: I began now to think of hiding myself in the deepest caverns of the earth; I observ'd how easily he with one hand tore up by the roots the lofty firs and aged oaks, which for many centuries had defy'd the winds and storms; and with the other he endeavour'd, but in vain, to tear from his back the fatal garment; which was glu'd to his skin, and as it were incorporated with his limbs. As he rent it, he tore off his skin and flesh. His blood, in flowing streams, moisten'd the earth. At length, his virtue surmounting his pain, he cried out, thou seest, my dear Philocetes, the evils which the gods make me suffer; they are just, I have offended them; I have violated my conjugal love. After having overcome so many enemies, I have basely suffer'd myself to be vanquish'd by the love of a beautiful stranger. I perish, and am content to perish, to appease the wrath

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wrath of the gods. But, alas ! my dear friend, whither flyest thou ? 'tis true, the excess of my pain made me commit, upon the unhappy Lichas, an act of cruelty, which I upbraid myself for. He was ignorant of the poison he had brought me ; he did not deserve the treatment I gave him : but dost thou believe that I can forget the friendship I owe thee, or that I would take away thy life ? no sure, I shall never cease to love Philoctetes : he shall receive into his bosom my soul that is now upon the wing, and he shall gather up my ashes, Where art thou then, my dear Philoctetes ? Philoctetes ! the only hope that is left me here below !

At these words I ran towards him ; he held out his arms to embrace me, but presently drew them back, for fear he should communicate to my breast the same devouring fire, in which he himself was consuming. Alas ! says he, I dare not embrace thee ; even that consolation is no longer allow'd me ! with that he gathers all the trees he had pluck'd up, and erected them into a funeral pile upon the top of the mountain. He calmly ascends the pile ; spreads the skin of the Nemæan lion, with which he so long had wrapt his shoulders as a mantle, whilst he travell'd from one corner of the earth to the other, to destroy monsters, and rescue the unfortunate ; he leans upon his club, and defires me to set fire to the pile.

My hands, tho' trembling with horror, could not refuse him his cruel office ; for this life was now no longer to be reckon'd a gift of the gods, so grievous was it to him : nay, I fear'd lest the extremity of his pain should transport him to do some action unworthy of that virtue which had amaz'd the world. As soon as he saw the flame begin to catch ; now, says he, my dear Philoctetes, I am convinc'd of the sincerity of thy friendship ; for thou lovest my honour more than my life ; may the gods reward thee for it. I bequeath thee what I have most valuable on earth, namely,

namely, these arrows, that were dipt in the blood of the Lernæan hydra. Thou knowest that the wounds they give are incurable ; by them thou shalt be invincible as I have been, nor shall any mortal dare to attack you. Remember, I die thy faithful friend, and mayst thou never forget how dear thou hast been to me. But if thou art really affected by my misfortunes, it is in thy power to give me one comfort, tho' it be the last ; by promising never to discover to any mortal either my death, or the place where thou hidest my ashes. I promis'd him, alas ! nay, I swore it, and at the same time bedew'd his funeral pile with my tears. A flash of joy darted from his eyes ; but on a sudden a volume of flame involv'd him round, stifled his voice, and robb'd me almost of the sight of him ; but yet I could see him a little through the flames, with a countenance as serene, as if he had been sitting with his friends at a delicious banquet, crown'd with garlands, and cover'd with perfumes.

The fire quickly consum'd his earthly and mortal part, and soon there remain'd nothing of what he had receiv'd at his birth from his mother Alcmena : but by the decree of Jupiter, he still preserv'd that subtle and immortal substance, that celestial spark, which is the true principle of life, and which he had receiv'd from the father of the gods ; among whom he was receiv'd, beneath the gilded arches of Bright Olympus ; there he quaff'd nectar, and there the gods gave him to wife the lovely Hebe, who is the goddess of youth, and whose office was to fill nectar to Jupiter, before Ganymede was promoted to that honour.

As to myself, the arrows, which he left me with a design to raise me above all heroes, have been an inexhaustible fountain of sorrows to me. For now the confederate kings had undertaken to revenge Menelaus upon the infamous Paris for the rape of Helena, and to overturn the empire of Priam. The oracle of

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Apollo gave them to understand, that they were not to expect a happy issue of the war, unless they could get the arrows of Hercules.

Your father Ulysses, who was always the most penetrating, and the most active in all the counsels, took upon him to persuade me to go with them to the siege of Troy, and to bring along with me those arrows, which he believ'd were in my possession. It was now a long time since Hercules had disappear'd, nor was there any mention of any new exploit of that hero ; monsters and villains began now again to shew their heads with impunity ; the Greeks knew not what to think of him ; some said he was dead ; others affirm'd, that he was gone under the northern bear, to subdue the Scythians ; but Ulysses averr'd that he was dead, and undertook to make me own it. He came to me, when as yet I was disconsolate for the loss of the great Alcides ; he found it a hard matter to accost me, for the sight of mankind was become intolerable to me ; I would not suffer myself to be drawn from the deserts of mount Oeta, where I had beheld the exit of my dear friend ; my only study was to re-imprint in my breast the image of that hero, and I minded nothing but to weep at the sight of that melancholy place. But soft and powerful persuasion flow'd from your father's lips ; he seem'd almost as much afflicted as myself ; he shed tears ; he knew how to get access insensibly to my heart, and to engage me to confide in him. He rais'd in me a concern for the Grecian kings, who were going to fight in a just cause, and who could not prosper without me. Yet could he not extort from me the secret of Hercules's death, which I had sworn never to mention ; but he, no longer doubting of his death, press'd me to reveal the place where I had hid his ashes.

Alas ! I was seiz'd with horror at the thought of revealing a secret, which I had promis'd to the gods never to disclose ; but not daring to violate my oath,

oath, I was so weak as to elude it; for which the gods have punish'd me. I stamp'd with my foot upon the place where I had hid the ashes of Hercules. Afterwards I went and join'd the confederate kings, who receiv'd me with the same joy as they would have done Hercules himself. As I pass'd through the isle of Lemnos, I had a mind to shew the Greeks the efficacy of my arrows, and preparing to let fly at a buck that rush'd into a wood, I heedlessly dropt the arrow, which lighting on my foot, gave me a wound which still pains me. I presently felt the same torments Hercules had suffer'd: I night and day fill'd the island with my groans; black and corrupted gore issuing from my wound, infected the very air, and spread through the Grecian camp a stench that was capable of suffocating the most healthy men. The whole army was seiz'd with horror to see me in that agony, each taking it for granted that it was a curse sent down upon me by the righteous gods.

Ulysses, who had drawn me to the war, was the first that forsook me: I afterwards understood that he did so because he prefer'd the common interest of Greece, and the victory they had so much at heart, to all the considerations of friendship, or private regards. It was now grown impossible to sacrifice in the camp; so much did the horror and infection of my wound, and the violence of my groans, disturb the whole army. But when I perceiv'd myself abandon'd by all the Greeks, through the advice of Ulysses, that piece of policy seem'd to me to be full of the most horrible inhumanity and the blackest treachery. Alas! I was blinded, and did not see that I had justly incur'd the displeasure of all wise and good men, as well as of the gods whom I had offended!

I continu'd, during almost the whole siege of Troy, all alone, destitute of succour, without hope, without help to ease my pain, excessively tormented

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in that desert and savage island, where nothing was to be heard but the roaring billows dashing against the rocks. In this solitary place I found a cave within a rock, which lifted up to the sky two high points, like two heads ; from this rock issu'd a crystal spring ; the cave was the usual retreat of wild beasts, to whose fury I was night and day expos'd ; my bed consisted of what leaves I could pick up ; all my furniture was a wooden box coarsely wrought, and some tatter'd clothes, with which I bound up my wound to stop the blood, and with which I likewise us'd to clean it. Here, abandon'd by mankind, and deliver'd over to the anger of the gods, I spent my time in piercing with my arrows, the pigeons and other birds which flew about the rock. When I kill'd any bird for my sustenance, I was forc'd to crawl along the ground in a painful manner, to take up my prey : and thus my hands procur'd my subsistence.

The Greeks did indeed leave me some provisions, but they lasted not long. I used to light me a fire with some flints. This life, as dreadful as it was, would have seem'd pleasant, in that it was remote from ungrateful and deceitful men, had I not been quite overcome with the extremity of the pain, and the continual ruminating upon my sad disaster. How ! said I ; to entice a man from his own country, as the only person that was capable to revenge the quarrel of Greece, and then to leave him in this desert island while he was asleep ! for indeed I was asleep when the Greeks departed. You may judge of my surprize when I wak'd ; and how bitterly I wept when I saw the fleet failing away. Alas ! wherever I cast my eyes in that savage and horrible place, I met with nothing but sorrow. That island has neither harbour, commerce, nor hospitality ; nor did ever man voluntarily land upon it ; none come there, but wretches cast upon it by storms ; no company is to be expected there, but by the miserable means of shipwreck ; yet even such did not dare to carry me away

along with them, being afraid both of the anger of the gods, and of the Greeks. Thus ten long years I suffer'd shame, pain, and hunger; I nourish'd a wound that devour'd me; and even hope itself was quite extinguish'd in my breast.

One day, returning from seeking some medicinal plants for my wound, I was surpriz'd to see in my cave a young man of a handsome and graceful mien, but withal haughty, and of an heroick aspect: he seem'd to me to be Achilles by his features, look, and gait; but his age gave me to understand that it could not be him; his eyes expressed both compassion and confusion; he was mov'd with pity at seeing me crawl along in that miserable condition; the piercing cries and doleful shrieks, with which I made the echoing shores resound, melted his very heart.

Being at some distance from him: O stranger, said I, what misfortune has brought thee into this uninhabited island? I know that Greek habit, that habit still so dear to me. O how I long to hear thy voice, and to find upon thy lips that language which I learnt in my infancy, and which I have been so long barr'd from talking to any-body in this solitude; be not affrighted to see so wretched a creature, since thou oughtest rather to pity him.

Scarce had Neoptolemus said that he was a Greek, when I cry'd out, O sweet word, after so many years of silence, and comfortless pain! O my son, what disaster, what tempest, or rather what propitious wind has brought thee hither to put an end to my misery? he answer'd, I am of the island of Seyros; thither I am returning; 'tis said I am the son of Achilles, thou knowest that best.

Such short expressions did not satisfy my curiosity: therefore I said to him, O son of a father whom I so much lov'd, the dear charge of Lycomedes, how camest thou hither? and from whence comest thou? he answer'd me, that he came from the siege of Troy,

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Troy. Thou wert not, said I, in the first expedition. And wert thou there, reply'd he ? I answer'd him ; I see thou art a stranger both to the name and misfortunes of Philoctetes. Alas ! how unhappy am I ! my persecutors insult over me in my affliction ! Greece is ignorant of what I suffer, which heightens my grief. The sons of Atreus have brought me to this ; may the gods repay them !

Afterwards I inform'd him how the Greeks had forsaken me. As soon as he had heard the relation of my misfortunes, he began his own. After the death of Achilles, said he --- here I interrupted him ; What ! Achilles dead ! pardon me, my son, if I interrupt your relation with the tears I owe your father. Neoptolemus answer'd me, 'tis a comfort to me that you interrupt me. O how agreeable is it to me, to see Philoctetes bewail my father !

Neoptolemus resuming his discourse, said : after the death of Achilles, Ulysses and Phœnix sought me out, affirming that the city of Troy could not be overthrown without me. I needed no great persuasion to go along with them, for my grief for the death of Achilles, and a desire to inherit his glory in that renown'd war, were sufficient inducements to follow them. I arrived at the camp ; the army gathers round about me ; every one swore they saw Achilles again, but alas ! he was no more. Young and unexperienced as I was, I thought I might promise myself any thing from those who prais'd me so highly. Immediately I demanded of the sons of Atreus my father's armour ; to which they made me this barbarous reply : thou shalt have every thing else that belonged to thy father ; but as for his armour, it is destin'd for Ulysses.

With this I was mightily disturb'd ; I wept, I grew passionate. But Ulysses, without any concern, said to me : young man, thou hast had no share with us in the perils of this long siege ; thou hast not met with arms like these ; thou beginnest too soon to talk

so big ; thou never shalt have the armour. Thus being unjustly robbed by Ulysses, I am now returning into the island of Scyros, not so much incens'd against Ulysses as against the sons of Atreus. May the gods ever befriend their enemies ! O Philoctetes, I have said all.

Hereupon I ask'd Neoptolemus, how it came to pass, that Telamonian Ajax did not hinder such a piece of injustice. He is dead, answer'd he. Dead ! cry'd I ; and is Ulysses alive ? yes, and prosperous in the army, said he. Then I ask'd him news of Antilochus, the wife Nestor's son, and Patroclus, the favourite of Achilles. They are dead too, said he. Then cried I out again ; what ! dead ! alas ! what dost thou tell me ? thus cruel war mows down the good, and spares the wicked. Ulysses still lives, and so does Thersites no doubt ! these are the doings of the gods ; and yet we continue to praise them !

Whilst I was in this rage against your father, Neoptolemus continu'd to deceive me, and added these melancholy words : I am going to live contented, in the savage isle of Scyros, far from the Grecian army, where evil prevails above good : adieu, I am gone, may the gods restore you to your health ! hereupon I said to him : O my son, I conjure thee by the Manes of thy father, by thy mother, by all that is dear and precious to thee in the world, leave me not alone in this extremity of pain and sorrow. I am not ignorant how burthensome I shall be to you ; but it were a dishonourable thing to forsake me. Take me into your ship, and let me lye at the prow, at the stern, nay, in the very sink, or wherever I shall least incommod you. None but great souls relish the pleasure of doing good : do not leave me in a desert, where there is not the least footprint of a man : carry me into your own country, or into Eubœa, which is not far from mount Oeta, nor from Trachin, and the agreeable banks of the river Sperchius. Send me back to my father : alas ! I fear he is dead : I sent to him to desire that he would dis-

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patch a ship to me ; either he is dead, or those who promis'd to tell him my misery have not done it. O my son, thou art the only refuge I have. Remember the instability of human affairs. He that is in prosperity ought to be afraid of abusing it, and to succour the unfortunate.

This was what the excess of my grief made me say to Neoptolemus ; and he promis'd to carry me along with him. Then I burst into exclamations again : O blessed day ! O lovely Neoptolemus, worthy of thy father's glory ! ye dear companions of this voyage, allow me to bid adieu to this melancholy abode ; see where I have liv'd ; consider what I have suffer'd ; no other could have endur'd it ; but necessity has instructed me, and 'tis necessity teaches mankind what they would never learn without her. Those that have never been in tribulation, know nothing ; they cannot distinguish between good and evil ; they are unacquainted with mankind, and even with themselves. After I had thus spoken, I took my bow and my arrows.

Neoptolemus desir'd me to let him kiss those celebrated arms, which had been consecrated by the invincible Hercules. I can refuse thee nothing, said I to him ; 'tis thou, O my son, who restorest to me the light, my country, my aged father, my friends, and myself. You may freely touch these arms, and boast that thou art the only Greek that ever deserv'd that honour. With that Neoptolemus enter'd my grotto to admire my arms.

Mean while I am seiz'd with an excessive pain, I grow distracted, and know not what I do ; I ask for a sharp-edg'd sword to cut off my foot ; I cry out, O death, so much desir'd, why comest thou not ! O beloved youth, burn me instantly as I burnt the son of Jupiter ! receive, O earth, a dying wretch, that cannot any more raise himself from thee : after this fit of exquisite pain, of a sudden I fell, as I us'd to do, into a deep sleep, and began to be eased by a plentiful sweating ; whilst a black corrupted stream of blood

issued from my wound. While I was asleep, it had been easy for Neoptolemus to have carried off my arms and gone away ; but he was the son of Achilles, and incapable of guile. When I awaked, I perceived the confusion he was in ; he sigh'd like one that knows not how to dissemble, and who acts against his conscience. Wilt thou then deceive me, said I to him ? what is the matter ? Thou must follow me, said he, to the siege of Troy. Alas, reply'd I, what say'st thou, my son ? restore me my bow ; I am betray'd ; rob me not of my life. To this, alas, he made no reply, but look'd on me calmly, and without any concern. O ye shores and promontories of this island ! O ye wild beasts and steep rocks ! 'tis to you I complain ; for to none other can I complain : you are accustom'd to my groanings : must I be betray'd by the son of Achilles, who robs me of the sacred bow of Hercules, and would drag me to the camp of the Greeks to triumph over me ? he considers not that it is triumphing over a dead corpse, a ghost, an empty shadow ! O that he had attack'd me in my full strength ! but even now, 'tis only by treachery. What shall I do ? restore, O my son, restore me my bow : act like thy father, like thy self. What say'st thou ? nothing ! O savage rock, to thee I return ; naked, miserable, forsaken, famish'd ; in this cave must I pine away ; depriv'd of my bow to kill the wild beasts ; they will now devour me ; no matter. But, O my son, thou hast not the look of a wicked man : whose evil counsels dost thou pursue ? restore me my arms, and get thee gone.

Neoptolemus, with tears in his eyes, thus mutter'd to himself ; would to the gods I had never parted from Scyros ! then I cry'd out : alas ! what is it I see ! is not that Ulysses ? I immediately hear his voice, and he reply'd, yes, it is I. If Pluto's dusky realm had open'd itself, and I had seen the gloomy Tartarus, which the gods themselves are afraid to behold, I own I could not have been seiz'd with greater horror. Again I cry'd out O land of Lemnos, be thou my witness ! O sun, dost thou

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thou behold this, and suffer it? Ulysses, without emotion, answer'd: Jupiter will have it so; and I but execute the will of Jupiter. Darest thou, said I, name Jupiter? seest thou there that youth, who was not born to deceive, and to whom it is a pain to execute what thou obligest him to do? it is neither to cheat thee, said Ulysses, nor to hurt thee, that we come hither; it is to deliver thee, to cure thy wound, to give thee the glory of overthrowing Troy, and to bring thee back into thy own country; it is yourself, and not Ulysses, that is Philoctetes's enemy.

Hereupon I utter'd to your father all that an extravagant passion could suggest. Since thou didst abandon me on this shore, said I to him, why dost not thou suffer me to live here in peace? go, seek renown in battle, and enjoy the delights of life; enjoy thy good fortune with the sons of Atreus; do not envy me my misery and pain. Why would you carry me off? I am nothing; I am already dead. Hast thou not the same reason now to believe, as thou hadst heretofore, that I am not in a condition to go, and that my cries, and the infection of my wound, will disturb the sacrifices? O Ulysses, author of all my affliction, may the gods --- But the gods no longer hear me; on the contrary, they stir up my enemy against me. O my native land! which I shall never see again! O ye gods, if there be yet any one amongst you just enough to take compassion on me, punish, punish Ulysses! then shall I think myself cur'd of all my ailments.

Whilst I thus spoke, your sedate father look'd on me with an air of compassion, like one, who, far from being provoked, bears with, and excuses the passion and disorder of a wretch sharpen'd by misery. He look'd like a rock upon the top of a mountain, which defies the fury of the winds, and lets them spend their rage, whilst it remains immovable; so your father waited in silence till my wrath was exhausted; well knowing that to bring men to reason, their passions must not be attack'd till they begin to grow weak, and slacken

slacken as it were through weariness. Afterwards he said these words to me : O Philoctetes, what is become of your reason and courage ? now is the time for using them both. If you refuse to go along with us to accomplish the great designs of Jupiter in reference to yourself, farewell ; you are unworthy to be the deliverer of Greece, and the destroyer of Troy. Continue at Lemnos. These arms that I carry off shall give me that renown which was destin'd for you. Come, Neoptolemus, let us be gone ; 'tis in vain to speak to him ; our compassion for one single man must not make us forego the welfare of all Greece.

Then I felt myself like a lioness that had been just robb'd of her young ; and who with her roaring makes the forest tremble. O cavern, said I, I will never quit thee, thou shalt be my grave ! O thou mansion of sorrow, I have now no longer means to subsist me, nor any hope left ! who will give me a sword to stab myself ? O that the birds of prey would devour me ! I shall hurt them now no more with my arrows ! O precious bow, consecrated by the hands of the son of Jupiter ! O dear Hercules, if thou hast still any sentiment left, art thou not fill'd with indignation at this ? thy bow is now no longer in the hands of thy faithful friend, but in the impure and treacherous hands of Ulysses. Ye birds of prey, ye savage beasts, fly no more from this cave ; my hands are no longer arm'd with arrows : can no longer hurt you : come then and devour me ; or rather, may the thunder of merciless Jove dash me in pieces !

Your father having try'd all other means of persuasion, at last thought it better to restore me my arms ; he made a signal to Neoptolemus, who restor'd them to me immediately. Then said I to him, now thou shew'st thyself the son of Achilles ; but suffer me to pierce my enemy to the heart. Then I was going to let fly an arrow at your father ; but Neoptolemus stopp'd me, saying, anger-clouds your reason, and hind-

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Book XV. of *TELEMACHUS.* 81
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you are going to commit.

As for Ulysses, he appear'd as unconcern'd at my arrows, as at my invectives. I was deeply affected with that intrepidity and patience: I was ashame'd of having attempted, in the first transport of my passion, to kill him with the weapons which he had caus'd to be restor'd to me: but, as my resentment was not yet appeas'd, I was vex'd that I should owe such a restitution to a man I so much hated. Hereupon Neoptolemus said to me, know that the divine Helenus, son of Priam, having come out from the city of Troy, by the order and inspiration of the gods, hath unvail'd to us the mysteries of futurity. Unhappy Troy, said he, shall fall, but not before 'tis attack'd by him who keeps the arrows of Hercules: nor shall that man be ever restor'd to health, till he come before the walls of Troy, where the sons of AEsculapius shall cure him.

At this moment I was divided in my thoughts. I was mov'd with the ingenuousness of Neoptolemus, and his honesty in restoring my bow: but I could not tell how to submit to Ulysses; and a mistaken shame kept me in suspence. Must I then be seen again, said I to myself, in the company of Ulysses, and the haughty sons of Atreus? what will people think of me?

Whilst I was in this uncertainty, on a sudden I heard a supernatural voice: I saw Hercules in a shining cloud, incircled with rays of glory: I presently knew again his masculine features, his robust limbs, and his plain manner; but he appear'd with a majesty and a loftiness which he never used to wear when he was taming of monsters upon the earth. He said to me: 'tis Hercules whom thou hearest and seest: I have quitted high Olympus to declare to thee the orders of Jupiter. Thou knowest by what labours I purchas'd immortality: thou must go with the son of Achilles to trace my steps in the road of glory: thou shalt be cur'd; thou shalt pierce with my arrows Paris, the author of so much mischief: after the taking of Troy,

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thou shalt send the rich spoils to Pœan, thy father, upon mount Oeta : these spoils shall be plac'd upon my tomb, as a monument of the victory owing to my arrows. And thou, O son of Achilles, I tell thee, that thou canst not be victorious without Philoctetes, nor Philoctetes without thee. Go then like two lions that seek their prey together. I will send Æsculapius to Troy, to cure Philoctetes. Above all, O ye Greeks, love and observe religion : all other things are perishable, but this endures for ever.

When I had heard these words, I cried out ; O happy day ! O pleasing light, that after so many years dost shew thyself at last ! I obey thee, I will depart as soon as I have bid farewell to these places. Adieu, dear cave ! adieu, thou nymph of these watry meadows ! I shall no more hear the hollow noise of the billows of the sea. Adieu, thou shore, where I have so often endur'd the inclemencies of the weather. Adieu, ye promontories, where echo has so often repeated my groans ! adieu, ye fountains, sweet in yourselves, but bitter to me. Adieu, O Lemnos ; let me depart propitiously, since I go whither I am call'd by the gods and my friends.

After this we departed, and arrived at the siege of Troy. Machaon and Podalirius, by the divine art of their father Æsculapius, cur'd me, or at least put me in the condition you now see me. I feel no more pain, I have recover'd my usual vigour, but I am somewhat lame. Paris fell by my hand, as a fearful fawn pierc'd with the arrows of the hunter. Ilium was soon reduc'd to ashes : you know the rest. Nevertheless, I still retain'd some aversion to the sage Ulysses, through the remembrance of my past sufferings, and it even exceeded the power of his virtue to appease my resentment. But the sight of a son who resembles him, and whom I cannot forbear loving, begets a tenderness in me even for the father himself.

The END of the FIFTEENTH BOOK.

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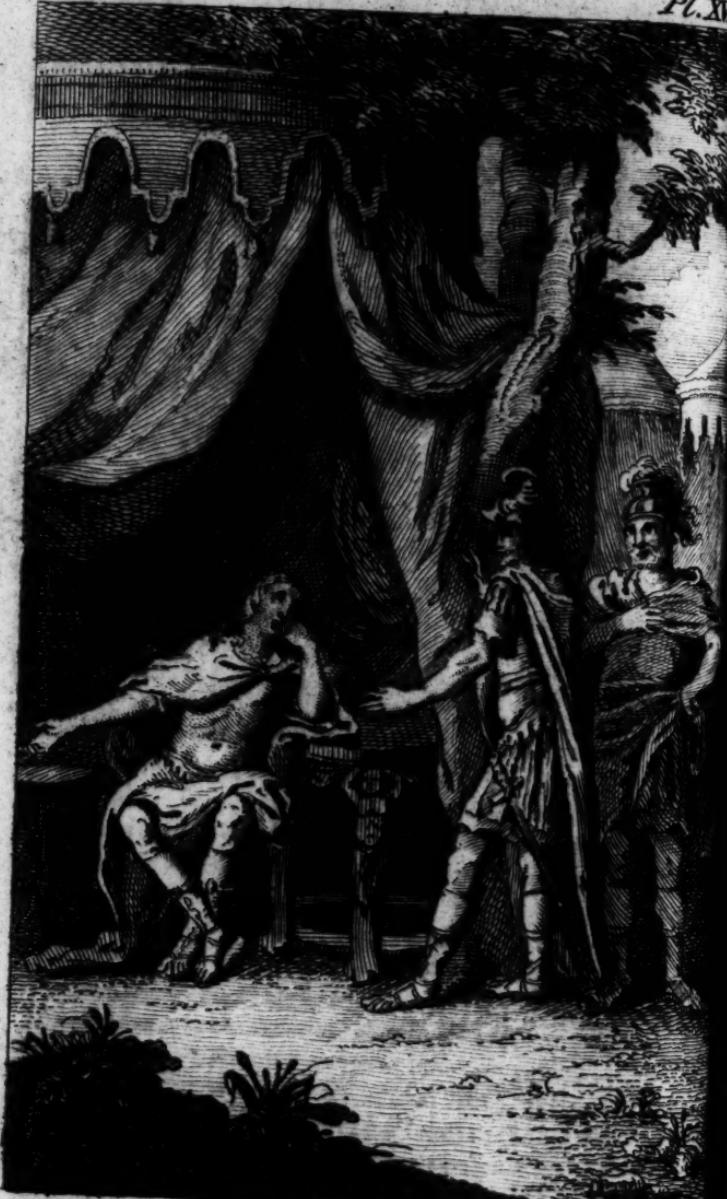
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THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS.*

BOOK XVI.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus quarrels with Phalantus about some prisoners, which they both lay claim to : he fights and overcomes Hippias, who, despising his youth, had boldly seized those prisoners for his brother Phalantus ; but being little satisfied with his victory, he secretly bemoans his rashness and fault, which he would fain retrieve. At the same time Adrastus king of the Daunians, being inform'd that the confederate kings are wholly employ'd in making up the quarrel between Telemachus and Hippias, goes and attacks them unawares ; and having surpriz'd an hundred of their ships, in order to transport his troops into their camp, he first sets it on fire, then begins the attack upon Phalantus's quarters, kills his brother Hippias, and Phalantus himself receives many wounds.

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WHILST Philoctetes was thus relating his misfortunes, Telemachus continued as it were suspended and motionless; his eyes being wistfully fix'd upon the great man that spoke. All the different passions that had work'd the souls of Hercules, Philoctetes, Ulysses, Neoptolemus, appear'd in their turns, upon the innocent countenance of Telemachus, as they were one after another represented to him in the course of the narration. He would sometimes cry out and interrupt Philoctetes without thinking; sometimes he would seem thoughtful, as a man deeply intent on the issue of some important affair. Whilst Philoctetes was describing the confusion of Neoptolemus, who was incapable of dissimulation, Telemachus seem'd to be under the same confusion, and in that moment one would have taken him for Neoptolemus himself.

Mean while, the confederate army was marching in good order against Adrastrus, king of the Daunians, a despiser of the gods, and a deceiver of mankind. Telemachus found it no easy task to conduct himself rightly among so many kings jealous of one another: it behoved him to give none of them any occasion of suspicion, but to make himself belov'd by them all: he was naturally of an open, well-meaning disposition, but not over-courteous or endearing: he was not very solicitous to oblige others: he was not fond of riches, but neither did he care to part with them. Thus with a noble and honest heart, he seem'd neither obliging, nor sensible of friendship, nor liberal, nor mindful to make returns for the care others took of him, nor attentive to distinguish merit. He follow'd his humour without reflection: his mother Penelope had, in spite of Mentor, brought him up in a pride and haughtiness of temper, which tarnish'd every thing that was amiable in him: he look'd upon himself as made of dif-

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ferent mould from the rest of mankind, who seem'd to him to be created by the gods for no other end but to please and serve him ; nay, even to anticipate his very desires, and refer all things to him as a deity. The happiness of serving him was, he thought, a sufficient recompence for so doing. Nothing was ever to be thought impossible when he was to be gratify'd ; the least delay irritated his ardent temper.

Had any one seen him thus in his natural disposition, they would have thought him incapable of loving any thing but himself, and that he was affected with nothing but his vain-glory and pleasure. But this indifference for others, and perpetual regard for himself, proceeded from nothing but the continual hurry and violence of his passions. He had, from his cradle, been indulg'd by his mother, who humour'd him in every thing, and he was a remarkable instance of the un-happiness of those who are high born. The severities of fortune, which he felt in his greenest years, had not moderated that impetuosity and haughtiness of his temper ; though stripp'd of every thing, abandon'd, exposed to so many miseries, yet he abated nothing of his pride : that would still lift itself up, as the supple palm-tree continually exalts it's towering head in spite of all attempts to press it down.

These faults did not shew themselves in Mentor's company, but diminish'd daily ; just as a fiery courser, scouring through the spacious fields, whom neither rocks, nor precipices, nor torrents can stop, is obedient only to the voice and hand of one man, who knows how to tame him ; so Telemachus, full of noble ardour, could be kept in by none but the wise Mentor : a look from him was able to stop him in his most impetuous career ; he understood immediately the meaning of that expressive look ; and in a moment would recollect within his soul the scatter'd sentiments of virtue. Wisdom in an instant would render his countenance cool and serene : Neptune does not more suddenly ap-

pease the hideous tempest, when with his lifted trident he threatens the raging billows.

Telemachus being now left to himself, all his passions that had been suspended, like a torrent stopt by a strong bank, took their natural course : he could not endure the arrogance of the Lacedemonians, nor of Phalantus who was at their head. This colony, which had founded the city of Tarentum, was compos'd of young men, born during the siege of Troy, who had had no education : the illegitimacy of their birth, the incontinence of their mothers, and the licentiousness in which they had been train'd up, gave them a sort of wildness and barbarity, resembling rather a gang of robbers than a Grecian colony.

Phalantus was ever seeking occasion to contradict Telemachus, and would often interrupt him in the publick assemblies, despising his counsels, as those of a raw unexperienced young man : he was always bantering him, treating him as if he had been pusillanimous and effeminate : he exposed his smallest failings to the chief officers of the army, endeavouring to sow jealousy every-where, and to make the haughtiness of Telemachus odious to all the confederates.

One day Telemachus having taken some Daunian prisoners, Phalantus pretended they belonged to him, alledging it was he, who at the head of his Lacedemonians had defeated that party of the enemy, and that Telemachus having found the Daunians already vanquish'd and put to flight, had no other trouble but that of giving them quarter, and carrying them into the camp. Telemachus affirm'd on the contrary, that he had sav'd Phalantus from being beaten, and had obtain'd the victory over the Daunians. They both pleaded their cause in the assembly of the confederate princes, where Telemachus was so transported with passion, that he gave Phalantus threatening language, and they had immediately fought, if they had not been hindered.

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Phalantus had a brother, whose name was Hippias, fam'd throughout the army for his valour, strength, and dexterity. The Tarentines affirm, that Pollux was not a better combatant at the *cæstus*; nor could Castor excel him in managing a horse. He had almost the stature and strength of Hercules; the whole army fear'd him; for he was yet more quarrelsome and brutal, than strong and valiant.

Hippias, when he saw how haughtily Telemachus had treated his brother, hastens away to carry off the prisoners to Tarentum, without waiting for the sentence of the assembly. Telemachus, upon secret intimation of it, goes out in a rage. Like a foaming boar, that turns upon the huntsman who has wounded him, you might see him roving up and down the camp, with ardent eyes seeking his enemy, and brandishing the dart with which he resolved to pierce him. At last he met him, and the sight of him redoubled his rage.

He now ceased to be the wife Telemachus, instructed by Minerva in the shape of Mentor: he was like a mad-man, or a furious lion. He immediately cries out to Hippias: stay, thou basest of all mortals! stay, we'll see if thou darest rob us of the spoils of our victory. Thou shalt not carry them to Tarentum: go, descend this moment to the gloomy banks of Styx. He spoke, and flung his dart, but with so much fury that he could take no aim, and the dart touch'd not Hippias. Immediately Telemachus lays his hand upon his sword, whose hilt was of gold, and which Laertes had given him, when he parted from Ithaca, as a pledge of his love. Laertes had us'd this sword with great glory while he was young, and it was stain'd with the blood of many famous captains of the Epirotes, in a war, wherein Laertes was victorious. Scarce had Telemachus drawn his sword, when Hippias, resolving to take the advantage of his own strength, rush'd upon him, in order to force it out of the hands of the young son of Ulysses. The

sword was broke betwixt them, upon which they feiz'd each other and clos'd ; and now behold them like two wild beasts striving to tear each other to pieces : fire flashes in their eyes ; they contract themselves, then stretch their limbs ; they stoop, they rise again ; they fly upon one another ; they thirst for each other's blood. Behold them in the dreadful scuffle, foot to foot, hand to hand, with their bodies so twisted together, that they seem'd but one. But Hippias, who was of a more advanc'd age, appear'd to be an over-match for Telemachus, who, by reason of his tender youth, was not so brawny and sinewy as the other. By this time Telemachus being out of breath, felt his knees tremble ; and Hippias, seeing him in a staggering condition, redoubles his efforts. There had been an end of the son of Ulysses, and he had suffer'd the punishment due to his temerity and fiery passion, if Minerva, who at a distance watched over him, and left him in this extremity of danger only for his instruction, had not determin'd the victory in his favour.

The goddess of wisdom did not quit the palace of Salentum, but sent Iris, the swift-wing'd messenger of the gods : she instantly takes her flight, and cleaves with agile wings, the immense extent of the air, leaving behind her a long track of light, which represented a cloud painted with a thousand different colours ; she rested not till she alighted on the shore, where the numberless army of the confederates was encamp'd. She beheld at a distance the conflict, the ardour, and strugglings of the two combatants ; she shiver'd at the sight of the danger which threaten'd young Telemachus ; she draws near, wrapt in a bright cloud form'd of subtle vapours ; at the very moment when Hippias, exerting his whole force, believed himself victorious, she cover'd the young pupil of Minerva with the celestial shield which the sage goddess had entrusted to her. Immediately Telemachus, whose strength was quite spent, began to recover new spirits ; and, as he reviv'd,

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reviv'd, the more Hippias was disorder'd : he felt something, as it were divine, which crush'd and amaz'd him. Telemachus bears hard upon him, attacks him, sometimes in one posture, sometimes in another ; he shakes him ; he leaves him not a moment's time to recover himself : at last he throws him to the earth, and falls upon him. A mighty oak, on mount Ida, hew'd with a thousand blows of the resounding ax, makes not a more terrible noise in falling ; the earth groan'd, and all things round about shook.

In the mean time Telemachus found himself repossessed of wisdom as well as strength. Scarce had Hippias touched the earth, but the son of Ulysses began to be sensible of the fault he had committed, in attacking thus the brother of one of the confederate kings whom he came to succour. He called to mind with confusion the wise counsels of Mentor ; he was ashamed of the victory, and was conscious he rather deserved to be vanquish'd. Mean while Phalantus, transported with rage, ran to succour his brother, and had pierced Telemachus with a dart which he bore, if he had not been afraid at the same time to have wounded Hippias, whom Telemachus kept under him in the dust. The son of Ulysses might easily have taken his enemy's life ; but his wrath was asswag'd, and he thought of nothing now but repairing his fault, by shewing his moderation. Up he rises, uttering these words : O Hippias, 'tis enough I have taught thee not to despise my youth : live, I admire thy strength and courage : the gods have protected me, yield thou to their power ; and now let us only think of fighting together against the Daunians. Whilst Telemachus thus spoke, Hippias rose up, besmear'd with dirt and blood, and extremely enrag'd and ashamed. Phalantus, not daring to take the life of him who had so generously given it to his brother, was quite beside himself and knew not what to do. All the confederate kings ran to the place : on the one side

they carry off Telemachus, and on the other side Phalantus and Hippias, who was now so dispirited that he durst not lift up his eyes. The whole army could not sufficiently admire Telemachus, who, at so tender an age, before men arrive at their full strength, was able to overthrow Hippias, a man who for strength and bulk was like those earth-born giants, who in times of old attempted to expel the immortal powers from Olympus.

But the son of Ulysses was very far from enjoying any pleasure in the victory : and while others thought they could never enough admire him, he withdrew into his tent, ashamed of his fault ; and being unable any longer to endure himself, he bemoan'd his rashness : he was sensible how unjust and unreasonable he was in his passion ; he found a certain vanity, weakness, and unworthiness in that excessive pride of his ; he perceived, that true greatness was nowhere to be found but in moderation, justice, modesty, and humanity. All this he clearly saw, but he could not tell how to hope that he should ever amend after so many relapses. He was torn with inward conflicts, and you might hear him roar like a furious lion.

Two days he continued shut up by himself in his tent, unable to go into any company, and tormenting himself. Alas ! said he, dare I ever look Mentor in the face again ? am I the son of Ulysses, the wisest and most patient of men ? did I come hither to bring dissension and disorder into the confederate army ? is it their blood, or that of the Daunians their enemies, I ought to shed ? I was rash ; I forgot even how to lanch my dart ; I expos'd myself to combat against Hippias, with unequal strength, and I could expect nothing but death, and the shame of being overcome. But what then ? I should have been no more : no, I should no longer have been this rash Telemachus, this young fool, that does not profit by any advice ; then had my disgrace and my life ended together, O could I but

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at least hope that I should never again commit the like fault, I should still be happy, too happy! But perhaps before night I shall commit, and that wilfully, the very same errors, which now fill me with so much horror and shame. O shameful victory! O disagreeable applause! which I cannot bear, and which indeed is nothing but a bitter reproach of my folly.

Whilst he was thus alone and comfortless, Nestor and Philocetes came to him. Nestor had purposed to remonstrate to him how much he had been in the wrong, but the wise old man, soon finding the disconsolate condition of Telemachus, chang'd his grave reproofs into expressions of tenderness to allay his grief.

The progress of the confederate princes was retarded by this quarrel, nor could they march towards the enemy till they had first reconcil'd Telemachus with Phalantus and Hippias: they were every moment afraid lest the Tarentine troops should fall upon the hundred young Cretans, who follow'd Telemachus in this war: every thing was in combustion, through this single oversight of Telemachus, who, being sensible that he was the author of so many present mischiefs, and future dangers, gave himself up intirely to bitter sorrowings. All the princes were under the greatest perplexities: they durst not march their army, lest Telemachus's Cretans and Phalantus's Tarentines should fall foul on one another by the way: and it was not without great difficulty they were restrained from attacking each other within the camp, where a strict watch was kept over them. Nestor and Philocetes went incessantly to and fro, between the tent of Telemachus and that of the implacable Phalantus, who breath'd nothing but revenge. Neither Nestor's soft eloquence, nor the authority of the great Philocetes, could prevail upon his fierce stubborn heart, which was still more incensed by his brother Hippias's wrag'd discourse. Telemachus was indeed much more temperate,

temperate, but overwhelm'd with a grief which refus'd all manner of consolation.

Whilst the princes were in this disorder, all the troops were under an extreme consternation: the whole camp look'd like the house of mourning, that has just lost the father of the family, the support of all his relations, and the dear hope of his little children.

During this agitation and consternation in the army, there was heard, of a sudden, the dreadful noise of rushing chariots, clattering arms, neighing of horses, and cryings of men; some as of conquerors bent on slaughter, others as of run-a-ways, either dying or wounded. A whirling cloud of dust cover'd the sky, and involv'd all the camp: presently to this dust was join'd a thick smoke that obscur'd the air, and took away all respiration. There was heard a hollow noise like that of the rolling flames which mount *Ætna* vomits from the bottom of it's burning entrails, when Vulcan, with his cyclops, forges there thunderbolts for the father of the gods. All hearts were seiz'd with terror.

The vigilant and indefatigable Adraustus had, it seems, surpriz'd the allies, having had intelligence of their march, and concealing his own. He had with incredible diligence march'd round an almost inacessible mountain, of which the allies had seiz'd most of the passes, and being possest'd thereof, thought themselves not only perfectly secure, but fancied that when the other troops, which they expected, were come up, they should be able, by these avenues, to fall on the enemy on the other side the mountain. Adraustus, who spar'd no expence for intelligence, had been advis'd of this their resolution: for Nestor and Philoctetes, tho' otherwise most prudent and experienc'd commanders, were not close enough in their counsels. Nestor being now in the decline of his age, took too much delight in recounting his former actions, through a fond desire of praise. Philoctetes was by nature more reserv'd;

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but was passionate, and upon the least provocation of his hasty temper, he would blab out what he design'd to conceal. Cunning people by this means had found the key to his heart, whereby to come at all the most important secrets. They needed but to set him in a flame, then would he break out into threatening language, bragging of infallible means to compass his designs. If they seem'd in the least to doubt of those means, he would presently, and without consideration, fall to explaining them, and thus the nearest and most intimate secret escaped from his breast. As a costly vessel which is crack'd, lets the most delicious liquors all run out; so the heart of this great captain was incapable of retaining any thing.

The traitors that were corrupted by Adraustus's gold, did not fail taking advantage of the weakness of these two princes. They would be incessantly flattering Nestor with vain praises; they repeated to him past victories, admitt'd his forecast, and ever applauded him. On the other hand, they lay continual snares for the impatient humour of Philoctetes; they talk'd of nothing to him but difficulties, disappointments, dangers, inconveniences, and irretrievable oversights. As soon as his warm disposition was once inflam'd, his wisdom deserted him, and he was no longer the same man.

Telemachus, notwithstanding the faults we have mention'd, was far more prudent in keeping a secret. He had been accustom'd to secrecy by his misfortunes, and by being necessitated, even in his childhood, to hide his designs from Penelope's lovers. He knew how to keep a secret without telling any untruth; and yet could lay aside that close mysterious air, which is so common to people who are reserv'd: he did not seem oppressed with the burthen of the secret which he kept; he always seem'd easy, natural, open, as one that carried his heart upon his lips. But at the same time that he would tell you every every thing that was of no consequence, he knew how to stop, without affection,

fection, precisely at those things which might raise any suspicion, or so much as give a hint of his secret. By this means his heart was impenetrable and inaccessible: nay, he never communicated, even to his best friends, but just so much as he thought was necessary, in order to have their good advice; and Mentor was the only person with whom he acted without reserve: he did indeed place a confidence in some other friends, but then he observ'd different degrees of confidence, according as he had met with proofs of their friendship and discretion.

Telemachus had often observ'd, that the resolutions of the council were too soon and too much spread over the camp. He hinted this to Nestor and Philoctetes; yet they, tho' men of such great experience, did not give sufficient regard to so wholesome an intimation. Old age loses all it's suppleness, long habitude ties it down, as it were, in chains; there is no longer any remedy against it's errors. Like full grown trees, whose rough and knotty trunk is hardened by years, and can never more be set straight; so men at a certain age cannot any more unbend themselves from those customs which have grown up with them, and are, as it were, entered into the very marrow of their bones. Sometimes indeed they are conscious of their faults, but too late; they lament in vain, for tender youth is the only age wherein men have the power of correcting what is amiss in themselves.

There was in the army a certain Dolopian named Eurymachus, a wheedling insinuating sycophant, who could adapt himself to the several tastes and humours of the princes, being ever studious, and inventive of new ways to please them. To hear him speak, nothing was ever hard to be compass'd; ask his advice, he presently hit upon that which he thought would be most agreeable: he was a pleasant drolling fellow, ever joking upon the weak, and complaisant to those he stood in awe of: he could so nicely season his flattery, as to make it grateful even to the most modest.

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He was grave with the grave, and sprightly with the jovial. He could at any time, with all the ease in the world, assume whatever shape he pleased : sincere and honest men, who are always the same, and who confine themselves to the strict rules of virtue, can never be so acceptable to princes, as those who strike in with their predominant passions. Eury machus understood the art of war ; had a talent for business ; was a man who had resolv'd to push his fortune ; and in order thereto had attach'd himself to Nestor, and gain'd his confidence : he could draw from the bottom of his heart (which was somewhat vain, and fond of praise) whatever he had a mind to know.

Tho' Philoctetes did not trust him, yet he was as much exposed to the artifices of that traitor, by means of his choleric and impatient temper, as Nestor was by his openness and intimacy. Eury machus needed only to contradict him, and put him in a passion, and then he discover'd every thing. This fellow had receiv'd great sums from Adra stus, to inform him of all the designs of the allies. This king of the Daunians had in the army of the allies a certain number of defectors, who were, one after another, to make off from their camp, and return to his. And as often as any thing of importance happen'd, and such as might be of benefit to Adra stus to be advertis'd of, Eury machus us'd to dispatch away to him one of these defectors. The villany could not easily be discover'd, because they carry'd no letters, and if they were taken, there was nothing found upon them to make Eury machus suspected.

In the mean time Adra stus continually prevented all the enterprizes of the confederates : For a resolution was hardly taken in the council, e'er the Daunians did the very thing that was necessary to hinder the success of it. Telemachus was indefatigably industrious to find out the cause of this, and to awaken Nestor and Philoctetes to a distrustfulness ; but to no purpose, for they were blinded.

The council had resolv'd to wait for the numerous troops that were coming up, and they had sent away privately in the night a hundred ships to transport those troops with the greater expedition, from a very rugged coast where they were to come, to the place where the army was encamp'd. All this while they thought themselves secure, because their troops were posseſ'd of the avenues of a neighbouring mountain, which is an almost inaccessible side of the Apennine. The confederate army was encamp'd on the river Galesus, not far from the sea, which is a very delicious part of the country, abounding in pasture, and all things necessary for the subsistence of an army. Adraſtus was encamp'd behind the mountain, which they reckon'd he could not pass: but he (understanding that the confederates were still weak, and expected a great reinforcement; that the ships were waiting for the arrival of those troops; and that the army was divided by the quarrel between Telemachus and Phalantus) with great expedition begins to march round about, which he did night and day, till he reach'd the sea-coast, and pass'd through ways which till then had been thought impracticable. Thus courage and labour surmount the greatest obstacles; and nothing is impossible to those who know how to dare to suffer: whereas those who supinely fall asleep, reckoning that what's difficult is impossible, deserve to be surprized and oppressed.

Adraſtus, at break of day, intercepted the hundred vessels that belong'd to the allies; and which, being ill-guarded because they thought themselves safe, he seiz'd without much resistance; and made use of them to transport his own troops, with incredible diligence, to the mouth of the river Galesus. Afterwards he sail'd up the river with all expedition. The advanc'd guards of the confederate camp taking these ships to be fill'd with their own troops, which they expected, immediately broke out into shouts of joy. Adraſtus and his soldiers landed before they were known; they

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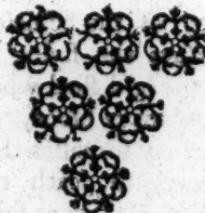
fall on the allies, who distrust nothing ; they find them scatter'd negligently up and down in an open camp, without any order, without a commander, and unarm'd.

That part of the camp which he first attack'd, was where the Tarentines were quatter'd under the command of Phalantus ; and which the Daunians enter'd with so much briskness, that the Lacedemonian youth, being surprized, were not able to resist. Whilst they were looking for their arms, and hinder'd one another in the confusion, Adraustus sets fire to the camp ; and immediately the flame flies from tent to tent, and ascends to the skies. It's noise resembled that of a torrent which deluges a whole country, and with it's rapid force carries away the largest oaks, with their deep roots, the corn, barns, stalls, and flocks. The wind impetuously drives the flame from tent to tent, and in an instant the whole camp looks like an old dry forest, which is set on fire by a small spark.

Phalantus, tho' nearest the danger, could not remedy it : he saw plainly that all the troops must perish in the fire, if they did not instantly abandon the camp : but he likewise saw how dangerous such a retreat might be before a victorious enemy. He began to draw out his Lacedemonian youth, tho' with half their arms ; but Adraustus gives them no respite. On one side a troop of expert archers discharge numberless arrows upon Phalantus's soldiery, and on the other, the slingers hurl a shower of large stones. Adraustus himself, sword in hand, marching at the head of a chosen company of the boldest Daunians, by the light of the fire pursues the flying troops : he mows down with the sharp-edg'd steel whatever had escaped from the fire : he swims in blood, yet cannot be sated with slaughter : his fury surpasses that of lions and tigers when they worry to death the shepherds and their flocks. Phalantus's troops faint ; their courage fails them ; pale death, led on by an infernal fury whose head bristles with adders, freezes their blood in

their veins ; their benumb'd members grow stiff ; and their tottering knees leave them destitute, even of the hope of flight. Phalantus, whose shame and despair still supply him with some small remainder of strength and vigour, lifts up his hands and eyes to heaven. He sees his brother Hippias fall at his feet, beneath the strokes of Adraustus's thundering hand. Hippias stretch'd on the ground, grovels in the dust, while a stream of black boiling gore issues from the deep wound which had cleft his side : his eyes refuse the light, and his furious soul flies out with the last drop of his blood. Phalantus himself, besmear'd all over with his brother's blood, and unable to help him, finds himself beset with a crowd of his enemies, endeavouring to overcome him : his buckler is pierc'd with a thousand darts ; he is wounded in several parts of his body ; he can no langer rally his fugitive troops ; the gods behold him, but vouchsafed not to pity him.

The END of the SIXTEENTH BOOK.



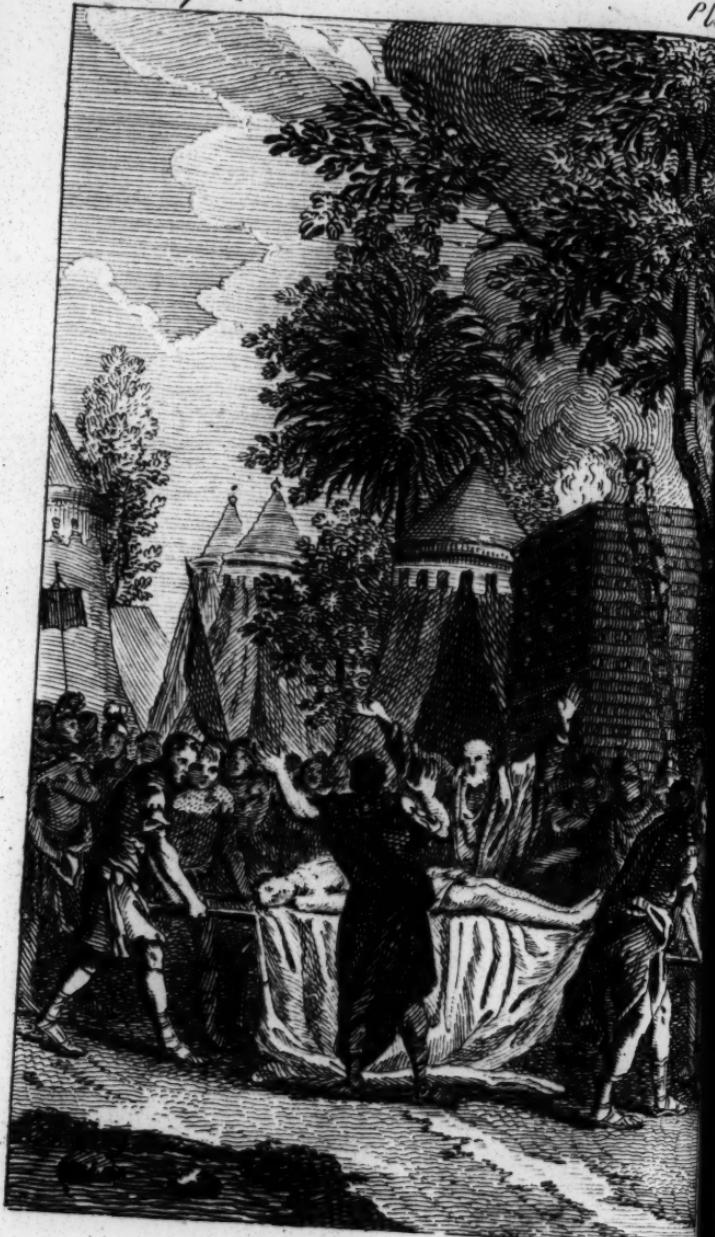
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THE
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BOOK XVII.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus, having put on his divine armour, runs to the relief of Phalantus, bears down, at first, Iphicles, the son of Adrastus, repulses the victorious enemy, and would have gained a complete victory over them, had not a sudden storm put an end to the fight. Afterwards Telemachus causes the wounded to be carried off, takes care of them, and particularly of Phalantus; of whose brother Hippias he performs the obsequies; and presents his ashes to Phalantus, having collected them in a golden urn.



JUPITER, amidst the celestial deities, looks down from the top of Olympus, and beholds the slaughter of the confederates: then he consulted the unchangeable destinies, and saw all those captains whose thread was to be cut by the fatal scissars. All the gods were intent on Jupiter's face, thereby to read his pleasure. But the father of the gods and men told them in a sweet, yet majestic voice: you see to what extremity the allies are reduc'd; you see Adraſtus bearing down all his enemies; but this ſpectacle is fallacious, the glory and prosperity of the wicked is very ſhort-liv'd: the impious, perfidious, and detestable Adraſtus ſhall not obtain a compleat victory. This misfortune befalls the allies only to teach them to grow wiser, and to be more cautious in keeping their counſels ſecret: for now the ſage Minerva is preparing a new triumph for her darling, the young Telemachus. Here Jupiter ceas'd ſpeaking, and all the gods in profound ſilence continu'd to behold the battle.

Nefor and Philoctetes by this time were advertis'd, that part of the camp was already consumed; that the flame, driven by the winds, was continually advancing; that their troops were in disorder, and that Phalantus could no longer ſustain the enemy's efforts. These fatal words had ſcarce reach'd their ears, but they run to arms, assemble the captains, and command them instantly to retire from the camp, to avoid the spreading conflagration.

Telemachus, who was dejected and disconsolate, now forgets his grief: he puts on his armour, the precious gift of the wise Minerva, who, under the ſhape of Mentor, made as if ſhe had procur'd it from an excellent artist of Salentum, but in reality ſhe had got Vulcan to make it in the smoking caverns of mount Aetna.

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The shield was as smooth as glass, and bright as the sun-beams. Upon it were engrav'd Neptune and Pallas contending for the honour of giving a name to a new city. Neptune with his trident strikes the earth, from whence a fiery horse is seen springing. Fire flies out of his eyes, and foam out of his mouth; his mane dances in the wind; he gathers up his supple and nervous legs with vigour and nimbleness. He did not walk; but seem'd to leap by the strength of his loins, yet with such amazing swiftness, that he left no print of his foot behind. You would imagine too that you heard him neigh.

In another part of it was seen Minerva, giving to the inhabitants of her new city the olive, the fruit of that tree which she herself had planted: the branch, on which hung the shining fruit, represented sweet peace with plenty, preferable to the troubles of war, of which that horse was the emblem. The goddess gain'd the victory by her plain but useful gifts, and proud Athens bore her name.

Minerva was also to be seen assembling around her all the polite arts, which were represented by little children with wings. They fled for refuge to her, being frighted at the brutal fury of all-destroying Mars, just as the bleating lambs fly for succour about their dams, at the sight of an hungry wolf, who, with open jaws and inflamed throat, rushes on to devour them. Minerva is seen, in another part, with a disdainful and angry look, confounding, by the excellency of her works, the foolish temerity of Arachne, who was so daring as to contend with her for perfection in tapestry. You might see the extenuated limbs of that wretch growing out of form, and changing into those of a spider.

Just by appear'd again Minerva, who, in the war against the giants, advis'd Jupiter himself, and encourag'd all the other affrighted gods. She was likewise represented with her lance and ægis, on the banks of the Xanthus and the Simois, leading Ulysses

by the hand, reviving the spirits of the flying Greeks, notwithstanding the efforts of the bravest Trojan captains, and of the dreadful Hector himself; and lastly, introducing Ulysses into that fatal machine, which, in one single night, was to overthrow the kingdom of Priam.

In another part of the shield was represented Ceres, in the fertile fields of Enna, in the middle of Sicily. There you might see that goddess assembling together the inhabitants who were scatter'd up and down in search of something to support nature, either by hunting, or by picking up the wild fruit which had fallen from the trees; she taught those ignorant men the art of improving the earth, and to extract their food from her fruitful bosom: she shew'd them the plough, and taught them how to yoke the oxen to it; there you might see the earth cleft in furrows by the sharp-edg'd plough-share; and you might perceive the golden harvests covering the fruitful plains: the reaper with his sickle crops the kindly fruits of the earth, and repays himself for all his pains. Iron, elsewhere the instrument of destruction, was employ'd in this place only to produce plenty, and all sorts of pleasures. The nymphs, crown'd with garlands, dance together in a meadow on the bank of a river near a grove. Pan plays on his flute; the fauns and wanton satyrs frisk in a corner by themselves. Bacchus was likewise represented crown'd with ivy, leaning on his thyrsus, and holding in his hand a vine-branch, adorn'd with leaves and clusters of grapes: his beauty was indelent and easy, with a mixture of something noble, passionate, and languishing. He look'd as he did when he appear'd to the unhappy Ariadne, and found her alone overwhelm'd with grief, for being deserted on an unknown shore.

To conclude, there were seen in all quarters vast shoals of people; the old men carrying the first fruits of their harvests into the temples; the young men, fatigu'd with the labour of the day, returning to

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to their spouses, who going out to meet them, lead by the hand their little children, whom they fondle all the way as they go. There were likewise several shepherds represented, some singing, others dancing to the sound of the reed. The whole was a picture of peace, plenty, and pleasure ; every thing look'd smiling and happy. Nay, you might see the wolves in the pastures playing among the sheep : the lions and tygers, having quitted their fierceness, were feeding among the tender lambs, whilst the young shepherd, with his crook, govern'd them all alike ; and this lovely picture recall'd to mind the charms of the golden age.

Telemachus, having put on this divine armour, instead of his own shield took up the terrible ægis which Minerva had sent him, and which Iris the swift messenger of the gods had left him. Iris had without his knowledge carried away his own buckler, and given him instead of it this ægis, formidable to the very gods.

Thus arm'd, he runs out of the camp, to avoid the flames ; he calls to him, with a strong voice, all the commanders of the army, and his voice already began to inspire fresh courage into the dismay'd allies : a divine fire sparkles in the eyes of the young warrior. He appears always mild, always free and sedate, constantly attentive to give the necessary orders, with as much caution as an old man in ruling his family, and instructing his children ; but in the execution, he is prompt, and vigorous, like an impetuous river, which not only rolls along precipitately it's foaming billows, but also carries down with it, in it's rapid course, vessels of the greatest burthen that float upon it.

Philoctetes, Nestor, and the commanders of the Mandurians, and other nations, found in the son of Ulysses a sort of authority which irresistibly aw'd them all. And now the old men no longer can trust to their experience : counsel and wisdom forsake all the com-

commanders ; even jealousy, a passion so natural to all men, is wholly extinguish'd in their breasts ; all keep silence, all admire Telemachus, all wait for his commands implicitly, and, as if it had been customary for them so to do. He advances, he ascends an eminence, from thence observes the posture of the enemy, and forthwith judges it necessary to use the utmost expedition to surprize them in their present disorder, while they were burning the camp of the confederates. He fetches a compass with all possible diligence, and the most experienc'd commanders follow him. He falls upon the Daunians in their rear, at a time when they thought the confederate army was involv'd in the flames of the camp. This surprize disorders them : they fall beneath the hand of Telemachus, as the leaves fall in the forests in the latter days of autumn, when the boisterous north-wind, fraught with winter, clatters all the branches, and makes the aged trunks to groan. The earth is cover'd with the bodies of those whom Telemachus has overthrown. With his javelin he pierced the heart of Iphicles, the youngest son of Adraustus, who presumed to offer him combat, to save his father's life, who was in danger of being surpriz'd by Telemachus. The son of Ulysses and Iphieles were both beautiful, vigorous, full of conduct and courage, of the same stature, the same age, had the same sweetnes of temper, and were equally dear to their parents. But Iphicles prov'd like an opening flower in the meadow, cut down by the mower's scythe. Afterwards Telemachus overthrows Euphorian the most celebrated of all the Lydians that came into Hetruria : then his sword pierces the new-marry'd Cleomenes, who had promised his spouse to bring her the rich spoils of his enemies ; but he was destin'd never to see her more.

Adraustus foam'd with rage to see the death of his dear son, of many other commanders, and the victory slipping out of his hands. Phalantus, almost crush'd at his feet, is like a half-slain victim, that shuns the

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edge of the sacred knife, and flies away far from the altar. But one moment more, and Adraſtus had compleated the ruin of the Lacedemonians.

Phalantus, drown'd in his own blood, and in that of the soldiers who fought with him, hears the shouts of Telemachus advancing to his relief; in that moment he regains new life, and the cloud that had already over-spread his eyes, is dispell'd. The Daunians, being not aware of this attack, leave Phalantus, in order to repulse a more formidable enemy. Adraſtus is like a tyger, from whom an united body of shepherds snatches the prey which he was ready to devour. Telemachus seeks him out in the crowd, resoluing at once to put an end to the war, by delivering the allies from their implacable enemy.

But Jupiter refus'd to the son of Ulyſſes so quick and so easy a victory. Minerva too was willing he should undergo more difficulties, that he might the better understand how to govern men. The impious Adraſtus therefore was preserv'd by the father of the gods, that Telemachus might thereby gain more glory and virtue. A thick cloud which Jupiter gather'd in the air, saved the Daunians; the will of the gods was declar'd in dreadful thunder. One would have thought that the eternal arches of high Olympus were going to break down on the heads of feeble mortals; the lightning split the clouds from pole to pole, and scarce had it dazled the eye with it's darting flames, but all relapsed again into midnight darknes. In the same instant a mighty shower of rain falling concurr'd likewise to part the two armies.

Adraſtus took advantage of the succour of the gods, without having any just ſense of their power, and for this ingratitude deserved to be kept for a more severe vengeance. He haſten'd to march his army between the camp that was half burnt down, and a morais that reach'd as far as the river; whieh he did with ſo much expedition and dexterity, that this very retreat

was

was a demonstration of his presence of mind and readiness of invention. The allies, encouraged by Telemachus, were for pursuing him ; but by favour of the storm he escaped from them, as a swift-wing'd bird out of the net of a fowler. The allies now think on nothing but returning to the camp, and repairing their los's. As they enter'd it, they saw the most lamentable effects of war. The sick and wounded not being able to crawl out of their tents, were consequently unable to avoid the fury of the fire : they appear'd half burnt, sending up to heaven their doleful cries and dying shrieks. Telemachus's heart was pierc'd with it ; he could not refrain weeping ; he often turn'd away his eyes, being seiz'd with horror and compassion ; he could not without shuddering behold those bodies that were still alive, and destin'd to a tedious and dreadful death : they look'd like the flesh of victims that is burnt on the altars, and whose smell spreads itself all around.

Alas ! said Telemachus, how mischievous are the effects of war ! what blind fury pushes on unhappy mortals ? their days are few upon the earth, and those days attended with so much misery ! why then will they hasten their death, which is already so near ? why will they add so much dreadful desolation to the bitterness with which the gods have filled this short life ? men are all brethren, and yet they worry one another ; the savage beasts are less cruel than they ; lions never make war with lions, nor the tygers with tygers ; nor do they fall upon any creatures of their own species : man alone, in despight of his reason, does that which beasts that are void of it never did. But once more, what need is there for these wars ? is not there land more than enough in the universe, to employ the labour of all mankind ? what vast prodigious tracts lie desert ? mankind can never replenish them. What then ! an empty notion of glory, a vain title of conqueror which a prince is in pursuit of, kindles and

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Book X
spreads the spacious world others to thing must fire, and by more man, who finds his What man much det manity ? they are held in e were in much de before th be just ; cesiarly people ought in e terers, a fies, and cious pr generally unhappy ture with no less Thus d confine endeave go from diers ; them ; friendly he coul Am two ol former

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spreads the flames of war through countries immensely spacious ! thus one man, sent by the angry gods into the world as a scourge, brutally sacrifices multitudes of others to his vanity. Every thing must perish, every thing must swim in blood, every thing be destroy'd by fire, and those, who escape the fire and sword, must fall by more cruel famine, and all to gratify one single man, who makes whole human nature his sport, and finds his pleasure and glory in this general desolation. What monstrous sort of glory is this ! can we too much detest and scorn such men as can thus forget humanity ? no, they are far from being demi-gods ; they are hardly so much as men : they ought to be held in execration by all succeeding ages which they were in hopes to be admired by. Ah ! with how much deliberation ought princes to weigh every thing before they undertake a war ! the causes of it ought to be just ; nor is that enough ; they ought to be necessary for the publick good. The blood of the people ought not to be spilt, but for their own preservatin in cases of extremity. But the counsels of flatterers, a mistaken notion of glory, groundless jealousies, and unreasonable covetousnes, cover'd with specious pretences, in short, impereceptible engagements, generally hurry princes into wars that make them unhappy ; wherein they put their whole to the venture without necessity, and which, in the end, prove no less fatal to their own subjects than to the enemy. Thus did Telemachus reason : but he did not only confine himself to deplore the miseries of war, but endeavour'd to alleviate them. You might see him go from tent to tent, visiting the sick and dying soldiers ; he distributed money and medicines among them ; he comforts them, he cheers them by his friendly discourses, and sent others to visit them when he could not do it himself.

Among the Cretans that came with him there were two old men, Traumaphilus and Nezophugus. The former had been at the siege of Troy with Idomeneus, and

and had been taught by the sons of *Aesculapius* the divine art of curing wounds : he used to pour into the deepest and most invenom'd a fragrant liquor, which eat away all the dead and putrified flesh, without being forc'd to make incisions, and which quickly caus'd new flesh to grow more sound and better colour'd than the former. As for *Nozophugus* he had never seen the sons of *Aesculapius*, but by means of *Merion* he had got possession of a sacred and mysterious book, which *Aesculapius* had given his sons : besides this, *Nozophugus* was a favourite of the gods : he had compos'd hymns in honour of the children of *Latona*, and used every day to sacrifice a white unspotted sheep to *Apollo*, by whom he was oftentimes inspir'd. He no sooner saw a sick person but he could tell by his eyes, the colour of his skin, the conformation of his body, and the manner of his breathing, what the source of his malady was. Sometimes he administer'd sudorific remedies, and by the success of these sweatings, he shew'd how much the whole bodily machine is disorder'd or restor'd, by means of the increase or diminution of perspiration. In lingring diseases he gave certain drinks, which by degrees recover'd the noble parts, and renew'd the vigour of the patients by sweetning their blood : but he would often declare, that it was for want of virtue and courage men had so frequent occasion for physick. It is a shame, would he say, for men to have so many diseases ; for a sober life produces sound health : their intemperance, said he, changes into deadly poison the aliments which were destin'd to preserve their life. Immoderate pleasures shorten men's days more than the best medicaments can prolong them : the poor are seldom sick for want of food, than the rich are by the excess of it. Meats that are too relishing, and which provoke us to eat beyond the requirements of nature, rather poison than nourish us. Even medicines, themselves, are really mischievous and destructive of nature, and ought only to be used on

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Book XV

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pressing occasions ; but the grand medicament, which is always harmless, always useful, is sobriety, temperance in pleasures, tranquillity of mind, and bodily exercise ; by these the blood is sweeten'd, and kept in a good temperament, and all superfluous humours are dissipated. Thus was the wife Nozophugus less admir'd for his medicines, than for the regimen he prescrib'd to prevent diseases, and to render medicines unnecessary,

These two men were sent by Telemachus to visit all the sick in the army. They cur'd many of them by their medicaments, and many more by the care they took to have their patients well tended ; for they made it their busines to keep them neat and clean, thereby to prevent noisome air, and made them observe an exact and sober diet, during their recovery. The soldiers were all deeply affected with a sense of these benefits, and gave thanks to the gods, for sending Telemachus into the confederate army.

This is no mortal, said they, but doubtless some beneficent deity under a human shape ; at least, if he is a man, he resembles more the gods than the rest of mankind, and is sent to the earth only to do good ; he is yet more amiable for his sweetness and good-nature than for his valour. O that we could have him for our king ! but the gods reserve him for some more happy nation, whom they favour, and among whom they intend to renew the golden age.

Telemachus, while he went in the night-time to visit the several quarters of the camp, to prevent the stratagem of Adraustus, was an ear-witness of these commendations, which could not be suspected of adulation, like those which flatterers bestow on princes to their very faces, upon a supposition that they are void of modesty and discernment, and that the sure way to gain their favour, is to praise them immoderately. The son of Ulysses could relish nothing but truth ; nor could he bear any other commendations but such as he could not prevent, such as were bestow'd on him

privately in his absence, and such as his real merit extorted. His heart was not insensible to such applauses as these ; he felt that sweet, that pure delight which the gods have annex'd to virtue alone, and which ill men, for want of experiencing it, can neither comprehend nor believe. But he did not too far indulge himself even in this delicate sort of pleasure ; for soon would the faults he had committed come crowding again into his mind ; he remember'd his natural haughtiness, and his indifference to other men ; he was secretly ashamed that his natural disposition should be so harsh, and that he should appear so deficient in humanity. He referr'd to the sage Minerva all the glory that was given him, and which he thought himself undeserving of.

It is thou, O great goddess, said he, that bestowest Mentor on me to instruct me, and correct my evil disposition ; it is thou, that has bless'd me with wisdom, to make me improve by my faults, and distrust myself ; it is thou that checkest my impetuous passions : it is thou that makest me feel the pleasure of relieving the distressed ; without thee I should be hated, and justly too ; without thee I should commit irreparable faults, and be as a child, who not being sensible of it's own weakness, lets go the hold it had of it's mother, and falls the very first step it takes.

Nestor and Philoctetes were amaz'd to see Telemachus grown so gentle, so obliging, so officious, so helpful, so ingenious to obviate exigencies of every kind. They could not tell what to think ; they found him to be quite another man. What most surprized them, was the care he took about the funeral of Hippias ; he went himself and fetch'd the bloody and disfigur'd body from the place where it lay bury'd under heaps of the slain. He bedew'd it with pious tears, and said, O mighty shade, now thou knowest how much I esteem thy valour ; 'tis true, thy haughtiness did provoke me, but it proceeded from the heat of thy youth, and I know too well how much that

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age stands in need of pardon. We should hereafter have been sincerely united in the bonds of friendship : the fault was wholly mine : O ye gods ! why have you snatch'd him away from me, before I had time to compel him to love me ?

Telemachus afterwards caus'd the body to be wash'd in odoriferous liquors, and then gave orders concerning the funeral pile. The lofty pines, groaning beneath the strokes of the axes, come tumbling down from the tops of the mountains, the oaks, those ancient sons of the earth, that seem'd to threaten heaven, the tall poplars, the elms, with their verdant heads and thick leav'd branches, the beeches, the glory of the forest, lay all cast upon the banks of Galesus. There they were rais'd into a funeral pile, resembling a regular building ; the flame begins to appear, and curling clouds of smoke ascend the skies. The Lacedemonians advance with a slow and mournful pace, trailing their pikes, and with their eyes fix'd on the ground : bitter sorrow stands imprinted on their stern countenances ; and the tears trickle down in abundance. Next came the aged Pherecides, not so much depress'd by the number of years, as by his grief for surviving Hippias, whom he had brought up from his very infancy. He rais'd towards heaven his hands and his eyes that were drown'd in tears. After the death of Hippias he refus'd all manner of food, nor was it in the power of gentle sleep to weigh down his eyelids, or to suspend the smart of his grief for a moment. With a trembling pace he march'd after the crowd, not knowing whither he went ; not a word issu'd out of his mouth, his heart was so wrung with sorrow ; it was a silence of despair and dejection. But when he saw the pile kindled, then he cried out in a fury ; O Hippias, Hippias, I shall never see thee again ! Hippias is no more, yet I still live ! O my dear Hippias, tis I, cruel and relentless, that have occasion'd thy death ; 'twas I that taught thee to despise it. I

thought thy hands would have clos'd my eyes, and that thou wouldst have catch'd my latest breath. Cruel gods ! you prolong'd my life, only that I might see the death of Hippias ! Oh ! my dear child, whom I had brought up with so much care, I shall see thee no more ; but I shall see thy mother, whom grief will kill, and who will reproach me with thy death ; I shall see thy young spouse beating her breast, tearing off her locks, and I all the while am the unhappy cause of it ! O dear shade, call me to the banks of Styx ; the light grows hateful to me ; and 'tis thee only, my dear Hippias, that I wish to see again. O Hippias, Hippias, O my dear Hippias, all I now live for, is to pay my last duty to thy ashes !

Mean while the body of young Hippias was seen stretch'd out on a bier adorn'd with purple, gold, and silver ; death, that had put out the light of his eyes, was not able to deface all his beauty, and the Graces still faintly appear'd in his pale visage. Around his neck, which was whiter than snow, but now declining on his shoulder, his long black hair flow'd in waving ringlets, finer than that of Atys or Gany-mede, but which was now going to be reduc'd to ashes. You might behold, in his side, the gaping wound whereat all his blood had issu'd out, and which had sent him down to the melancholy regions of Pluto.

Telemachus, sad and dejected, followed close to the corpse, strewing flowers all the way. When they came to the pile, the son of Ulysses could not, without shedding new floods of tears, behold the flame seize the cloth in which the body was wrapt. Adieu, said he, O magnanimous Hippias, for I dare not call thee friend ; be appeas'd, O shade, who has merited so much renown ! If I did not love thee, I should envy thy happiness ; thou art deliver'd from those miseries which still encompass us mortals ; thou didst retire from them by the most glorious path : alas ! how happy should I be, if my end were the same ! May Styx never be able to stop thy ghost ! May the Elysian

sian Fields be open to thee ! May fame preserve thy renown throughout all ages ! And may thy ashes rest in peace !

Scarce had he said these words, intermix'd with sighs, when the whole army set up a cry ; they were mov'd with pity for Hippias, upon the recital of his great actions ; their grief for his death brought to their minds all his good qualities, and made them forget all those oversights which had been occasion'd by heat of youth, or a faulty education. But they were yet more mov'd with the tender sentiments of Telemachus. Is this, said they, the young Greek that was so proud, so haughty, so disdainful, so violent ? Behold, how gentle, how kind, how tender he is now become ! Doubtless Minerva, who so much lov'd his father, has the same affection for the son ! Doubtless she has bestow'd on him the most valuable blessing that the gods can give to mortals, in conferring on him, together with wisdom, a heart susceptible of friendship.

The body was now consum'd by the flames. Telemachus himself besprinkles the yet smoking ashes with perfum'd liquors ; then he put them into a golden urn, which he crown'd with flowers, and carried that urn to Phalantus, who lay stretch'd out, wounded in several places, and who, in the extremity of his weakness, already had a glimpse of the melancholy gates of death.

Already had Traumaphilus and Nozophugus, whom the son of Ulysses had sent to attend him, used their utmost skill for his relief. They had by little and little recall'd his departing soul ; they reviv'd him insensibly with fresh spirits ; a gentle and penetrating vigour, a balsam of life, insinuated itself from vein to vein, even to the inmost recesses of his heart ; an agreeable warmth drew him from the frozen hands of death ; but in the very moment that his fainting left him, grief of mind succeeded : he began to be sensible of the loss of his brother, which till then he had not been in a condition to consider. Alas ! said he, why

all this care to save my life ? Had I not better die and follow my dear Hippias ? I saw him fall hard by me. O Hippias ! the comfort of my life ! my brother ! my dear brother ! thou art now no more ! I must now no longer see thee, nor hear thee, nor embrace thee, nor communicate to thee my troubles, nor comfort thee in thy own ! O ye gods, enemies to mankind, must Hippias be for ever lost to me ! is it possible ? Is it not a dream ? No, 'tis but too real. O Hippias, I have lost thee, I have seen thee die, and I must live ; so long at least, till I have reveng'd thee. I will sacrifice to thy Manes the cruel Adraustus, stain'd with thy blood.

Whilst Phalantus was thus speaking, the two divine men us'd their utmost endeavours to asswage his grief, for fear it should increase his ailments, and hinder the effect of their medicines. On a sudden perceiving Telemachus before him, his heart was presently agitated by two contrary passions. He had entertain'd a deep resentment of what had pass'd between Telemachus and Hippias ; and this resentment was quicken'd by his grief for the loss of Hippias. On the other hand, he could not be ignorant that he ow'd the preservation of his own life to Telemachus, who rescu'd him, all bloody and half dead, out of the hands of Adraustus. But when he saw the golden urn, which contained the beloved ashes of his brother Hippias, he pour'd forth a flood of tears ; he immediately embrac'd Telemachus, without being able to speak a word ; at last, with a languishing voice, interrupted with sobs, he said :

O worthy son of Ulysses, your virtue compels me to love you ; to you I am beholden for this small remainder of life, which is drawing towards it's end : but I am still beholden to you for what is far more dear to me ; had you not prevented it, my brother's body had become a prey to vultures ; had it not been for you, his ghost, depriv'd of sepulture, had wander'd miserable

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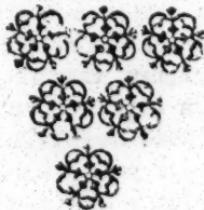
able upon the banks of the river Styx, continually repulsed by the pitiless Charon. Must I be so deeply obliged to a man whom I hated so much? Repay him, O ye gods, and deliver me from this load of life! And thou, Telemachus, perform for me the last duty which you performed for my brother, that nothing may be wanting to make your glory compleat.

At these words Phalantus was quite spent and overwhelm'd with excess of grief. Telemachus stay'd by him without daring to speak to him, and waiting till he had recover'd a little strength. Phalantus, soon coming again to himself, takes the urn out of Telemachus's hands, kiss'd it over and over, watering it with his tears, and said: O dear, O precious ashes! When shall mine be enclos'd with you in this same urn! O thou ghost of Hippias, I will follow thee to the shades below; Telemachus will avenge us both.

Mean while Phalantus recover'd daily by the care of those two men, endow'd with the science of *Aesculapius.* Telemachus was always by them, that they might use the more diligence in perfecting the cure; and the whole army admir'd more his goodness in relieving his greatest enemy, than the valour and conduct he had shewn in battle, when he sav'd the confederate army. Telemachus at the same time was indefatigable in the most rugged hardships of the war; he slept little, and his slumberings were often interrupted, either by the intelligence he receiv'd every hour, in the night as well as by day, or by viewing all parts of the camp, which he never did twice at the same hours, that he might the better surprize those who were negligent. He would often return to his tent cover'd over with sweat and dust; his diet was plain; he liv'd like the common soldiers, that he might set them an example of sobriety and patience. Provisions growing scarce in that encampment, he judg'd it necessary to stop the murmurings of the soldiers, by voluntarily sharing with them the same incon-

inconveniences they underwent. His body, instead of being weaken'd by so painful a life, every day became stronger and more harden'd; he began to lose those tender graces which are, as it were, the bloom of youth; his complexion grew brown and less delicate, and his limbs less soft and more nervous.

The END of the SEVENTEENTH BOOK.



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THE
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BOOK XVIII.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus being, by various dreams, persuaded that his father Ulysses is no longer among the living, executes his design of going to seek him in the infernal regions. Hereupon he goes privately out of the camp, attended by two Cretans, as far as a temple near the famous cavern of Acherontia: he penetrates through the thick darkness, arrives on the banks of the Styx, and Charon receives him into his boat. He makes application to Pluto, who permits him to look for his father: he crosses Tartarus, where he sees the torments inflicted on the ungrateful, on the perjur'd, on hypocrites, and especially on bad kings.

MEAN



E A N while Adraustus, whose troops had been considerably diminish'd in the battle, had posted himself behind the hill Aulon, to wait the coming up of some reinforcements, in order to try once more to surprize the enemy: like a famish'd lion, which, having been repulsed from the sheepfold, returns again into the shady forests, and retires to his den, where he whets his teeth and claws, waiting for a favourable opportunity to destroy the whole flock.

Telemachus, having taken care to establish a strict discipline throughout the whole army, apply'd himself now solely to execute a design he had already form'd, and which he conceal'd from all the commanders. He had been, for a considerable time, disturb'd every night with dreams, that represent'd to him his father Ulysses. His dear image still return'd towards the end of the night, before Aurora, with her dawning light, began to chase from heaven the wandring stars, and to drive from the earth gentle sleep, with all his train of fluttering dreams. Sometimes he fancied he saw Ulysses naked, in one of the fortunate islands, on a river's bank, in a meadow enamell'd with flowers, and surrounded by nymphs, who threw garments on him to cover him. Sometimes he thought he heard him talk in a palace glittering with gold and ivory, where he was listen'd to with pleasure and admiration, by men crown'd with garlands. At other times Ulysses appear'd to him of a sudden, amidst the bright joy and delights of a feast; where was heard the soft harmony of a voice, joined in sweet concord with a harp, whose blended melody excelled even the harp of Apollo, and the voices of all the Muses.

Telemachus awaking would grow melancholy upon the recollection of these agreeable dreams. Oh my father! Oh my dear father Ulysses! cry'd he; the

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most frightful dreams had been pleasanter to me. These images of felicity give me to understand, that you are already descended to the mansion of blessed souls, in which the gods reward their virtue with eternal tranquillity. Methinks I see the Elysian fields. O how wretched a thing it is to hope no more ! Oh my dearest father, shall I never see you again ? shall I never again embrace him who loved me so tenderly, and whom I seek after with so much pain and toil ? shall I never again hear the voice of that mouth which used to poor forth wisdom ? shall I never again kiss those hands, those precious, those victorious hands, by which so many enemies have fallen ? shall they never punish the foolish lovers of Penelope ? and must Ithaca never rise again from her ruins ! Oh ye gods, who are enemies to my father, it is you who send me these fatal dreams, to tear from my heart all hope, which is the same as if you tore life itself from me ! No, I can no longer live in this uncertainty. Alas ! what say I ? I am but too well assur'd that my father is no more : I'll go even to the infernal shades to find out his ghost. Theseus went safely thither ; the impious Theseus, who durst offer violence to the infernal deities ; whereas I am led thither by a motive of piety. Hercules descended thither : I am not Hercules ; but 'tis glorious to dare to imitate him. Orpheus, by the recital of his misfortunes, successfully moved the heart of that god, who is represented as inexorable ; and prevail'd with him to permit Eurydice to return to the living. I have a juster claim to compassion than Orpheus, for my loss is much greater. Can a beautiful young woman, who might have been equall'd by many others, be at all compared with the sage Ulysses, admir'd by all Greece ? let us go, let us die, if it must be so : why should we fear death, when we suffer so much in life ? O Pluto, O Proserpine, I will soon try whether you are so pityless, as you are reported to be ! O my father, after having in vain travell'd over land and sea to find you out, I will finally be satisfied

fied whether you are in the melancholy abodes of the dead. Tho' the gods refuse me the pleasure of enjoying the sight of you upon earth, and in the light of the sun, perhaps they may not refuse me at least the sight of your ghost in the kingdom of darkness.

In speaking these words, Telemachus bedew'd his bed with tears ; then presently he arose, and endeavour'd, by enjoyment of the light, to mitigate that sharp sorrow which his dreams had occasion'd ; but it was an arrow which had pierced his heart, and which he continually carried about with him. In this anguish, he took a resolution to descend into the lower regions, by a famous place not far from the camp ; it is call'd Acherontia, because, in this place, there is a dreadful cave, which leads down to the banks of Acheron, a river by which the gods themselves are cautious how they swear. The town was placed on a rock, like a nest on the top of a tree : at the foot of the rock was this cavern, which fearful mortals durst not approach : the shepherds were watchful to turn their flocks from going that way : the sulphurous vapours of the Stygian lake, incessantly exhaling through this passage, tainted the ambient air : around it grew neither herb nor flower : there none ever felt the gentle fannings of the zephyrs, or saw the blooming graces of the spring, nor the rich gifts of autumn : the parched ground looked languishing, and nothing was to be seen, but some few leafless shrubs, and fatal cypress trees : even at a distance from the place, Ceres deny'd her golden harvest to the labourers : in vain did Bacchus seem to promise his delicious fruits ; the grapes wither'd instead of ripening : the melancholy Naiades could not there pour forth an unfullied stream ; their waves were always bitter and muddy : no warbling bird was heard in this desert, overgrown with thorns and brambles ; no grove was there to shelter the feather'd choristers ; they went and sung their loves beneath a milder sky : nothing was heard there,

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but the croaking of ravens, and the owl's hideous voice : the very grass was bitter ; and the flocks ; which fed thereon, did not feel that kindly joy which uses to make them skip : the bull flew from the heifer, and the dejected shepherd forgot his pipe and flute.

Out of this cavern there frequently issued forth a black thick smoke, which made a sort of night at mid-day. At such times the neighbouring people renew'd their sacrifices to appease the infernal deities ; but oftentimes men, in the flower of their age, and in the bloom of their youth, were the only victims which these cruel deities took pleasure to sacrifice by a fatal contagion.

It was here that Telemachus resolv'd to find out the way into the black abode of Pluto. Minerva, who never ceas'd watching over him, and who had cover'd him with her ægis, had bespoke Pluto's favour in his behalf. Even Jupiter, at the request of Minerva, had order'd Mercury (who every day goes down to the regions below, to deliver into Charon's hands a certain number of dead) to desire the king of the shades that he would permit the son of Ulysses to come within his dominions.

Telemachus, by favour of the night, steals away from the camp ; he travels by the light of the moon, and invokes that powerful deity, who in the heavens appears the bright planet of the night, on earth is the chaste Diana, and in hell the dreadful Hecate. This goddess heard his prayers with a favourable ear, because his heart was pure, and because he was led by the pious love of a dutiful son.

Scarce had he approach'd the entry of the cave, when he heard the roaring of the subterranean empire : the earth trembled under him ; and the heavens, arm'd with lightning and fire, seemed to descend in burning showers. The young son of Ulysses was surpriz'd and troubled, and his whole body was cover'd with a cold sweat ; but his courage supported

him ; he lifted up his hands and eyes towards heaven : great gods, cried he, I accept these omens, which I conceive to be happy ; compleat your work. He spoke, and, redoubling his pace, went boldly forward.

In an instant the thick smoke, which render'd the entry of the cavern fatal to all other creatures that came near it, was dissipated ; the poisonous smell ceased for a while. Telemachus enter'd alone ; for what other mortal durst follow him ? two Cretans, who had accompanied him to a certain distance from the cave, and whom he had made privy to his design, stood trembling and half dead a great way from it, in a temple, pouring forth prayers, and never expecting to see Telemachus again.

Mean while, the son of Ulysses, with his sword in his hand, rushes into this horrible darkness ; presently he perceives a dim and faint light, such as we see in the night time on earth. He observes the nimble ghosts fluttering round him, and he puts them by with his sword , next he espies the melancholy banks of the marshy river, whose foul and sluggish waters turn in a continual whirlpool : he discovers, upon the banks of it, an innumerable crowd of departed souls, who, being destitute of burial, present themselves in vain to the unrelenting Charon : this deity, whose everlasting old age is always sullen and peevish, tho' still vigorous, answers them with nothing but threats and repulses, and admits immediately into his boat the young Greek. Telemachus had no sooner enter'd it than he heard the mournful groanings of a certain disconsolate ghost.

What is the cause, said he, of your misery ? what were you upon earth ? I was, reply'd the ghost, Nabopharzan, king of proud Babylon : all the people in the east trembled at the very sound of my name. I made the Babylonians worship me in a temple of marble, where I was represented by a statue of gold, before which they burn'd, night and day, the most pre-

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cious perfumes of Ethiopia : none ever durst to contradict me, but he was immediately punish'd for it : fresh diversions were every day invented, to render life more delightful to me. I was yet young and vigorous : O what felicities I had yet to taste in that exalted condition ! but a woman, whom I loved, and who loved not me, made me sensible that I was not a god. She poison'd me, and now I am nothing. Yesterday my ashes were, with great solemnity, put into a golden urn. The people wept, they tore their hair, and seem'd as if they would throw themselves into the flames of my funeral pile, and share my fate : some are still going to mourn at the foot of the magnificent tomb, where my ashes are laid : but no-body does really lament the loss of me ; even my own family have my memory in abhorrence ; and here below I begin already to suffer the most outragious abuses.

Telemachus, moved at this sight, said to him, Were you truly happy during your reign ? did you feel that kindly peace, without which the heart remains always shrunk and blasted, amidst the greatest pleasures ? no reply'd the Babylonian, I don't so much as know what you mean : the sages extol this peace as the only good ; but for my part I never felt it. My heart was incessantly ruffled with fresh desires, with fear, and with hope. I endeavour'd to stupefy myself by the violent agitation of my passions ; I endeavour'd to keep up this intoxicating frenzy to make it lasting : the least interval of calm reason had been intolerably bitter to me. Such was the peace which I enjoy'd ; all other I took to be a mere fable and a dream. These are the blessings which I regret.

In speaking this, the Babylonian wept like a pusillanimous poor-spirited wretch, enervated by prosperity, and unaccustom'd to bear misfortunes with resolution. There were, hard by him, certain slaves, who had been slain to grace his funeral. Mercury had deliver'd them into Charon's hands, together with their king,

and had given them absolute power over him, who, when on earth, was their master. The ghosts of these slaves now no more stand in awe of the ghost of Nabopharzan : they kept him in chains, and offer'd him the most cruel indignities. One said to him, were we not men as well as thee ? how can'st thou to be so senseless, as to fancy thyself a god ? oughtest thou not to have remember'd, that thou wert of the same species with other men ? another in an insulting manner, said to him, Thou wert in the right not to be thought a man, for thou wert a monster, void of all humanity. Another said to him, well, what is now become of thy flatterers ? thou hast now nothing to bestow, poor wretch ! 'tis out of thy power to do any more mischief : thou art now become a slave to thy own slaves. The gods are slow in executing justice, but they certainly do it at last.

At these harsh expressions Nabopharzan flung himself flat on his face, tearing his hair through excess of rage and desperation ; but Charon said to the slaves, pull him by his chain, raise him up in spight of his teeth ; he shall not have so much as the satisfaction to conceal his shame ; it must be seen by all the ghosts about Styx, that they may bear witness of it, and absolve the gods, who so long suffer'd this impious wretch to reign upon the earth. This, O Babylonian, is but the beginning of thy sorrows, prepare thyself for thy tryal before the inflexible Minos, judge of the infernal regions.

While the dreadful Charon was thus speaking, his boat reached the shore of Pluto's empire. All the ghosts came thronging to view this living man, that appeared in the boat among the dead : but scarce had Telemachus landed, e're they all fled away like the shades of night, which are dissipated by the first glimpse of the day. Charon, with a brow less wrinkled, and eyes less fierce than usual, said to the young Greek, O mortal, favourite of the gods, since it is granted thee to enter into the kingdom of night, in-

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accessible to the living, make haste and go where the destinies call thee ; go thro' this gloomy path, to the palace of Pluto, whom thou wilt find on his throne : he will permit thee to enter into those places, the se-
crets of which I am not allow'd to discover.

Upon this, Telemachus advances with a quick pace ; he sees, on all sides of him, multitudes of hovering ghosts, more numerous than the sands that cover the sea-shore. Amidst the hurry of this infinite crowd, he is seized with a divine horror, observing the profound silence of these vast regions. His hair stood erect, when he arrived at the melancholy mansion of the pitiless Pluto ; his knees tremble, his voice fails him, and it was not without great difficulty he pronounced these words to the god : You see, O terrible deity, the son of the unhappy Ulysses : I come to enquire of you, whether my father is descended into your domi-
nions, or whether he is still wandering upon the earth.

Pluto was seated on a throne of ebony ; his complexion was pale and severe ; his eyes hollow, but sparkling with fire ; his forehead wrinkled and menacing. The sight of a living man was as odious to him, as the light is offensive to the eyes of those creatures that are accustom'd to keep within their recesses till the approach of night. By his side appear'd Proserpine, who alone engag'd his attention, and who seem'd, in some measure, to soften his heart. She enjoy'd an ever-blooming beauty ; but her divine graces seemed to be mingled with some-
thing harsh and obdurate, which she had contracted from her consort.

At the foot of the throne was pale and devouring death, with his sharp edged scythe, which he was continually whetting. About him flew black cares, cruel jealousies, revenge cover'd with wounds, and the blood all trickling down; unjust hate, coveousness gnawing itself ; despair tearing itself with it's own hands ; wild ambition that overthrows all things ; trea-
son, that feeds upon blood, and cannot enjoy the

fruits of it's wickedness ; envy, that pours forth her deadly venom all around her, and who grows outrageously mad when she is unable to do any hurt ; impiety, digging a bottomless pit, and desperately throwing herself into it ; hideous spectres, phantoms that assume the shapes of the dead to frighten the living, dreadful dreams, and watchings no less dreadful. With all these direful images was the fierce Pluto surrounded, and with these were his palace fill'd: He answer'd Telemachus with a deep-sounding voice that made the bottom of Erebus to roar : Young mortal, destiny has made thee violate this sacred sanctuary of the ghosts : follow thy high destiny : I will not tell thee where thy father is ; 'tis enough thou art free to seek for him ; since he has been a king upon earth, thou hast no more to do but to traverse, on the one hand, that part of gloomy Tartarus where wicked kings are punish'd ; and, on the other, the Elysian fields, where the good ones are rewarded. But thou canst not pass from hence into the Elysian fields, till thou hast gone through Tartarus ; make haste thither, and get you out of my dominions.

With this Telemachus seems to fly through those void and immense spaces, so impatient was he to seek his father, and to quit the presence of that horrible tyrant, dreaded both by the living and the dead. He soon finds himself on the borders of the melancholy Tartarus, from whence there arose a black and thick smoak, whose pestilential stench would have brought present death with it, if it had reach'd the abodes of the living : this smoak sat upon a river of flaming fire, the noise whereof, like that of the most impetuous cataracts falling from some steep rock, into a bottomless pit, struck those almost deaf that enter'd into those dismal places.

Telemachus, secretly encouraged by Minerva, undauntedly enters this gulph. At first he perceiv'd a great number of men, who had lived in the meanest condition, and who were punished for having heap'd

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up riches by fraud, treachery, and cruelty. He observ'd great numbers of impious hypocrites, who, seeming to love religion, had employ'd it as a fair pretext to cover their ambition, and to impose upon the credulous : these men, who had abused virtue itself (tho' the greatest gift the gods can bestow) were punished as the most villainous of all mankind. The children who had kill'd their fathers or mothers, wives who had imbru'd their hands in the blood of their husbands, traitors who had sacrificed their country after they had violated all the most solemn oaths, were less severely punished than these hypocrites. Such was the sentence of the three infernal judges, which was grounded upon this ; because hypocrites, not thinking it enough to be wicked, like the rest of the impious, would pass for good men, and so, by their counterfeit virtue, they make people afraid of trusting those who are really virtuous. The gods, whom they mock'd, and whom they render'd despicable in the eyes of men, take delight in exercising their whole power to revenge such insults.

Near to these appeared another sort of men, whom the vulgar do not believe to be very culpable, but whom the divine vengeance punishes without mercy. These are the ungrateful, the liars, the flatterers who have applauded vice ; the malicious censurers, who have endeavour'd to fully the brightest virtue : in fine, those who have rashly pass'd sentence without thoroughly considering things, and thereby have prejudiced the reputation of the innocent. But of all ingratitudes, that which was punished as the blackest, is that which is committed against the gods : What, said Mines, shall a man be reputed a monster that fails in his acknowledgments to his father, or to his friend, from whom he has received some assistance ; and shall men glory in their ingratitude towards the gods, of whom they hold their life, and all the benefits belonging to it ? Do they not owe their being to them more than to the parents of whom they are born ? The more

more such crimes are tolerated and excused upon earth, the more they become, here below, objects of an implacable vengeance, from which there is no escaping.

Telemachus seeing the three judges fitting and passing sentence upon a man, took the liberty to ask them, What were his crimes? The criminal immediately taking upon himself to answer, cry'd out, I never did the least evil; on the contrary, I placed my greatest happiness in doing good: I ever was generous, liberal, just, compassionate; what have they then to charge me with? To which Minos answer'd, We have nothing to accuse thee of with respect to men, but didst thou not owe to them far less than to the gods? where is then that justice thou so much boastest of? Thou hast fail'd in no duty towards men, who are nothing; thou hast been virtuous; but thou hast referr'd all thy virtue to thyself, and not to the gods who gave it thee; thou hadst a mind to enjoy the fruits of thy own proper virtue, and made it centre in thyself; thou hast been thy own deity; but the gods, who were the creators of all things, and who have made nothing but for themselves cannot renounce their right. As thou didst forget them, so they will forget thee, and surrender thee up to thyself; since for thyself thou livedst, and not for them. Find now (if thou canst) consolation in thy own heart. Thou art now for ever separated from the company of men, whom thou didst study so much to please; thou art now alone with thyself, thy own idol: know, that there is no true virtue without the reverence and love of the gods, to whom every thing is due: thy false virtue, which has so long dazzled the eyes of mankind, who are easily deceived, shall now be put to confusion. Men who judge of virtue and vice only with respect to their own convenience, or inconveniency, are blind both as to good and evil; but in this place a divine light overthrows all their superficial opinions, often condemning what they admire, and justifying what they condemn.

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At these words the philosopher, as if he had been thunder-struck, could no longer endure himself ; the complacency with which he formerly contemplated his own moderation, courage, and generosity, were now turn'd into despair ; the review of his own heart, which had been so great an enemy to the gods, became his punishment. He sees himself, and cannot shun the hateful object : he now sees the vanity of the opinions of men, whom, in all his actions, he had study'd to please. There is an universal revolution of every thing within him, as if all his entrails were turn'd upside down ; he is no more the same man : his heart no longer affords him support or comfort ; his conscience, whose testimony was formerly so pleasing to him, flies in his face, and terribly upbraids him with the deceit and illusion of all his virtues, which had not the worship of the gods either for their principle, or their object. He is troubled, disordered, filled with shame, remorse, and despair : the Furies, indeed, do not torment him, because they are satisfy'd with delivering him up to himself ; and his own heart sufficiently avenges the gods whom he had despis'd : since he cannot hide himself from himself, he seeks the darkest places to hide himself from others : he courts darkness but cannot find it ; a troublesome light pursues him every-where ; every-where the piercing rays of truth revenge his contempt of her. What he lov'd formerly, now becomes loathsome to him, as being the source of his miseries, which are never to have an end.

He says to himself, Fool that I am ! I have neither known the gods, nor mankind, nor myself. No, I have been ignorant of every thing, since I never lov'd the only and true good. Every step I took was wrong ; my wisdom was nothing but folly, and my virtue nothing but impious and foolish pride ; I was my own idol.

At length Telemachus espy'd those kings that were punish'd for having abused their power. On one hand, a vindictive fury held up to them a mirror, which represent'd to them all their vices in their full deformity

ty : there they saw, and were forced to see, their fulsome vanity that greedily swallowed down their gross flattery : their hard-heartedness towards men, for whose benefit they were born ; their insensibility of virtue ; their dread to hear the truth ; their love of base men and flatterers ; their inapplication ; their effeminacy : their sloth ; their misplaced jealousy ; their pride ; their excessive pomp, built upon the ruin of their people ; their ambition to purchase a little vain-glory with the blood of their subjects ; in fine, their cruelty, which every day hunts out for new pleasures amidst the tears and distresses of so many unhappy wretches. In this mirror, they incessantly behold themselves ; where they appear more dreadful and monstrous than the chimera that was vanquished by Bellerophon, or the Lernaean hydra, which was destroy'd by Hercules, or than Cerberus himself, tho' he disgorges from his three-gaping throats a black and venomous gore, capable of poisoning the whole race of mankind dwelling on the face of the earth.

At the same time, on the other hand, another fury insultingly repeated to them the encomiums which their flatterers had bestowed on them while alive, and presented another mirror, wherein they saw themselves under the same representations as flattery had described them. The opposition of these so contrary portraits, was the punishment of their vanity. It was observable, that the most wicked of these kings were such as, during their lives, had received the most exalted praises ; because the evil are more dreaded than the good, and shamelessly exact the sordid and nauseous flatteries of the poets and orators of their time.

You might hear them groan in this profound darkness, where they can see nothing but the mockings and insults which they are obliged to suffer. They have none about them but such as repulse, contradict, and oppose them. Whereas on earth they sported themselves with the lives of men, and pretended, that all things were made for them alone ; in Tartarus they

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are delivered over to the capricious humours of certain slaves, who make them feel, in their turn, the severities of a cruel bondage ; their slavery is painful, nor have they the least hopes of being ever able to mitigate their captivity. Under the lash of those slaves, now become their merciless tyrants, they seem like the anvil beneath the hammers of the cyclops, when Vulcan urges them on to work in the glowing furnaces of mount *Aetna*.

There Telemachus perceived pale, hideous, and dismav'd countenances, occasion'd by gnawing grief, which the criminals feel within themselves. They are struck with horror at themselves, nor can they any more deliver themselves from this horror, than from their own very nature. They need no other punishment for their crimes, than their crimes themselves, which incessantly stare them in the face, with all their most aggravating circumstances ; they present themselves to them like horrible apparitions ; they pursue them ; whilst those who are pursued, in order to secure themselves, call for a death more powerful than that which separated them from their bodies.

In the height of their despair, they wish to be relieved by a death that might extinguish in them all sense and thought : they call upon the deep to swallow them up, that they may be rescued from the avenging beams of truth, which persecutes them ; but they are reserved for a vengeance which distils upon them drop by drop, and will never be dry'd up. The truth, which they dreaded to see, now becomes their punishment ; they see it indeed, but they see it only flying in their faces ; the sight of it pierces them, rends them to pieces, and tears them from themselves ; 'tis like the lightning, which, without destroying the outside, penetrates to the inmost parts of the bowels. Like to metal in a flaming furnace, the soul is, as it were, melted down in this avenging fire ; it's texture is destroy'd by it, and yet there is nothing consum'd ; it dissolves even the very first principles of life,

life, and yet it is impossible for them to die; they are torn from themselves, and can find neither ease nor comfort for one single moment: they subsist only by their rage against themselves, and by a despair which makes them furious.

Among these objects, which made Telemachus's hair stand erect, he saw several of the ancient kings of Lydia punish'd, for having preferr'd the soft delights of a luxurious life, to the important labours which ought to be inseparable from royalty, and continually employ'd in promoting the happiness of their people.

These kings reproach'd each other for their folly and stupidity. One of them said to another, who had been his son, Did I not often recommend to you, when I was old, and sinking to my grave, to take care to redress those mischiefs which I had committed through negligence? O unhappy father, reply'd the son, 'tis you that have ruin'd me; 'twas your example that inspir'd me with pride, arrogance, lust, and cruelty to mankind. While I saw you reign in so indolent a manner, and surrounded with so many base sycophants, I grew fond of flattery and pleasure: I thought the rest of men were, in respect of kings, what horses and other beasts of burden are in regard to men; that is to say, creatures, which are no otherwise esteem'd, than as they are serviceable, and minister to our conveniency. This was my opinion; it was from you I deriv'd it; and now I endure all these miseries for imitating your example. To these reproaches, they added the most daedful curses; and were so enraged, that they seem'd to be ready to tear one another to pieces.

Around these kings there likewise hover'd, like owls in the night-time, cruel suspicions, vain alarms, diffidences, which revenge subjects upon their inhuman kings, insatiable thirst of riches, false glory, that is ever tyrannical, and vile effeminacy, which doubles all the evils one suffers, without ever being able to afford any solid pleasure. Many of these kings were severely

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severely punish'd, not for the ill they had done, but for the omission of that good which they ought to have done; All the crimes of the people, which proceed from remissness in executing the laws, were imputed to their kings, who ought to reign for no other end, but to make their laws reign through their ministry. They were likewise charged with all the disorders which arise from pride, luxury, and all other excesses which throw men into a state of violence, and tempt them to violate the laws in order to acquire wealth. Above all, those kings were treated with great rigour, who, instead of being good and vigilant shepherds over the people, thought of nothing but how to worry their flocks like so many voracious wolves.

But that which most troubled and surpriz'd Telemachus, was to see in this abyfs of darkness and misery, a great many kings, who have pass'd on earth for good princes, now condemn'd to the pains of Tartarus, for suffering themselves to be govern'd by wicked and designing men. These were punished for the evils which they had suffered to be committed by their authority. Most of these kings had been neither good nor wicked, their weaknes was so great ; they never had dreaded being kept in ignorance of the truth ; they never had a relish for virtue, nor placed their delight in doing good.

The END of the EIGHTEENTH BOOK.



THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS.

BOOK XIX

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus enters the Elysian fields, where he is known again by Arceius his great-grand-father, who assures him, that Ulysses is among the living; that he shall see him again in Ithaca, and reign there after his father. Arceius describes to him the felicity which just men enjoy, particularly good kings, who, during their lives, have worshipped the gods, and consulted the happiness of their subjects. He makes him take notice, that the Heroes, who have excelled only in the art of war, are far less happy than they, in a separate place. He gives instructions to Telemachus; after which the latter returns with speed to the confederate camp.



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NO sooner had Telemachus got out of this place, but he felt himself as much eased, as if a huge mountain had been removed off his breast : by this relief he was convinced of the misery of those who are shut up there, without hope of being ever released. He shiver'd with horror, in observing how much kings were more grievously tormented than other criminals. What, said he, so many duties, so many perils, so many snares, so many difficulties in coming at the truth, to guard against others, and against one's self too, and at last so many horrible tortures in hell, after having been so envy'd, so worry'd, and so thwarted in a short course of life ! O how void of sense is the man who courts a crown ! happy he who keeps within the bounds of a private and peaceful life, wherin' he may with more ease be virtuous !

In making these reflections, his mind was troubled and disordered ; he trembled with fear ; he was brought under a consternation which made him feel something of that despair those miserable princes suffered, whose wretched condition he had just beheld. But the farther he made off from these territories of darkness, horror, and despair, his courage began gradually to revive ; he breathed anew in proportion as he went forward, and now began to perceive at a distance that grateful and pure light, which streamed from the mansions of the heroes.

Here resided all those virtuous kings, who had, till that time, governed mankind ; being separated from the rest of the just. As wicked princes were infinitely more severely punished in Tartarus, than those of inferior condition ; so these good kings enjoy'd, in the Elysian fields, a happiness, infinitely exceeding that of the rest of mankind, who had devoted themselves to virtue, when upon earth.

Telemachus advances towards these kings, who were placed in odoriferous groves on the ever fresh and flowery green! a thousand little rivulets water'd these beauteous seats with a crystal stream, which diffused a delicious freshness all around; an infinite number of birds made those groves resound with their melodious notes: here were seen at once the flowers of the spring growing up beneath one's feet, and the richest fruits of autumn hanging on the trees over-head: here was never felt the scorching heat of the furious dog-star: here the bleak north-winds dare never blow to spread abroad the rigours of winter: neither war, that thirsts after blood, nor cruel envy, that bites with an invenom'd tooth, and carries twisted vipers in her bosom, and wreathed about her arms, nor jealousies, distrusts, fear, nor vain desires, did ever approach this blessed mansion of peace: here, the day never closes; and night with her sable vail is utterly unknown: a pure agreeable light spreads itself round the bodies of these righteous men, and surrounds them with it's rays like a garment: it is not like that dusky light, which illuminates the eyes of miserable mortals, and which, compar'd to this, is no better than darkness; it is rather a celestial glory than a light; for it penetrates more subtilly the thickest body, than the beams of the sun can pierce the purest crystal; yet it never dazzles, but, on the contrary, strengthens the eyes, and conveys to the inmost recesses of the soul an inexpressible serenity. It is with this alone that the blessed are nourish'd; it beams from them, and enters into them; it penetrates them, and incorporates itself with them, as food with us; they see it, they feel it, they breathe it; it causes an inexhaustible fountain of peace and joy to spring up in their souls; they are immersed in this abyf of joy, as fishes in the sea; they desire nothing; they have all things without having any thing; for the relish of this pure light satifies the hunger of their souls; their utmost wishes are gratified; and their

their plenitude raises them above all that empty craving minds court upon earth : all the pleasures with which they are environ'd do not affect them, because their consummate happiness, which proceeds from within them, admits no sense of any delights to enter from without : they are like the gods, who, replenish'd with nectar and ambrosia, would reject and nauseate those gross meats, which the most exquisite table of mortals could set before them : all evils fly far away from these calm abodes : death, sickness, poverty, pain, lamentation, remorse, fear, and even hope, (which is often as painful to us as fear itself) divisions, disgusts, and vexations, can find no access here.

If the lofty mountains of Thrace, whose haughty brows (cover'd with everlasting snow, and ice coëval with the world) divide the clouds, should be overturned from their deep foundations, which are fixed in the centre of the earth, yet the hearts of these righteous men would be unappall'd and unmoved ; they can only feel the tender touches of soft compassion for the inhabitants of the world, oppressed with miseries ; but then it is such a sweet and calm kind of compassion, as alters not in the least their unchangeable felicity : eternal youth, endless happiness, and a glory perfectly divine, are impressed on their countenances : but their joy has nothing in it that is wanton or indecent ; it is a gentle, noble, majestick joy ; it is a sublime taste of truth and virtue that transports them ; they are constantly and perpetually in such a ravishment of soul, as is felt by a tender mother at the sight of her beloved son whom she had given over for dead ; but this rapture, which soon withdraws from such a mother's heart, never forsakes the souls of these men ; it never decays in the least, it is always fresh and new ; they have the transports of inebriation, without the disorder and stupefaction of it : they discourse together of what they see and taste ; they despise the fond delights and vain pomps of their former conditions, which they deplore ; they with pleasure reflect on those sad

but short years, wherein they were obliged to struggle against their own inclinations, and the torrent of corrupt men, in order to become virtuous : they admire the assistance of the gods who lead them, as it were by the hand, in the paths of virtue, through a multitude of perils : something unspeakably divine runs incessantly through their hearts, like a flood of the divine nature itself, which unites itself to them : they see, they feel that they are happy, and are sensible they shall always be so : they all sing the praises of the gods, and all of them together make but one voice, one thought, one heart. One common felicity rolls in upon them, and overflows, as it were, with tides of bliss their united spirits.

While they enjoy these divine raptures, whole ages glide away more swiftly than hours do with mortals here on earth ; and yet a thousand and a thousand ages, when elapsed, do not in the least diminish their felicity, which is always new, and always entire : they all reign together, not on such thrones as the hand of man can overturn, but in themselves, with a power that can never be shaken ; for now they have no more need to make themselves formidable, by a power borrowed from a vile and miserable people; nor do they any longer wear those vain diadems, beneath whose dazzling lustre lurk so many fears and melancholy cares : the gods themselves have plac'd on their heads such crowns, whose glory nothing can ever tarnish.

Telemachus, who was in quest of his father, and was once afraid of finding him in these regions, was so ravish'd with this taste of peace and felicity, that he could have wish'd to have met him here, and was very much concern'd, that he himself should be forc'd to return again into the society of mortals. Here it is, said he, that true life is to be found, and what on earth is called life is nothing but death. But what surprized him was, his seeing so many kings punish'd in Tartarus, and so few blessed in the Elysian fields. This convinced him, that there are but few king

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who are firm and courageous enough to withstand their own power, and to reject the flattery of so many men who study to excite all their passions; so that good kings must needs be very rare; and the greatest part are so wicked, that the gods would not be just, if, when they have suffered them to abuse their power during their life, they should not chastise them after their death.

Telemachus, not finding his father Ulysses among these kings, looked about him to see if he could find at least his grandfather the divine Laertes. Whilst he was looking for him in vain, a venerable majestick old man made up to him. His old age did not resemble that of mortal men, whom the weight of years bows down to the earth; one might perceive only that he was old before he died; it was an agreeable mixture of all the gravity of age with all the graces of youth; for those graces revive, even in the most decrepid old men, the moment they enter into the Elysian fields. This man advanced eagerly towards Telemachus, and look'd upon him with all the complacency imaginable, as on a person who was very dear to him. Telemachus, not knowing him, was both in pain and suspence.

I forgive thy not knowing me, O my dear son, said the old man to him: I am Arceius, father of Laertes. I resign'd my last breath a little before Ulysses my grandson set out for the siege of Troy: thou wert then an infant in thy nurse's arms; I even then conceived great hopes of thee, nor was I mistaken, since I see thee descended into Pluto's kingdoms to seek thy father, and since the gods are thy support in this enterprize. O happy child! thou art favour'd by the gods, who are laying up for thee a glory equal to thy father's! O how happy am I to see thee again! Seek no more thy father in these regions; he is yet alive, reserved to restore the grandeur of our family in the isle of Ithaca. Even Laertes, tho' he bends beneath the weight of years, yet still enjoys the light, and waits

waits for his son's coming to close his eyes. Thus mortals pass away like flowers that blow in the morning, and in the evening are withered and trampled under foot. The generations of men slide away like the waves of a rapid river : nothing can stop the course of time, which sweeps away even such things as seem to be the most immovable. Thou, O my son, my dear son, even thou, who now enjoyest so lively and so pleasurable a youth, forget not that this bright part of thy life is nothing but a flower, that is almost as soon withered as blown. Thou wilt see thyself insensibly changed ; the smiling Graces, the gentle joys which now accompany you, strength, health, and jollity, will all vanish like a delightful dream, and will leave behind them nothing but their sad remembrance. Languid old age, that enemy to pleasure, will wrinkle thy brow, bend thy body, weaken thy trembling limbs, dry up in thy heart the source of joy, make thee disrelish what is present, and dread what is to come, and render thee insensible to every thing, but pain and sorrow. This time to thee seems distant and remote ; but alas, my son, thou art deceived ; it hastens towards thee, and will soon reach thee : that which advances with so much rapidity cannot be far from thee : time is always upon the wing ; nay the present time is already gone far away, since it is annihilated in the moment we are speaking, and can come near us no more. Therefore, O my son, never rely on the present, but let the prospect of futurity support thee in the rough uneven path of virtue : prepare for thyself, by the purity of thy manners, and thy love of justice, a place in the happy seat of peace. In a short time thou shalt see thy father resume the government of Ithaca : thou art born to reign after him ; but alas, O my son, how deceitful a thing is royalty ! If you look on it afar off, you see nothing but authority, grandeur, and pleasure : but if you approach near to it, it is full of thorns and difficulties. A private man may, without disgrace, lead a calm obscure life ; but a king can-

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not, without reproach, prefer an easy, unactive life, to the painful offices of government; he owes himself to the nation he governs; and is never allowed to be at his own disposal; his least slips are of infinite consequence, because they occasion national miseries, and that sometimes for several ages: he ought to check the audaciousness of wicked men, support innocence, and disown calumny. It is not enough for him to do no ill; he must do all the possible good that his people stand in need of. It is not enough for him to do good for his own part; but he must likewise prevent all the mischiefs others would do, were they not restrained. Fear therefore, O my son, fear so perilous a condition, be arm'd with courage against thyself, against thy passions, and against flatterers.

Arceus, as he spoke these words, seem'd possessed with a divine flame, and shewed to Telemachus a countenance full of compassion for the miseries that accompany a royal state. Imperial power, said he, if assumed for the gratifying a man's own self, is a monstrous tyranny; if accepted to fulfil the duties that belong to it, and to conduct a numerous people, as a father guides his children, it is a laborious servitude; that requires heroick courage and patience. On the other hand, it is certain, that those who have reign'd with an untainted virtue, are here in possession of all that the gods can possibly bestow, in order to constitute the most consummate felicity.

While Arceus spoke in this manner, his words sunk deep into Telemachus's heart, and were impressed therein like those indelible figures, which an able artist graves in brass, in order to transmit them down to the most remote posterity. His sage discourse was like a subtle flame, that pierced into the very bowels of young Telemachus; he felt himself mov'd and inflam'd; something of a divine efficacy seem'd to melt down his heart within him: that which resided in the most intimate recesses of his soul secretly consum'd him; he could neither contain it, nor support it, nor resist

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resist so violent an impression; it was a lively and delightful sensation, mix'd with a sort of torment, capable of depriving one of life.

At length Telemachus began to breathe more freely. He perceiv'd in the countenance of Arcesius a great resemblance of Laertes; he thought too that he remember'd, tho' imperfectly, in his father Ulysses the same kind of lineaments, when he set out for Troy; and this remembrance soften'd his heart, so that tears of joy gently trickled down from his eyes. He would needs embrace a person so dear to him, and several times he attempted it, but in vain; the empty shadow still mock'd his straining arms, just as a delusive dream flies from a man when he thinks he enjoys it: one while the dreamer's thirsty mouth pursues a fugitive stream; another while his lips move themselves to form words which his benumb'd tongue cannot utter; he eagerly extends his hands, and catches nothing. Thus fares it with Telemachus, who cannot gratify the tender longings of his soul; he sees Arcesius, hears him, speaks to him, but cannot touch him. At length he asks him, who those men are that stand round him?

They are, my son, said the grave old man, such persons as have been the ornament of the age they liv'd in, the glory and happiness of mankind. Thou feest the few kings who have been truly worthy of royalty, and have faithfully discharged the function of gods upon earth. Those others whom thou feest not far from them, but parted by that small cloud, enjoy a far less degree of glory; those indeed are heroes, but the recompence of their valour, and military expeditions, is not to be compared with that of wife, just, and beneficent princes.

Among these heroes thou beholdest Theseus, who wears a sort of sadness on his brow. He was so unhappy as to rely too much upon an artful wife, and is still afflicted for having so unjustly begg'd of Neptune the cruel death of his son Hippolytus. Happy had it been

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been for him, if he had not been so passionate, and so easily provok'd! Thou also seest Achilles leaning on his spear, by reason of the wound which the lewd Paris gave him on his heel, and which was the cause of his death. Had he been as wise, just, and moderate, as he was fearless, the gods would have granted him a long reign, but they were compassionate to the Phthiotes and the Dolopes, whose king he was to have been, had he, according to the course of nature, surviv'd his father Peleus. The gods were unwilling to deliver over so many people to the mercy of a hot-brain'd man, more easily provok'd than the most stormy sea. The fatal sisters have shortened his thread of life, and he was like a half-blown flower mow'd down by a plough-share, and which dies before the end of the day which gave it birth. The gods were willing to make use of him only as they do of torrents and tempests, to punish men for their crimes: they employ'd Achilles to demolish the walls of Troy, revenge the perjury of Laomedon, and chastise the unjust amours of Paris. After having thus made use of him, as the instrument of their vengeance, they were appeas'd; and, unmov'd by the tears of Thetis, they refus'd to suffer that young hero any longer on the earth, who was fit for nothing but to disturb mankind, and to overthrow cities and kingdoms. But dost thou observe that other person who looks so fiercely? 'Tis Ajax, the son of Telamon, and cousin of Achilles: doubtless you are not ignorant what glory he acquir'd in battle. After the death of Achilles, he pretended that his armour ought not to be bestow'd on any but himself: thy father did not think fit to yield him up that advantage, and the Greeks judg'd them to Ulysses. Ajax upon this kill'd himself in despair: rage and indignation are still legible in his face: do not go near him, my son, for he would think you had a mind to insult him, on account of his misfortunes, for which he ought justly to be pitied. Dost thou not observe, that he looks at us with uneasiness, and is just now hurrying

hurrying away into the gloomy grove, because he hates to see us. On the other side thou seest Hector, who had been invincible, if the son of Thetis had not at the same time been in the world. But take notice there of Agamemnon, who still carries upon him the marks of Clytemnestra's perfidy. O my son, I tremble to think of the misfortunes of the impious Tantalus's family. The division of the two brothers, Atreus and Thyestes, fill'd that house with horror and blood. Alas ! how many crimes does one crime draw after it ! Agamemnon, when he return'd at the head of the Greeks from the siege of Troy, had not time to enjoy in peace, the glory he acquir'd in war. And this is the common destiny of almost all conquerors. All the men whom thou seest yonder, have been formidable in war, but they were not amiable or virtuous, and therefore are admitted only to the second mansion of the Elysian fields.

As for those others who have reign'd with justice, and have had a tender love for their people, they are the favourites of the gods. While Achilles and Agamemnon, full of their quarrels and battles, do still, even here, retain their unquiet disposition, and natural infirmities, while they in vain regret the life they have lost, and tease themselves with the thoughts of their being now only impotent and vain shadows. Those just kings, being purified by the divine light which feeds them, have nothing more to desire to make them happy ; with eyes of compassion they behold the restlessness of mortals ; and the great designs, which distract the thoughts of ambitious men, appear to them like the sports of children ; their hearts are replenish'd with truth and virtue, which they draw at the fountain head : they have nothing more to suffer either from themselves or from others ; no more appetites, no more necessities, no more fears. Every thing is at an end with them, except their joy, which is endless.

Observe, my son, that ancient king Inachus, who founded the kingdom of Argos : thou seest how full of sweetnes

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sweetness and majesty his old age appears : flowers grow beneath his feet ; and his light tread resembles the flight of a bird : he holds in his hand an ivory harp, and with eternal raptures sings the wonderful works of the gods : from his heart and his mouth breathe exquisite perfumes ; the melody of his lyre and voice were enough to ravish the gods as well as men : he is thus rewarded for the tender affection he bore to the people whom he assembled within the compass of his new walls, and to whom he gave laws.

On the other side you may see, among those myrtles, Egyptian Cecrops, the first king of Athens, a city consecrated to that wise goddes whose name it bears. Cecrops, having brought beneficial laws from Egypt, (a country which has been to Greece, the source both of literature and morality) soften'd the rough tempers of the inhabitants of the Attic villages, and united them by the bands of society. He was just, kind, and compassionate. He left his people in great prosperity and affluence, and his own family in a state of mediocrity. He was not willing his children should succeed him in his authority, because he judg'd there were others more deserving of it.

I must not omit to shew thee Ery^ēthon in that little valley ; he invented the use of silver for money ; he did it with design to facilitate commerce among the islands of Greece ; but he foresaw the inconveniency attending this invention. Apply yourselves, said he, to all the people, to multiply among yourselves the riches of nature, which are the true riches ; cultivate and improve the earth, that you may have great plenty of corn, wine, oil, and fruits ; get innumerable flocks and herds, that may feed you with their milk, and clothe you with their wool ; and by this means you need never fear falling into poverty : the more children you have, the richer you will be, provided you breed them up to labour and industry ; for the earth is inexhaustible, and her fruitfulness increases in proportion to the number of her inhabitants who are diligent

to manure her ; she bountifully rewards the labours of them all, whereas she is niggardly and unkind to them who are negligent in her culture : endeavour therefore principally to acquire this true wealth, which is sufficient to answer all the real necessities of mankind. As for coin'd money, it ought not to be valued any farther than it is subservient to the carrying on such wars as you are unavoidably engaged in abroad, or in the way of commerce, for purchas'g such necessary commodities as are wanting in your own country ; and it were to be wish'd, that there were no longer in the world any trafficking for such things as serve only to keep up luxury, vanity, and effeminacy. The sage Erython would often say to them : my dear children, I fear I have made you a fatal present, in imparting to you the invention of money : I foresee, it will excite avarice, ambition, and pomp ; that it will encourage an infinite number of pernicious arts, whose tendency is only to corrupt and debauch good manners ; that it will give you a disgust of that happy simplicity, which constitutes the serenity and security of life. In fine, that it will breed in you a contempt for agriculture, which is the basis of human life, and the source of all substantial riches : but the gods are my witnesses, that with sincerity of heart I bestow'd this invention on you, which in itself is useful. But at length, when Erython found, that money corrupted the people as he had foreseen, he, for grief, retired to a solitary mountain, where he lived in poverty, and sequester'd from men, to an extreme old age ; nor would he concern himself in the government of cities.

Not long after him there appeared in Greece the famous Triptolemus, whom Ceres had taught the art of tilling the ground, and covering it every year with golden harvests. Not but that men were before this acquainted with the method of multiplying corn by sowing it ; but they knew not the art of husbandry to that perfection, till Triptolemus, sent by Ceres, came with

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with a plough in his hand to offer the goddess's favour to all those who had courage enough to overcome their natural laziness, and addict themselves to assiduous labour. Soon did Triptolemus teach the Greeks to cleave the earth, and to fertilize her by rending her bosom. Soon did the ardent indefatigable reapers cut down with their sharp sickles, the bearded grain with which the yellow fields were covered; even the wild and barbarous people, that wander'd here and there in the forests of Epirus and Etolia, seeking acorns for their food, soften'd their rugged manners, and submitted to laws, as soon as they had learn'd to make the harvests rise, and to feed upon bread. Triptolemus made the Greeks sensible of the pleasure of owing their riches to nothing but their own labour; and of finding in their own fields whatever was necessary to render their lives commodious and happy. This plain and innocent affluence, inseparable from agriculture, brought to their minds, the sage counsels of Erycthon; so that they contemn'd money, and all artificial riches, which are no otherwise riches, than as they become so by men's fancy, tempting them to seek for dangerous pleasures, and diverting them from labour, wherein they would find all that is substantially good, together with purity of manners, in the full enjoyment of liberty. They then were fully convinc'd that a fruitful and well till'd field, is the true treasure of a family, that is wise enough to be content to live frugally as their fathers did before them. And happy had it been for the Greeks, had they continued firm to these maxims, so adapted to render them powerful, free, happy, and worthy to be so by a solid virtue. But, alas! they begin to admire false riches, gradually neglect the true, and degenerate from this admirable simplicity. O my son! thou shalt one day fill a throne; then remember to bring men back to the exercise of husbandry, to honour that art, to ease those who apply themselves to it, and neither to suffer the people to live idle, nor to spend their time in those

destructive arts which foment luxury and sloth. Those two men who were so wise when upon earth, are here the favourites of the gods : take notice, O my son, that their glory as far exceeds that of Achilles, and the other heroes who have only been eminent in war, as the agreeable spring is preferable to the frozen winter, or as the light of the sun is brighter than that of the moon.

While Arcesius was thus speaking, he observed Telemachus's eyes were continually fix'd upon a little grove of laurel, planted near a rivulet, whose banks were enamell'd with violets, roses, lilies, and other odoriferous flowers, whose lively colours resembled those of Iris when she descends from heaven to earth, to bring some message from the gods to mortal men. It was the great king Sesostris, whom Telemachus discern'd in that lovely place ; and who was infinitely more majestick than when he sat on the throne of Egypt. Gentle rays of light stream'd from his Eyes, which dazzled those of Telemachus ; had you seen him, you would have thought him inebriated with nectar, so much had the divine spirit transported him above human reason, as a reward for his virtues.

Said Telemachus to Arcesius ; O my father, I know this to be Sesostris, the wise king of Egypt, whom I not long ago saw upon earth. It is true, reply'd Arcesius, and thou seest how largely the gods remunerate virtuous princes ! but know, that all this felicity is nothing in comparison of what was design'd for him, if too great prosperity had not made him forget the rules of moderation and justice. His inordinate desire to humble the pride and insolence of the Tyrians, prompted him to take their city. This conquest made him covet more ; he suffered himself to be seduced by the vain glory of conquerors ; he subdu'd, or rather ravag'd, all Asia. At his return into Egypt, he found his brother had seiz'd his throne, and, by an unrighteous administration, had alter'd the most wholesome laws of the country. Thus his mighty

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conquests only brought affliction upon his kingdom. But what render'd him more inexcusable was, that he grew intoxicated with his own glory ; he harness'd the most haughty kings he had subdu'd, and made them drag his triumphal chariot. He afterwards acknowledg'd his fault, and was ashame'd of having been so inhuman. And this was the fruit of his victories. These are the mischiefs conquerors bring upon themselves, and upon their own states, while they go about to usurp those of their neighbours. This is what eclipsed the glory of a king, otherwise so just and beneficent ; and it is this that diminish'd the happiness which the gods had prepared for him.

Dost thou not see, O my son, that other persons whose wound appears so glorious ? it is a king of Caria, Dioclydes by name, who sacrific'd himself, for his people's good, in battle ; because the oracle had declar'd that in the war between the Carians and the Lyicians, that nation, whose king should fall, should be victorious.

There is likewise another whom I would have you take notice of ; it is a wise legislator, who having, for the benefit of his country, fram'd such laws as were proper to render the people virtuous and happy, made them swear they would never violate any of those laws during his absence ; after which he left them, became a voluntary exile, and dy'd poor in a strange land, to oblige them, in consequence of that oath, for ever to observe those wholesome laws.

That other prince thou seest, is Eunesymus king of the Pylians, and one of the ancestors of the sage Nestor. When the earth was ravag'd by a pestilence, which sent down to the banks of Acheron, multitudes of crowding ghosts, he begg'd of the gods that he might appease their wrath, and redeem by his own death so many thousand innocent men. The gods heard his prayer, and bestow'd upon him here a truly royal grandeur, in comparison of which, all the pomps of the earth are but so many vain shadows.

That old man, whom thou seest crown'd with garlands, is the famous Belus ; he reign'd in Egypt, and married Anchynoë, the daughter of the god Nilus, who conceals the source of his stream, and enriches a mighty tract of land by his inundations. He had two sons, Danaus, whose history thou art no stranger to, and Egyptus, who imparts his name to that fine country. Belus thought himself richer by the plenty he procur'd to his people, and the love his subjects bore to him, than by all the tributes he could have impos'd on them. These men, whom you think dead, my son, are alive, and that life which men miserably drag upon earth, is indeed but death ; the names only are changed. May it please the gods to render thee virtuous enough to merit this happy life, which nothing can ever extinguish or disturb ! haste thee away ; 'tis time for thee to go and seek thy father. Before thou findest him, alas, how much bloodshed shalt thou see ! but then, what glory awaits thee in the fields of Hesperia ! let not the counsels of the sage Mentor ever be out of thy mind ; and, if thou followest them, thy name shall be great among all nations, and through all ages.

He spoke, and presently conducted Telemachus to the ivory gate, which leads out of the gloomy empire of Pluto. Telemachus, with tears in his eyes, parted from him, without being able to embrace him. Being come out of those dark regions he hasten'd to the camp of the confederates, after having again join'd company with the two young Cretans, who went with him almost as far as the cavern, and who despair'd of ever seeing him more.

The END of the NINETEENTH BOOK.

XIX.

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BOOK XX.

The ARGUMENT.

In an assembly of the chiefs of the army, Telemachus prevails with them not to surprize the town of Venusium, which by consent of both parties had been left in trust, in the hands of the Lucanians. He shews his wisdom with respect to two deserters; one of whom, named Acanthus, had undertaken to poison him; the other, named Diocorus, offered to bring the allies the head of Adraustus. In the ensuing engagement Telemachus seeks for Adraustus, and carries death where-ever he goes; and that king likewise seeks Telemachus; he meets with, and kills Pissistratus, Nestor's son. Philoctetes comes to his assistance, and, as he is just going to pierce Adraustus, he is himself

self wounded, and oblige to leave the combat. Telemachus runs to the cries of his allies, among whom Adrastrus makes terrible havock. He engages that enemy, and gives him his life, upon conditions which he prescribes to him. Adrastrus, being got up again, attempts to surprize Telemachus, who seizes on him a second time, and takes away his life.

MEAN while the chiefs of the army were assembled, to deliberate, whether they should possess themselves of Venusium, a strong town, which Adrastrus had formerly usurp'd from his neighbours the Apulians, called Peucetes, who were entered into the confederacy against him, to demand justice for this invasion. Adrastrus, to appease them, had put this town, by way of trust, into the hands of the Lucanians: but he had by money debauch'd both the Lucanian garrison, and him that commanded it; so that, in reality, Adrastrus had more authority in Venusium than the Lucanians themselves; and the Apulians, who had consented that the Lucanian garrison should keep Venusium, were defrauded in this negotiation.

A certain citizen of Venusium, Demophantes by name, had secretly made an offer to the allies, to deliver up to them one of the gates of the city by night. This advantage was so much the greater, in that Adrastrus had lodged all his warlike stores and provisions in a castle near Venusium, which could not defend itself if Venusium were taken. Philoctetes and Nestor had already given their opinion, that they ought not to let slip such a lucky opportunity. All the commanders, sway'd by their authority, and, dazzled by the advantageous prospect of so easy an enterprize, applauded their sentiment. But Telemachus, at his return, used his utmost endeavours to divert them from it.

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I am not ignorant, said he, that if ever any man deserv'd to be beguiled and deceived, it is Adraustus; because it has been his common practice to abuse and circumvent every-body. I plainly see, that in surprizing Venusium you only put yourselves in possession of a town that belongs to you, since it appertains to the Apulians, who are one of your confederates: I confess too, that you might do it with the better colour of justice, in regard that Adraustus, who has put this city as a pledge in the hands of others, has corrupted the commander and the garrison, that he may enter it whenever he thinks fit. To conclude, I know as well as you, that if you take Venusium, you will the very next day be masters of the castle where all Adraustus's provisions are laid up, and so in two days more you will put an end to this dreadful war. But is it not better to perish, than to conquer by such methods? Is fraud to be repell'd by fraud? Shall it be said, that so many kings, who enter'd into a league to punish the impious Adraustus for his deceitfulness, are become deceitful like him? If we may lawfully do as Adraustus has done, he is not guilty, and we are in the wrong to go about to punish him. What! has Hesperia, that Hesperia, which is supported by so many Greek colonies, and by so many heroes return'd from the siege of Troy; has she, I say, no other arms against Adraustus's treachery and perjury, than the practice of the same vices? You have sworn by the most sacred things, that you would leave Venusium, in trust, in the hands of the Lucanians. The Lucanian garrison, you say, is corrupted by Adraustus's money. I believe it as well as you; but this garrison is still in the Lucanian pay, and has not refus'd to obey them; it has kept, at least in appearance, a neutrality; neither has Adraustus, nor any of his men entered into Venusium; the treaty still subsists, and the gods have not forgot your oath. Shall we not observe our promises, but just so long as we are without a plausible pretext to violate them? Shall we not be faithful

faithful and religious to our oaths, but when there is nothing to be got by breaking them? If you have no concern for virtue, nor are mov'd by the fear of the gods, at least have a regard for your reputation and interest. If you set this pernicious example of breaking your word and violating your oath, that you may terminate a war, what wars will you not kindle by so wicked a conduct? Will not your neighbours be forc'd to be jealous of you on all occasions, and utterly detest you? Who for the future will trust you in the most pressing exigencies? what security would you be able to give, should you have a mind to be sincere, and at a time when it may be of the greatest importance to you to persuade your neighbours of your sincerity? Shall it be a solemn treaty? Such things you have trampled under foot. Shall it be an oath? alas! will it not be notorious that you make no account of the gods, when you hope to gain any particular advantage by perjury? At this rate, peace will afford you no more security than war. All that comes from you will be receiv'd as war, either dissembled or declared. You will be look'd on as the perpetual enemy of all who shall be so unfortunate as to be your neighbours. All the affairs that require reputation, probity, and confidence, will become impossible to you: you will have no means left to make your promises find credit,

Besides this, added Telemachus, there is a more pressing interest that ought to affect you very much, if you have any sense of probity left, or any forecast with respect to your own interest; and that is, that so deceitful a conduct attacks the very vitals of your whole confederacy, and will soon ruin it: and thus your perjury will furnish Adraustus with an opportunity to triumph over you.

At these words the whole assembly, being ruffled, ask'd him, How he could take upon him to say, that an action, which would give the confederates a certain victory, could ruin the confederacy? How, replied

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ply'd Telemachus, will you be able to trust one another, if you once break the only band of society and confidence, namely, sincerity? After you have once laid it down for a maxim, that the rules of probity and fidelity may be broken for the sake of some great advantage, how can any one of you repose a confidence in another, when that other shall find it greatly for his interest to falsify his word, and deceive you? What will become of you then? Which of you will not endeavour to prevent the artifices of his neighbour by guile of his own? And what will be the fate of a confederacy of so many people, when, after a full debate, it is agreed among them, that it is lawful to circumvent a neighbour, and to violate the most solemn engagements? how great will be your mutual distrust, your animosities, your zeal to destroy each other! Adraustus will then have no need to destroy you; you yourselves will do that for him. You will justify his perfidiousness. O wise and magnanimous princes! O you who command with so much prudence such innumerable multitudes of people, do not disdain to hearken to the counsels of a young man. If you should fall into the most calamitous circumstances, into which men are sometimes precipitated by war, you would still support yourselves, by your vigilance, and the efforts of your virtue, for true courage never despairs; but if ever you break the barrier of honour and integrity, your los's will then become irreparable; you will never be able either to re-establish that confidence which is necessary to the success of all important affairs, or to reclaim men to the principles of virtue, after you have once taught them to despise them. Again, what is it you are afraid of? Have you not bravery enough to overcome your enemies without fraud? Is not your virtue, in conjunction with the forces of so many nations, sufficient to enable you to cope with them? Let us fight, nay die, if it must be so, rather than conquer by such vile methods. Adraustus, the impious Adraustus, is the prey of our prevailing

vailing arms; provided we abhor to imitate his baseness and dishonesty.

When Telemachus had made an end of this discourse, he found that soft persuasion had flow'd from his lips, and penetrated to their very souls. He observ'd a deep silence in the whole assembly; every one's thoughts were engag'd in considering, not so much his person, and the graces of his elocution, as the force of truth that shone throughout his whole speech; astonishment was pictur'd in their countenances; at last a hollow murmuring was heard spreading itself by little and little through the whole assembly; they all look'd on one another, each being afraid to be the first that spoke; it was expected that the prime commanders of the army would declare themselves, and each of them restrained the thoughts of his heart with difficulty. After a while, the grave Nestor pronounc'd these words:

Worthy son of Ulysses, the gods have taught you to speak, and Minerva, who so often inspir'd your father, hath put into your heart that wise and generous advice you have given us. I look not on your youth: I only consider Minerva in all that you have been saying. You have pleaded the cause of virtue; without her, the greatest advantages are real losses; without her, men draw suddenly on themselves the vengeance of their enemies, the diffidence of their allies, the detestation of all good men, and the just resentment of the gods. Let us therefore leave Venusium in the hands of the Lucanians, and think of no other way to conquer Adraastus, but by our courage.

He spoke, and the whole assembly applauded the wisdom of his words: but, in giving this applause, every one turn'd his eyes with amazement on the son of Ulysses, and they all thought they saw shine forth in him the wisdom of Minerva, who inspir'd him.

There soon arose in the council of the kings another question, which gave him an opportunity of acquiring no less glory. Adraastus, always cruel and treacherous,

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had sent into the camp a deserter named Acanthus, who was to poison the most celebrated chiefs of the army : he had particular orders to leave nothing un-essay'd to effect the death of young Telemachus, who was already become the terror of the Daunians. Telemachus, who had too much courage and candour to be inclin'd to suspicion, gave the wretch a free and easy reception : he had seen Ulysses in Sicily, and recounted that hero's adventures to Telemachus, who subsisted him, and endeavour'd to comfort him under his misfortunes ; for Acanthus complain'd of great abuses and indignities, which he had receiv'd from Adrastus : but Telemachus was all the while cherishing and warming in his bosom a venomous viper, that was ready to give him a mortal wound. Another deserter was taken, named Arion, whom Acanthus was sending back to Adrastus, to acquaint him with the state of the confederate camp, and to assure him that the following day he would poison the principal kings, together with Telemachus, at an entertainment which this latter was to give. Arion being taken, confess'd his treason. He was suspected of having held intelligence with Acanthus, because they were intimate friends ; but Acanthus, who was a deep dissembler, and of an undaunted nature, made his defence with so much art, that there was no convicting him, or discovering the bottom of the conspiracy.

Divers of the kings were for sacrificing Acanthus at a venture, to the publick safety. He ought, said they, to be put to death : one man's life ought not to be weigh'd against the security of so many kings. What if one man perish, when the point is to preserve those who represent the gods among men ?

What inhuman maxim, what barbarous policy is this, reply'd Telemachus : Are you then so lavish of human blood, O you that are appointed over mankind to be their shepherds, and are only to rule over them for their preservation, as a shepherd preserves his flock ? But instead of that you are become blood-thirsty wolves,

and not shepherds ; at least you are such shepherds as only shear, and cut the throats of your sheep, instead of leading them into good pasture. According to you, the moment a man is accused, he becomes guilty ; and if he is but suspected, he deserves to die. Thus do the innocent lie at the mercy of envy and calumny ; and, according as this tyrannical distrust gathers strength in your breasts, we must have more such victims sacrificed.

Telemachus spoke these words with such authority and vehemence, as captivated all hearts, and cover'd with shame the authors of such unworthy counsel. Afterwards, in a milder tone he said to them : For my part I am not so much in love with life as to purchase it at that price ; I had rather Acanthus should be wicked than myself ; and would sooner chuse that he should deprive me of life by his treachery, than I unjustly put him to death on an uncertainty. But have a little patience, O you, who being establish'd kings, that is, judges of the people, should discharge your function with justice, prudence, and moderation ; let me examine Acanthus in your presence.

Immediately he interrogates him about his correspondence with Arion ; he plies him with an infinite number of circumstances ; and sometimes made as if he would remand him to Adraustus, as a deserter that deserv'd to be punish'd, the better to make his observation, whether he was afraid to be sent back or no ; but the countenance and voice of Acanthus still remain'd calm and unmov'd, and Telemachus began to think he might be innocent. At length, seeing that he could not draw him to a confession, he said to him, Give me your ring, for I will send it to Adraustus. Upon this Acanthus presently turn'd pale, and was in the utmost confusion. Telemachus, whose eyes were continually fix'd on him, perceiv'd it : he takes the ring : this will I immediately send to Adraustus, said he, by the hand of a Lucanian, nam'd Polytropus, your acquaintance, who shall pretend he comes secretly from

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you: if, by this means, we can discover your intelligence with Adraustus, you shall, without mercy, be put to death by the most exquisite torments: if, on the contrary, you now confess your faults, you shall be pardon'd, and we will content ourselves with only sending you into an island, where you shall want for nothing. Upon which Acanthus confess'd the whole; and Telemachus obtain'd of the Kings that his life might be spar'd, because he had given him the promise of it: and he was sent into one of the islands call'd Echinades, where he liv'd in peace.

Shortly after this, a Daunian of obscure birth, but of a violent and daring spirit, nam'd Diocorus, came by night into the confederate camp, and made an offer to them to kill king Adraustus in his tent. This he was capable of doing, because whoever despises his own life is at any time the master of another's. This person breathed nothing but revenge, because Adraustus had taken away his wife, whom he lov'd most passionately, and whose beauty was not inferior to that of Venus herself. He was resolved either to destroy Adraustus, and recover his wife, or to perish himself. He had secret intelligence, whereby he had contriv'd a way to enter into the king's tent by night, and was to be favour'd in his enterprize by several Daunian captains; but he thought it necessary for the confederate princes to attack Adraustus's camp at the same time, to the end that during the hurry and disorder he might the more easily escape, and carry off his wife; and, if he could not carry her off after he had kill'd the king, he was content to die. As soon as Diocorus had open'd his design to the princes, they all turn'd their eyes towards Telemachus, thereby signifying they desir'd him to determine what was proper to be done. The gods, answer'd he, who have preserv'd us from traitors, forbid us to make use of them; and even tho' we had not virtue enough to detest the treason, our interest alone were a sufficient motive to make us to reject it: when

once we have authoriz'd it by our own example, we shall deserve to have it turn'd against us ; and what man among us will after that be safe ? It is not impossible but Adraustus may escape the blow that threatens him, and may make it fall upon the confederate kings. War will then cease to be war ; wisdom and virtue will be of no manner of use, and nothing will be seen but frauds, treasons, and assassinations. We should ourselves feel the sad consequences, and not undeservedly, since we should have authoriz'd the greatest villainy. I am therefore for sending back this traitor to Adraustus : I own that king does not deserve it ; but all Hesperia, and all Greece, who have their eyes on us, merit such a conduct from us as may deserve their esteem. We owe to ourselves, and, in short, we owe to the just gods such an instance of our abhorrence of treachery.

Dioscorus was presently sent to Adraustus, who trembled to think of the danger he had escap'd, and was fill'd with astonishment at the generosity of his enemies. Pure virtue transcends the comprehension of the wicked. Adraustus, in spite of himself, admir'd what he had seen, but durst not commend it : this noble action of the confederates did, to his shame, remind him of all his treacheries and cruelties. He sought for reasons to extenuate his enemies generosity ; yet blush'd to be thought ungrateful, when he ow'd them his life. But corrupt men soon harden themselves against every thing that might move them. Adraustus, perceiving that the reputation of the confederates increas'd more and more every day, thought himself under a necessity to perform against them some great and signal action. And, since it was not in his nature to do a virtuous one, he was desirous, at least, to obtain some great advantage over them by arms, and therefore made all the haste he could to fight.

The day of battle being come, scarce had Aurora open'd to the sun the gates of the east in a path strew'd with roses, when young Telemachus, outstripping the vigilance

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wiglance of the oldest captains, shooke off the soft embraces of balmy sleep, and put all the officers in motion. His helmet, cover'd with a crest of waving hair, already glitter'd on his head, and his armour dazzled the eyes of the whole army ; it was the work of Vulcan, and had, besides it's natural beauty, the lustre of the ægis that lay conceal'd in it. In one hand he held a spear, and with the other pointed to several posts which 'twas necessary to take possession of. Minerva had fill'd his eyes with a divine fire, and his countenance with an awful majesty, that already promis'd victory. He march'd, and all the kings, forgetting their age and dignity, found themselves hurried on by a superior power, that made them follow his steps. Impotent jealousy could enter their breasts no more : every thing gives way to him whom Minerva leads insensibly by the hand. His action betray'd nothing that was impetuous or precipitate : he was mild, calm, patient, always ready to hear others, and improve by their advice ; but active, provident, extending his views to the most remote exigencies, disposing every thing to the best advantage, without perplexing himself or others ; excusing faults, rectifying mistakes, obviating difficulties, never exacting too much of any one, and every where inspiring freedom and confidence : if he gave an order, it was in the plainest and clearest terms ; he repeated it, for the better instructing him that was to execute it ; he observ'd by his eyes whether he conceiv'd him right, and afterwards made him familiarly tell him how he understood his words, and what was the main drift of his enterprize ; when he had thus tried the judgment of the person he employ'd, and entirely let him into his design, he never dispatch'd him away till he had given him some mark of his esteem and confidence, for his encouragement : so that all he sent from him were full of ardor to please him, and to compafs the busness they went about, but were not rack'd with any dread of his imputing to them their ill

ill success ; for he would excuse all faults that did not proceed from an evil disposition of mind.

The horizon look'd ruddy with the sun's earliest rays, and the sea was brighten'd with the flames of the rising day. All the coast was filled with men, arms, horses, and charjots, which being in motion made a confused noise, like that of the angry waves, when Neptune works up the terrible tempests from the bottom of the deep abyss. Thus Mars began, with the clatter of arms, and the dreadful preparations of war, to kindle rage in every heart. The field was crowded with bristling pikes, thick set like ears of corn that cover the fertile furrows at the time of harvest : there soon arose a cloud of dust, which gradually intercepted heaven and earth from the eyes of men : darkness, horror, bloodshed, and inexorable death, advanced apace.

Scarce were the first arrows shot, when Telemachus, lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven, pronounced these words :

O Jupiter ! father of gods and men, thou feest on our side justice, and an inclination to peace, which we have not been ashame'd to pursue ; 'tis with regret we fight ; we would willingly prevent the effusion of human blood ; we bear no hatred even to this enemy tho' he is cruel, perfidious, and sacrilegious. Behold thou, and determine between him and us. If we must die, our lives are in thy hand ; if Hesperia is to be rescued and the tyrant overthrown, it will be thy power, and the wisdom of thy daughter Minerva, that will give us the victory : the glory of it will be due to thee. It is thou that holdest the balance, and decidest the fate of battles ; it is for thee we fight ; and, since thou art just, Adraustus is more thy enemy than ours. If thy cause proves victorious, before the end of the day, the blood of a whole hecatomb shall flow upon thy altars.

He spoke ; and instantly drove his fiery foaming coursers into the thickest ranks of his enemies. The first

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first he met with was Periander the Locrian, cover'd with the skin of a lion he had kill'd in Cilicia, when he travell'd through that country. He was, like Hercules, arm'd with a huge club ; and in strength and stature he resembled the ancient giants. When he saw Telemachus, he despised his youth, and the delicacy of his countenance. It becomes thee well, said he, effeminate boy, to dispute with us the glory of martial atchievements. Go, child, get thee among the shades below to look for thy father. At the same time he lifted up his heavy club, which was full of knobs, and stuck thick with iron spikes : it look'd like the mast of a ship, and every one near was afraid of being crush'd with the fall of it. It threaten'd the head of the son of Ulysses, but he avoids the blow, and flies upon Periander with the rapidity of an eagle cutting the air : the club, in falling, dash'd to pieces the wheel of a chariot near that of Telemachus. Mean while, the young Greek struck a dart into Periander's throat : the bubbling blood that stream'd from the wide wound soon stifles his voice ; his fiery horses, no longer feeling the controul of their master's hand, ran wildly up and down with the reins hanging loose on their necks ; he falls from his chariot ; his eyes already clos'd to the light ; and ghastly death sat on his disfigur'd face. Telemachus, pitying his fate, immediately gave his body to his domesticks, but kept the lion's skin and his club as a token of his victory.

After this he seeks Adraustus in the thickest of the fight, and in his way sends headlong to the infernal shades a multitude of combatants. Hileus, who had his chariot drawn by two coursers like those of the sun, and which were bred in the spacious meadows which are water'd by the river Ausfidus : Demoleon, who in Sicily had heretofore almost been a match for Eryx in combats of the cæstus : Crantor, who had entertain'd in his house, and had been a friend to Hercules, when that son of Jupiter, in passing through Hesperia, flew the infamous Cactus : Menecrates, who was laid to come

come near Pollux for wrestling : Hippocoon the Salopian, who emulated the graceful skill and address of Castor in the management of a horse : the famous hunter Eurymedes, who was always smear'd with the blood of bears and wild boars, which he kill'd on the snowy ridges of the cold Apennine, and who is said to have been so well beloved by Diana, that she herself taught him how to shoot with the bow : Nicostratus, who had conquer'd a giant that vomited fire in the rocks of mount Garganus : Eleanthus, who was to marry the young Pholoë, daughter of the river Lyrus ; her father had promis'd her to the man that should deliver her from a winged serpent, which was bred on the banks of the river, and was to have devour'd her in a few days, according to the oracle's prediction. This young man, out of an excess of love, made a vow either to kill this monster, or die in the attempt : he was crown'd with success ; but could not taste the fruit of his victory ; for, whilst Pholoë was preparing herself for the ceremonies of a happy marriage, and impatiently expected Eleanthus, she was inform'd that he had follow'd Adraustus to the war, and that the destinies had cruelly cut his vital thread. She fill'd with her lamentations the woods and mountains near the river ; her eyes were drowned in tears ; she tore her lovely air ; she forgot the garlands of flowers which she used to gather ; and accused the heavens of injustice. As she wept incessantly both night and day, the gods, mov'd with her complaints, and the request of the river god, put an end to her sorrow ; for she pour'd forth such abundance of tears, that she was presently changed into a fountain, which, gliding into the middle of the river, seeks to join her waters to those of the god her father : but the water of this fountain is still bitter ; no grass adorns it's banks, nor any other shade but that of the melancholy cypres.

Mean while Adraustus, understanding that Telemachus spread terror all around him, sought him out with the greatest eagerness, hoping to make an easy conquest

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conquest of so raw a youth. He was surrounded with thirty Daunians of uncommon strength, dexterity, and boldness, to whom he promis'd very large rewards if they could destroy Telemachus by any manner of means. Had they met him in this moment of the fight, doubtless these thirty men, by surrounding Telemachus's chariot, while Adraustus had fallen upon him in front, would have found no difficulty to have dispatch'd him; but Minerva turn'd them another way.

Adraustus thought he saw and heard Telemachus lower down in the plain at the foot of a hill, where there was a crowd of combatants in close engagement; he runs, he flies, he resolves to satiate himself with blood; but, instead of Telemachus, he finds the aged Nestor, who with his trembling hand was throwing at a venture some faint harmless darts. Adraustus, in his rage, would have run him through, but a band of Pylians threw themselves around their king.

Heteupon a thick cloud of darts and arrows darken'd the air, and cover'd all the combatants: nothing could be heard, but the doleful cries of the dying, and the clattering of the arms of those who fell in the conflict; the earth groan'd beneath large heaps of dead bodies; streams of blood ran down on every side; Bellona and Mars, together with the infernal furies, clothed in robes reeking with gore, glatted their merciless eyes with this spectacle, and incessantly renew'd the drooping rage of the combatants. These deities, who are enemies of mankind, chased far away from both parties generous pity, moderate valour, soft humanity; there appear'd no longer among this confus'd medley of enrag'd and blood-thirsty men, any thing but slaughter, revenge, despair, and brutal fury. The wise and invincible Pallas herself trembled at the sight, and started back with horror.

Mean while Philoctetes, with a slow pace, and holding the arrows of Hercules in his hand, endeavours to come up to the relief of Nestor. Adraustus, not being able to reach the divine old man, had lanch'd

his darts on several Pylians, and made them bite the dust. He had already overthrown Eufilas, who was so swift-footed that he scarce left the print of his feet on the sand, and who in his own country outstripp'd the rapid streams of Eurotas and Alpheus : at his feet fell Entiphron, who was more beautiful than Hylas, and as keen a hunter as Hippolytus : Pterclas, who had follow'd Nestor to the siege of Troy, and who was belov'd by Achilles himself, on account of his courage and strength : Aristogiton, who, by bathing in the waters of the river Achelous, was said to have secretly receiv'd from that god the power of transforming himself into all sorts of shapes ; and indeed, so pliant and nimble was he in all his motions, that no strength of hand could hold him fast : but Adraustus, with one thrust of his spear, render'd him motionless, and his soul immediately gush'd out with his blood.

Nestor, seeing his bravest captain fall thus beneath the arm of the cruel Adraustus, just as the gilded ears of corn in harvest-time fall under the sharpest sickle of the unweary'd reaper, forgot what danger he in vain expos'd himself to. He shook off his old age, and thought of nothing but to follow with his eye his son Pisistratus, who, on his side, was warmly engaged to keep off danger from his father ; but the fatal moment was come, wherein Pisistratus was to make Nestor feel, how unfortunate a thing it sometimes proves for a man to live to a great age.

Pisistratus directed his spear with that violence against Adraustus, that the Daunian prince must needs have fallen, had not he avoided the stroke ; and whilst Pisistratus, staggering with the false thrust he had made, was recovering his spear, Adraustus pierced him with a javelin in the middle of his belly. His bowels began immediately to issue out with a torrent of blood ; his lively complexion faded like a flower that the hand of some nymph has cropt in the meadows ; his eyes were now almost extinguish'd, and his speech began to falter. Alceus, his governor, who was near him,

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ceiv'd him in his arms just as he was falling, and had only time to carry him to his father. There he would fain have spoken, and have given the last tokens of his tenderness ; but, as he open'd his mouth, he expir'd.

While Philoctetes was dealing round him slaughter and horror to repel the efforts of Adraustus, Nestor grasp'd his son's body in his arms ; he fill'd the air with his cries ; and began to hate the light : Unfortunate wretch that I am, said he, to have been a father, and to have lived so long. Alas ! ye cruel destinies, why did you not put a period to my life, when I was in chace of the Calydonian boar, or in my voyage to Colchos, or at the first siege of Troy ? then I had died with glory, and without bitterness ; now, I drag a miserable, despis'd, impotent old age. I now live only to suffer affliction, nor have I any other sense left, but that of sorrow. O my son, my son, my dear son Pisistratus ! when I lost thy brother Antilochus, I still had thee to comfort me ; but now thou art gone, I have nothing more ; nothing now can comfort me ; all is at an end with me. Hope, the sole aswager of human pains, is a blessing which no longer relates to me. Antilochus ! Pisistratus ! O my dear children ! methinks I lose you both at once, in one and the same day ! the death of the one makes the old wound, which the other had caus'd, to bleed afresh within my heart ! I am never more to see either of you ! Who will close my eyes ? who will gather up my ashes ? O my dear Pisistratus, thou, as well as thy brother, diest like a valiant man ; 'tis only I that cannot die.

At this he was going to pierce himself with a dart ; but those about him staid his hand, and afterwards forc'd him from his son's body ; and this unfortunate old man falling into a swoon, they carry'd him into his tent, where, after he had a little recover'd himself, he would fain have return'd to the battle, but they with-held him by force.

And now Adraustus and Philoctetes were hunting out each other ; their eyes flash'd fire, like those of a lion
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and a leopard going to tear each other to pieces in those fields which Caystrus waters. Menaces, martial rage, and cruel revenge, sparkle in their fierce eyes. They carry certain death whithersoever they fling their darts. All the combatants look upon them with terror and affright. And now they come within sight of each other, Philoctetes bears in his hand one of those dreadful arrows, which, when flung by him, never miss'd their aim, and whose wounds were incurable: but Mars, favouring the cruel and intrepid Adraustus, would not suffer him to perish so soon, but was willing to make use of him as an instrument to lengthen out the horrors of the war, and multiply bloodshed and slaughter. The justice of the gods still delay'd to overtake Adraustus, in order to punish mankind and to spill their blood.

The very moment Philoctetes designed to attack him, he himself receives a wound from the spear of Amphimachus, a young Lucanian, who was handsomer than the fam'd Nireus, whose beauty was inferior to none of all the Greeks that fought at the siege of Troy, except Achilles. Scarce did Philoctetes feel the wound, but he shot an arrow at Amphimachus, and pierced him to the heart. In an instant his fine black eyes lost their lustre, and were clouded with the shades of death; his lips, more ruddy than the roses with which Aurora strews the horizon at her rising, lost their colour; a frightful paleness tarnish'd his cheeks; that face, so lovely, and so delicate, was, on a sudden, quite disfigur'd. Philoctetes himself was moved with pity towards him; and all the soldiers fetch'd deep sighs at seeing this young man welting in his own blood, and his curling locks, as beauteous as those of Apollo, all trailing in the dust. Philoctetes, having overcome Amphimachus, was forced to retire from the fight: he had lost a great deal of blood and strength; and even his old wound, in the heat of action, was going to open again, and renew his pains; for the sons of Æsculapius, with their divine skill, could not entirely heal it. And now he was just ready to fall

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among a heap of bleeding bodies that were round about him, when Archidamas, the boldest and most dexterous of all the Qebalians, whom he had brought with him to lay the foundations of Petilia, carries him out of the battle, in the very moment that Adraustus might with the greatest ease have trampled him under his feet. And now Adraustus meets with nothing that either dares oppose him, or retard his victory. All either fall or fly before him; and he is like a torrent, which, having overflow'd it's banks, sweeps away, with it's outrageous waves, the corn, the cattle, the shepherds, and whole villages.

Telemachus hears at a distance the conqueror's shouts, and sees the disorder of his men flying before Adraustus, as a herd of timorous deer traversing the vast plains, the woods, the mountains, and even the most rapid rivers, when pursu'd by the huntsmen. Telemachus groans; indignation sparkles in his eyes; he quits the place where he had long been fighting with so much danger and glory; he runs to the support of his shatter'd troops; he advances, besmear'd all over with the blood of a multitude of his enemies, whom he had extended on the dust: he gives a shout at a distance that is heard by both armies.

Minerva had infus'd something dreadful in his voice, with which the neighbouring mountains resounded. The cruel voice of Mars was never heard to sound louder in Thrace, when he calls together the infernal furies, death, and war, to attend him. This shout of Telemachus fills the hearts of his own soldiers with courage and boldness, but freezes those of his enemies with horror. Even Adraustus himself is ashame'd to find himself disorder'd. A multitude of fatal presages fill him with terror, and that which animates him, is rather despair than a sedate valour: thrice did his trembling knees begin to slip from under him; thrice he started back without knowing what he did; a fainting paleness and a cold sweat spread over all his limbs; his hoarse and faultering voice could not make

an end of any word ; his eyes sparkling with a gloomy fire, seem'd to start out of his head ; he was, like Orestes, agitated by the furies ; all his motions were convulsive. Now he begins to believe there are gods ; he thought he saw them incensed at him, and that he heard a hollow voice, from the bottom of the deep abyss, calling him into dismal Tartarus. Every thing made him sensible there was a celestial and invisible hand hovering over his head, which was going to sink him down by it's intolerable weight. All hope was extinguish'd in his heart ; his courage and resolution vanish'd, and disappear'd like the day-light, when Phœbus, sinking down to the bosom of Thetis, leaves the earth mantled in the shades of night.

The impious Adraſtus, who was too long suffer'd to live, but that mankind stood in need of so dreadful a scourge ; the impious Adraſtus is at length arriv'd at his last hour. Like one distract he runs to meet his inevitable fate : horror, gnawing remorse, consternation, fury, rage, despair, accompany him in his march. No sooner does he set eye on Telemachus, but he fancied he saw Avernus open it's jaws, and whirling flames issuing from the black Phlegeton, ready to swallow him up : he cries out, and his mouth continues open, without being able to utter a word ; like a man asleep, who in a frightful dream opens his mouth, and strives to speak ; but still utterance fails him, and he attempts it in vain. With a trembling and impatient hand Adraſtus flings his dart at Telemachus, while the latter undaunted and calm, like one that is befriended by the gods, defends himself with his buckler. It seem'd as if victory, covering him with her wings, did already hold a crown over his head ; a gentle and undisturb'd courage shone in his eyes ; one would have taken him for Minerva herself, so compos'd and unconcern'd was he in the midst of the greatest dangers. Adraſtus's dart being repell'd by Telemachus's buckler, he hastens to draw

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When they were seen thus fighting hand to hand, all the other combatants in silence laid down their arms to gaze on them, and waited for the issue of the war from their single engagement. The two bright swords, like the flashes of lightning that bring on claps of thunder, frequently cross each other, and deal fruitless blows on the burnish'd armour, which resounds with their heavy strokes. The two combatants stretch themselves out, contract themselves, bow themselves down, start up in an instant, and after a while grapple together. The ivy, that grows at the foot of the elm, does not more closely grasp the hard and knotty trunk with it's wreathing branches, till it reaches the highest boughs, than these two combatants clasp and lock one another. Adraustus had not yet lost any thing of his natural strength; and Telemachus was not yet arriv'd to the full increase of his. Adraustus made several attempts to surprize his enemy, and overset him; he endeavours to seize the sword of the young Greek, but in vain; while he offers at this, Telemachus catches him up from the ground, and throws him down upon the sand. Then did that impious wretch, who always contemn'd the gods, betray a vile fear of death; he is ashame'd to beg his life, and yet cannot help manifesting that he desires it; he endeavours to move Telemachus's compassion: O thou son of Ulysses, said he to him, I now at last acknowlege that the gods are just; they punish me as I have deserv'd; nothing but distress can open the eyes of men to see the truth; I see it, and stand condemn'd by it; but let an unfortunate king put you in mind of your father, who is remote from Ithaca, and let the thoughts of this affect your heart!

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Telemachus, who held him fast under him, and had already lifted up his sword to pierce his throat, instantly made this answer ; I had no other aim but victory, and the peace of the nations to whose succour I am come ; I delight not in bloodshed ; live therefore, O Adraustus, but live to repair your faults ; restore all that you have usurp'd ; re-establish tranquillity and justice on the coast of great Hesperia, which you have sullied with so many massacres and treacheries ; live, and become a new man ; let your fall teach you that the gods are just ; that wicked men are miserable ; that they deceive themselves in seeking happiness by violence, inhumanity, and guile ; in short, that nothing is so happy or delightful as a plain and steady virtue. Give us for hostages your son Metrodorus, with twelve of your prime nobility.

At these words Telemachus suffers Adraustus to rise, and lends him his hand, without the least suspicion of his villainy ; but Adraustus immediately threw at him a second dart, a very short one, which he had kept conceal'd. It was so sharp pointed, and flung with so much force and dexterity, that had not Telemachus's armour been of a supernatural make, it had certainly pierc'd it. At the same time Adraustus runs behind a tree, to avoid the pursuit of Telemachus, who cried out, You see, O ye Daunians, the victory is ours, this wicked man saves himself only by his treachery. He, who fears not the gods, is afraid of death : on the contrary, he who fears the gods, has nothing else to fear. Speaking these words, he moves towards the Daunians, and gives a sign to his men, who were on the other side of the tree, to intercept the perfidious Adraustus. Adraustus being almost taken, feigns to go backwards, resolving at the same time to break through the Cretans, who stood before him to oppose his passage ; but on a sudden, Telemachus, swift as the thunder which is hurl'd by the father of the gods, from high Olympus upon guilty mortals,

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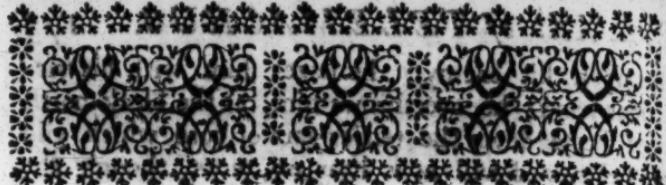
flies upon his enemy ; he seizes him with his victorious hand ; he overthrows him, as the bleak north wind beats down the tender ears of corn which gild the fields, and will now hear no more, though the impious wretch attempts again to abuse his generous temper : he buries his sword in his heart, and precipitates him to the flames of dark Tartarus ; a just punishment of his demerits.

TELEMACHUS.

THE END of the TWENTIETH BOOK.



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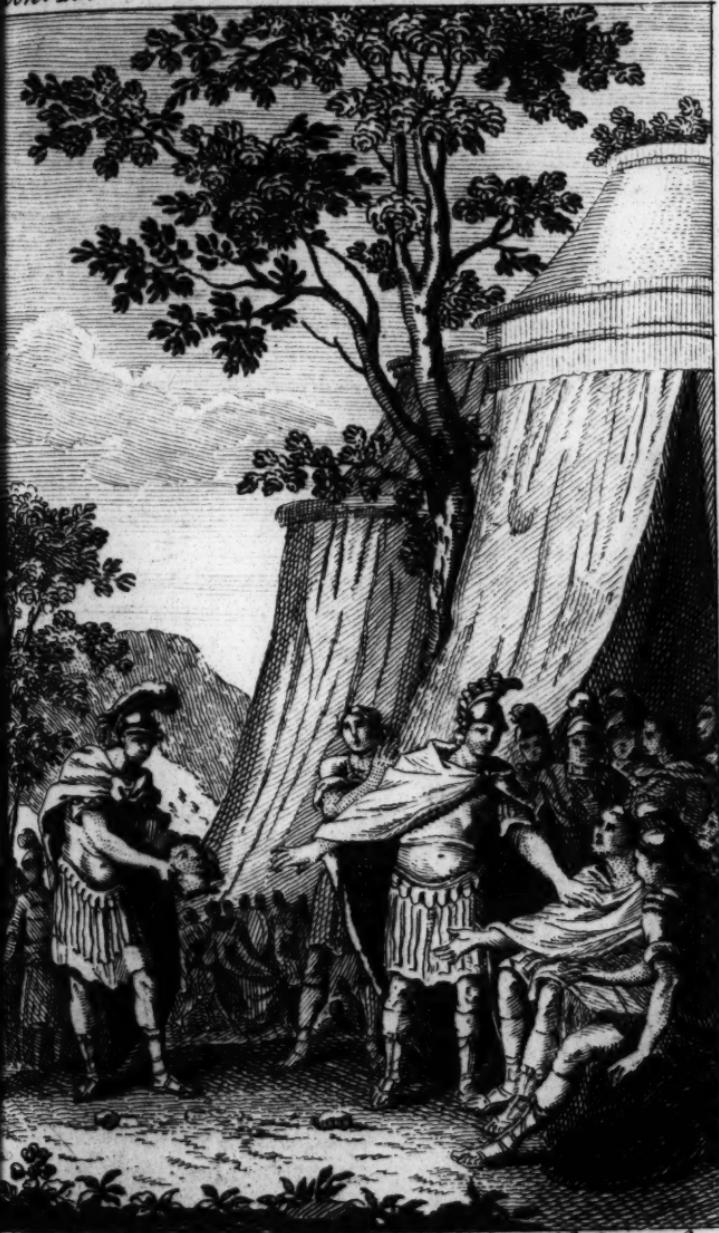


THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS.

BOOK XXI.

The ARGUMENT.

Adraustus being kill'd, the Daunians stretch forth their hands to the allies, in token of peace, and demand of them a king of their own nation. Nestor, being inconsolable for the death of his son, absents himself from the assembly of the chiefs, some of whom give their opinions for dividing the country of the vanquish'd, and giving to Telemachus the territory of Arpos. Far from accepting this offer, Telemachus shews, that 'tis the common interest of the confederates to choose Polydamas king of the Daunians, and to leave them their lands. He afterwards persuades that people to bestow the country of Arpos on Diomedes, who happen'd at that time to come there. The troubles being thus at an end, they all separate in order to return to their respective countries.



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O sooner was Adraustus dead, than all the Daunians, instead of deplo-
ring their defeat and the loss of their
king, rejoic'd for their deliverance,
and stretch'd out their hands to the
allies, in token of peace and recon-
ciliation. Metrodorus, the son of
Adraustus, whom his father had
brought up in maxims of dissimulation, injustice, and
inhumanity, betook himself to flight like a coward ;
but a certain slave that was an accomplice in all his
cruelties and infamous actions, whom he had made
free, and loaded with favours, and to whose fidelity
alone he committed himself in his flight, cast about
how he might betray him, for his own advan-
tage. He kill'd him as he fled, by giving him a
wound in his back ; then, cutting off his head,
brought it to the camp of the confederates, in expec-
tation of some mighty reward for a crime that thus
finisht the war. But the allies abhor'd the villain,
and caused him to be put to death. Telemachus see-
ing the head of Metrodorus, who was a youth of mar-
vellous beauty, and of an excellent disposition, which
had been spoil'd by pleasures and bad examples, could
not restrain his tears. Alas ! said he, behold here
what it is that poisons the prosperity of a young
prince ! the higher his condition is, and the more
sprightly his temper, the more he wanders out of the
true way, and departs from the sentiments of virtue ;
I myself might perhaps have been now such another,
had not the misfortunes in which I was train'd up
(thanks to the gods and Mentor's instructions) taught
me to govern myself.

The Daunians being assembled, demanded, as the
only condition of peace, that they might be permitted
to set up a king of their own nation, who might, by
his virtues, wipe out the reproach which the impious
Adraustus had brought upon the crown. They thank'd
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the gods for having destroy'd the tyrant, and crowded to kiss the hand of Telemachus, which had been dipt in the blood of that monster ; so that their defeat was to them like a triumph. Thus, in a moment, fell, beyond retrieve, that power which threaten'd all others in Hesperia, and which made so many nations tremble. Like those impregnable ramparts that seem firm and immovable, but which are gradually fapp'd and undermin'd ; for a long time the feeble toil, us'd in attacking their strong foundations, is derided ; they seem not in the least weaken'd ; all is smooth, and solid ; nothing gives way, nothing is shaken ; mean while, all the subterranean supports are destroy'd by degrees, until that very moment when down the mighty bulwark sinks, all at once, and opens a tremendous gulph. Thus an unjust and treacherous power, however it may prosper by it's violences, is all the while digging a precipice under it's own feet. Guile and inhumanity gradually sap the strongest foundations of illegal authority. Men admire it, fear it, tremble before it, till the moment it vanishes ; it sinks under it's own weight, and nothing can raise it again, because it has with it's own hands destroy'd the true supports of sincerity and justice, which alone beget love and confidence.

The chiefs of the army met the next day to grant the Daunians a king. It was a delightful thing to see the two camps mingled together by so unlook'd-for a friendship, so that the two armies now made but one. The wise Nestor could not be present in council, because grief of mind, added to his great age, had wither'd his heart, just as a shower of rain beats down a flower, and makes it droop in the evening, which in the morning, while Aurora was rising, was the glory and ornament of the verdant fields. His eyes were become two fountains of tears, that could not be dry'd up ; kindly sleep, that charms the acutest pains, fled far away from him ; hope, the life of the heart of man, was extinct in him ; all food was bitter to this unfor-

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unfortunate ancient ; the light itself was odious to him ; his soul wish'd for nothing but to part from his body, and to sink into the everlasting night of Pluto's empire. In vain did his friends talk to him ; his distemper'd mind nauseated all friendship, as a sick man disrelishes the most wholesome meats. To all the most tender things they could say to comfort him, he return'd nothing but sighs and groans. From time to time he was heard to say, O Pisistratus ! Pisistratus ! Pisistratus ! my son ! thou callest me hence, I will follow thee, thou wilt render death sweet unto me ! O my dear son, all the happiness I now desire, is to see thee again on the banks of Styx. Then would he continue whole hours without speaking one word ; but groaning, would lift up his hands, and his eyes drown'd in tears, to heaven. In the mean time the princes being assembled, were expecting Telemachus, who remain'd by Pisistratus's body, on which he strew'd handfuls of flowers, with exquisite perfumes, and shed a flood of bitter tears. O my dear companion, said he, I shall never forget my having seen thee at Pylos, follow'd thee to Sparta, and found thee again on the coast of great Hesperia : I owe thee a thousand and a thousand kind offices : I lov'd thee, and was belov'd by thee : I was acquainted with thy valour, which would have surpassed that of many renowned Greeks. Alas ! it has gained thee a glorious death ; but it has robb'd the world of a blooming virtue, which would have equall'd that of thy father ! Yes ; thy wisdom and thy eloquence, in a riper age, would have come up to the perfections of that hero, who was admir'd by all Greece ! thou wast already master of that sweet insinuation, which was irresistible when thou spakest ; of those natural and ingenuous ways of recounting a story ; of that sage moderation, which is a prevailing charm to pacify angry spirits ; of that authority which flows from prudence and the energy of good counsels. When thou spakest, every ear was attentive ; all were prepossess'd in thy favour ; all were desirous to find thee

in the right. Thy speech, which was plain and without flourishes, gently stole into men's hearts, like dew upon the springing grafts. But alas! all those blessings, which we enjoy'd but a few hours ago, are now snatch'd from us for ever! Pisistratus, whom I embrac'd this morning, is now no more! we have nothing left but a sad remembrance of him. Ah! if thou hadst clos'd the eyes of Nestor, and not we thine, then had he not seen what he is now forced to see, nor would he have been the most unhappy father in the world!

After this, Telemachus caused the bloody wound in Pisistratus's side to be wash'd; he order'd him to be laid out upon a bed of purple, where, with his declining head, overspread with the paleness of death, he resembled a young tree, which having cover'd the earth with it's shade, and shot it's flourishing boughs to heaven, is wounded by the sharp edge of the woodman's ax; it no longer holds by it's own root, nor by the earth, that fruitful mother, who nourishes her plants in her bosom; it flickens, it droops, it loses it's verdure, it can no longer support itself, and down it falls; it's branches, that used to hide the sky, are dragg'd in the dust, all wither'd and dry; it is now a bare trunk, thrown down, and despoil'd of all it's beauties.

Thus Pisistratus, now a prey to death, was carry'd away by those who were to lay him on the fatal pile. Already the flame mounts up to heaven. A band of Pylians, with dejected watery eyes, and trailing their arms revers'd, slowly attended him. The body is soon consumed; the ashes are put into a golden urn; and Telemachus, who took upon him the care of the whole ceremony, commits this urn, as a most valuable treasure, to Callimachus, who had been Pisistratus's governor. Take, said he, these ashes, the sad, but precious remains of him whom you so much lov'd; keep them for his father; but wait till he has recover'd strength enough to ask for them, and then,

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and not till then, deliver them to him. That which excites sorrow at one time, allays it at another.

After this, Telemachus repairs to the assembly of the confederate kings. As soon as they espy'd him, they were all hush'd, in expectation to hear him discourse : this made him blush, and he could not be prevail'd upon to speak. The praises that were given him by publick acclamations, on account of his late action, added to his bashfulness ; so that he would gladly have hid himself : this was the first time he appeared confused and irresolute. At length, he desired, as a favour, that they would desist from commanding him. Not but that I am a lover of praise, said he, especially when it comes from such good judges of virtue ; but I am afraid of loving it too much. Praises are apt to corrupt men ; they fill them full of themselves, and render them vain and presumptuous : we ought equally to merit and decline them : there is no great unlikeness between the justest and the falsest praises. The wickedest of all men, namely tyrants, are those who have procured themselves to be most praised by their flatterers. What pleasure is there in being commended like them ? just praises are such as you will give me in my absence, if I am so happy as to deserve them. If you believe me to be really good, you ought also to believe that I am willing to be modest, and would fear vanity : spare me therefore, if you have any esteem for me, and do not praise me as if I were a man fondly enamour'd with applause.

After Telemachus had thus express'd himself, he return'd not a word more to those who continued extolling him to the sky : and by an air of indifference, he soon put a stop to all their encomiums. They began to be afraid they should displease him in good earnest by praising him ; thus their panegyricks were at an end, but their admiration still increased ; every one knowing the tenderness he had shewn to Pisistratus, and the care he took to pay him the last offices. The whole

whole army was more affected with these marks of his good-nature, than with all those prodigies of wisdom and valour which lately shone in him. He is wise, he is valiant, whisper'd they one to another; he is the favourite of the gods, and the true hero of our age; he is more than human. But all this is only matter of wonder; it does nothing more than fill us with amazement. Above all, he has humanity and goodness; he is a faithful, tender-hearted friend; he is compassionate, generous, beneficent, and wholly at the service of them whom he ought to love; he is the delight of them who live with him; he has laid aside all his former haughtiness, indifference, and fierceness. This is what makes him useful in life; this is what comes home to each man's heart; this is what endears him to us, and makes us sensible of all his virtues; this is what makes us all ready to sacrifice our lives for him.

These discourses were scarce finish'd, when the council hastened to confer upon the necessity of giving a king to the Daunians. Most of the princes were of opinion, that it was best to divide that country among the confederates, as a conquer'd land; and offered to Telemachus, for his share, the fertile country of Arpos, which twice a year bears the rich gifts of Ceres, the bounteous blessings of Bacchus, and the ever-green fruits of the olive-tree, sacred to Minerva. This land, said they to him, ought to make you forget the poor cottages of Ithaca, the frightful rocks of Dulichium, and the wild forests of Zacynthus. Give over the search of your father, who must have perish'd in the waves, near the promontory of Caphareus, thro' the revenge of Nauplius, and the wrath of Neptune. Think no more of your mother, who, ever since your departure, has been in the possession of her lovers; nor of your country, whose soil is not favour'd by heaven, like this we now offer you. He patiently heard all this; but the rocks of Thrace and Thessaly are not

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For my part, says he, I am not fond either of riches or pleasures : what signifies the possessing a greater compass of land, and commanding a greater number of men ? it occasions but the more perplexity, and the less liberty to the master. Life is full enough of miseries, even to the wisest and most moderate sort of men, without the additional trouble of governing others, who are untractable, restless, unjust, deceitful, and ungrateful. If a man aims at the mastery over others for his own sake alone, with an eye to nothing but his own authority, pleasure, and glory, he is impious, he is a tyrant, he is the scourge of mankind. If, on the contrary, his design in aiming at the dominion over them, be only to conduct them aright, for their own good, he is not so much their master as their guardian ; he has nothing but the trouble of it, which is infinite, and he is far from having any thoughts or desires to enlarge the bounds of his authority. The shepherd, who devours not his flock, but, with the hazard of his own life, guards it against the wolves, and watches over it night and day, and takes care to lead it into fat pastures, has no mind to increase the number of his sheep, by seizing upon those of his neighbours, because it would but increase his trouble. Altho' I never sway'd a scepter, added Telemachus, yet do I understand, from the laws, and from those wise men who made them, how painful and laborious a thing it is to direct the government of cities and kingdoms. I am therefore content with my poor Ithaca. As little, and mean as it is, I shall have glory enough, provided I reign there with justice, piety, and courage. And indeed, I shall reign there but too soon. Heaven grant that my father, safe from the fury of the waves, may govern there to an extreme old age, and that I may long learn under him, how to overcome my own

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passions, and thereby to regulate those of a whole nation.

Afterwards Telemachus thus proceeded: Hear, O ye princes, who are here assembled, what I think myself obliged to say to you for your own interest. If you give the Daunians a just king, he will rule them with justice, he will shew them how much it is for their advantage to preserve sincerity, and never to encroach upon their neighbours: and this is what they could never understand while they were govern'd by the impious Adraustus. As long as they shall be under the sway of a wise and moderate prince, you will have nothing to fear from them; they will be beholden to you for this good king, whom you shall have bestow'd on them; they will be indebted to you for the peace and prosperity they shall enjoy under him. They will be so far from attacking you, that they will incessantly bless you, and both king and people will be, as it were, the work of your own hands. If, on the contrary, you proceed to divide their country among you, pray observe the mischiefs which I foretel you; these people, driven by despair, will begin a new war; they will have justice on their side in contending for their liberty, and the gods, who are enemies of tyranny, will fight for them; if the gods take their part, you will certainly, sooner or later, be confounded, and all your prosperity vanish like smoke; wisdom and counsef will be taken away from your commanders, courage from your soldiers, and fertility from your lands; you will flatter yourselves with vain expectations; you will be rash and unadvised in your undertakings; you will silence honest men that shall offer to tell you the truth; your fall will be sudden, and it will be said of you, are these the flourishing nations that were to give laws to all the world? see how they fly before their enemies, and are the sport of others who trample them under their feet! this is the work of the gods; this is what such unjust, proud, inhuman people deserve! Again, consider, that if you of-

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fer to divide this conquest among you, you re-unite all the neighbouring nations against you. Your league, form'd to defend the common liberty of Hesperia against the usurper Adraustus, will become hateful ; and 'tis you that all the world will, with good reason, accuse of aiming at a universal tyranny. But admitting you prove victorious both over the Daunians, and all others, even that will be your destruction ; I'll tell you how :

Consider that this enterprize will disunite you all, because, not being founded upon justice, you will have no rule whereby to limit and settle each other's pretensions among yourselves ; every one will urge that his share of the conquest should be proportionate to his power ; none of you will have authority enough over the nations to make the partition peaceably, and this will be the source of a war, which your great-grand-children will never see an end of. Is it not much better to be just and moderate, than to follow one's ambition with so much danger, and through so many inevitable mischiefs ? are not profound peace, the calm and innocent pleasures that accompany it, the blessings of plenty, the friendship of one's neighbours, the glory that is inseparable from justice, the authority that is acquir'd in rendering one's self, by one's sincerity, the arbiter of all foreign nations ; are not these, I say, much more desirable things than the foolish vanity of an unwarrantable conquest ? O princes, O kings, you see I speak to you without any bias or self-interest ; hearken therefore to one who loves you so well as to contradict you, nay even to displease you by setting the truth before your eyes.

While Telemachus deliver'd himself thus, with an air of authority, which they had never seen in any other, and while all the princes with astonishment and rapture admir'd the wisdom of his counsels, there was heard a confus'd noise, which spread through the whole camp, and reach'd to the place where the assembly was held. A stranger, said they, is landed

on these coasts, with a company of armed men. This unknown person is of a lofty mein ; every thing in him appears heroick ; it is easy to discern that he has been long under the frowns of fortune, and that his high courage has made him superior to all his calamities. At first, the people of the country, who guard the coast, would have repulsed him as an enemy that was coming to make an invasion ; but, after having drawn his sword, with an air of intrepidity, he told them, that he knew how to defend himself if he were attack'd, but that all he desir'd of them was peace and hospitality. He immediately held forth an olive branch, as a suppliant : upon this he is heard ; he desires to be brought to those who govern in this part of Hesperia, and so he is conducted hither, that he may give an account of himself to the assembled kings.

Scarce was this discourse finish'd, when that stranger was seen entering with a majesty that surpriz'd the whole assembly. One might easily have taken him for Mars, when he assembles in the mountains of Thrace his blood-thirsty troops. He bespeaks the assembly in these terms.

O ye shepherds of the people, who are doubtless met together here, either to defend your country against it's enemies, or to enact the most righteous laws ; hearken to a man who has been persecuted by fortune. Heaven grant that you may never feel the like calamities ! I am Diomedes, king of Ætolia, who wounded Venus at the siege of Troy. The revenge of that goddess pursues me throughout the universe. Neptune, who can refuse nothing to the divine daughter of the sea, has deliver'd me up to the fury of the winds and waves, which have several times dash'd my ships in pieces against the rocks. The inexorable Venus has taken from me all hope of ever seeing again my kingdom, my family, and the delicious light of that country where I first saw the day at my birth. No, I shall never more see what I hold most dear in the world. I now am come, after numerous shipwrecks,

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wrecks, to seek on this unknown shore a little repose, and a secure retreat. If you fear the gods, especially Jupiter, who has the care of strangers; if you have any sense of pity, do not refuse me, in these vast regions, some corner, though it be of barren ground, some dismal desert, or some sharp craggy rock, that I, with my companions, may found a city there, which may be at least a melancholy image of our lost country. We ask but a small tract in some waste place, which is of no use to you. We will live peaceably with you in a strict alliance; your enemies shall be ours; we will espouse all your interests; we only desire the liberty of living according to our own laws.

All the while Diomedes was speaking this, Telemachus, with his eyes fix'd on him, shew'd in his countenance all the different passions which the human soul is capable of. When Diomedes first spoke of his long continued misfortunes, he was in hopes that this majestick person might be his father. As soon as he had declared himself to be Diomedes, Telemachus's countenance fell like a beauteous flower which the cruel north-wind had just blasted with it's pernicious breath. Afterwards, Diomedes, complaining of the implacable anger of a deity, begot in him a compassionate and tender remembrance of the like misfortunes suffer'd by his father and himself: his cheeks ran down with tears mix'd with grief and joy, and he instantly flew to Diomedes to embrace him.

I am, said he, the son of Ulysses, whom you once knew, and who was not unuseful to you, when you took the famous horses of Rhesus. The gods have treated him, as well as you, unmercifully. If there be any truth in the oracle of Erebus, he is still alive: but, alas! he is not alive to me. I left Ithaca to seek him, and now I can neither see him nor Ithaca again. Judge by my misfortunes, what compassion I must have for your's. The advantage that misfortunes bring along with them, is to teach us to sym-

pathize with others in their troubles. Though I am but a stranger here, yet am I able, O great Diomedes, (for notwithstanding the misery that overwhelm'd my country when I was a child, I have not been so ill educated, as to be ignorant of your glorious feats in war) I am able, O most invincible of all the Greeks next Achilles, to procure you some relief. These princes, whom you see here, are persons of humanity, without which they very well know there is neither virtue, nor true courage, nor solid glory. Misfortunes add a new lustre to the glory of great men. There is something wanting in them, before they have been in adversity. Their lives, till then, afford not examples of patience and firmness of mind. Distress'd virtue melts all hearts that have any relish for virtue. Leave to us, therefore, the care of comforting you; since the gods have sent you to us, we look upon you as a present they intended us, and ought to esteem ourselves happy that we are able to mitigate your sorrows.

While he was thus speaking, Diomedes look'd on him with wonder and amazement, and felt his heart leap within him. They embraced each other as if they had long been united in the closest bands of friendship. O worthy son of the sage Ulysses, said Diomedes, I find in you the sweetnes of his countenance, the gracefulness of his discourse, his commanding eloquence, his noble sentiments, and his wise thoughts.

Mean while Philoctetes likewise embraced the great son of Tydeus: they related to each other their melancholy adventures. Then said Philoctetes to him, I doubt not but you will be glad to see again the wise Nestor; he has just lost Pisistratus, the last of his children, and now there is nothing more in life for him but a path of sorrow, that leads him to his tomb. Come then and try to comfort him; a friend, who is himself under affliction, is fitter than another to ease his troubled heart. They immediately repair'd to the

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tent of Nestor, who scarce knew Diomedes again ; grief had so depress'd his spirit, and disorder'd his sens'. At first Diomedes began to weep with him ; and this interview increas'd the old man's sorrow ; but, by degrees, the presence of this friend asswag'd the trouble of his heart ; and one might easily discern, that his affliction was, in some measure, suspended by the secret pleasure of relating what he himself had suffer'd, and of hearing, on the other side, what had befall'n Diomedes.

Whilst they were thus conversing, the king, together with Telemachus, were debating what course to take. Telemachus, advised them to give Diomedes the country of Arpos, and to choose Polydamas for king of the Daunians, he being of their own nation. This man was a famous captain, whom Adraustus, through jealousy, would never employ, lest the world should ascribe the success of his affairs to that able commander, all the glory whereof he hoped to reap himself alone. Polydamas had often, in private, represented to him, that he too much exposed his own life, and the welfare of his country in this war, against so many confederate nations : he would often have advis'd him to have observ'd a more upright and moderate conduct towards his neighbours. But those men, who hate truth, do also hate such as are so bold as to declare it to them : they make no manner of account either of their sincerity, or their zeal, or their disinterestednes. A bewitching prosperity harden'd Adraustus's heart against the most wholesome counsels : rejecting them, he still triumph'd continually over his enemies. Haughtiness, fraud, and violence, constantly procured his prevailing arms the victory. None of the misfortunes which Polydamas so often threaten'd him with, befel him. Adraustus laugh'd at that timerous prudence which is always foreseeing inconveniences. He could no longer endure the sight of Polydamas ; he remov'd him from

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all employments of honour and trust, and left him to languish in solitude and indigence.

Polydamas was at first deeply affected with this disgrace ; but it soon bestow'd on him what he wanted, in opening his eyes to see the vanity of high fortunes ; he became wise at his own cost ; he began to rejoice that he had been unfortunate ; he by degrees learnt how to suffer ; to be satisfy'd with a little ; calmly to feed his soul with truth ; to cherish and entertain within himself secret virtues, which are far more valuable than the pompous and glittering ones : In fine, to know how to live without depending on men. He dwelt at the foot of mount Garganus in a desert, where a half-arch'd rock serv'd him for a house ; a brook that ran from the mountain allay'd his thirst, and some adjoining trees afforded him their fruits for food. He had two slaves that cultivated a little spot of ground for him, in which he wrought likewise with his own hands ; the ground repaid his toil with great increase, not suffering him to want any thing : he had not only fruit and pulse in abundance, but all sorts of fragrant flowers besides. There he bewail'd the unhappiness of those people who are hurried on to their destruction, by the senseless ambition of a tyrannical prince ; there he every day expected that the just gods, though patient for a while, would at length crush the impious Adraustus. The more his prosperity increas'd, the nearer he thought his irrecoverable fall approach'd ; for imprudence, when it is successful in it's errors, and power, when advanc'd to the highest pitch of absolute authority, are the forerunners of the downfall of kings and kingdoms. When he was inform'd of the overthrow and death of Adraustus, he shew'd no signs of joy, either for having foreseen it, or for being rescu'd from tyranny : he only sigh'd for fear of seeing the Daunians in a state of slavery.

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Book XXI. of *TELEMACHUS.* 189

This is the man Telemachus propos'd for their king : he had for some time known his courage and valour ; for Telemachus, according to Mentor's advice, was incessantly making inquiry of the good and bad qualities of all who were in any considerable employment, not only among the confederate nations who serv'd in this war, but even among the enemy. He made it his principal care every where to find out and examine, what men had any particular talent or virtue.

The confederate princes made, at first, some difficulty of placing Polydamas on the throne. We have experienc'd, said they, how much a king of the Daunians is to be dreaded by his neighbours, when he is a lover of war, and knows how to manage it. Polydamas is a great captain, and may be very dangerous to us. But Telemachus replied : 'tis true Polydamas understands war, but then he loves peace ; and these are the two things that are most to be desired in a prince. A man, who is acquainted with the calamities, the hazards, and difficulties of war, is much more capable of avoiding it, than another, who has no experience of them. Polydamas has learn'd to relish the pleasure of a quiet life ; he condemn'd the enterprizes of Adraustus ; he foresaw their dismal consequences. A weak, ignorant, and unexperienc'd prince ought more to be dreaded by you, than a man who will look into affairs, and determine every thing himself ; a weak and ignorant prince will see nothing but by the eyes of a giddy favourite, or of a flattering, turbulent, and ambitious minister ; so that a prince thus blinded, will engage himself in a war, even though he has no mind to it ; and you can never be sure of him, because he cannot be sure of himself ; he will falsify his word to you ; he will soon reduce you to such extremities, that you must either ruin him or he you. Is it not more advantageous, more safe, and at the same time more just and generous,

rous to make a faithful return to the confidence the Daunians place in you, and to give them a king worthy to command them ?

This speech convinc'd the whole assembly : there-upon a message was sent to propose Polydamas to the Daunians, who were impatiently waiting for an answer. When they heard the name of Polydamas, they replied, we are now satisfied that the confederate princes will act sincerely by us, and perpetuate the peace with us, since they are willing to grant us a man so virtuous, and so capable of governing us, to be our king. If they had proposed to us a cowardly, effeminate, and ignorant person, we should have thought they aim'd only at depressing us, and corrupting the form of our government : we should have secretly harbour'd in our breasts a deep resentment of so ill-natur'd and fraudulent a piece of conduct ? but their choice of Polydamas is a sure indication of real candour. The confederates, without doubt, expect nothing from us but what is just and honourable, since they grant us a king, who is incapable of doing any thing against the liberty and glory of our nation. And we, in like manner, do protest, in presence of the just gods, that rivers shall sooner run back to their fountain-heads, than we will cease to love so benevolent a people. May our latest posterity remember the benefit we this day receive, and may they never forget to renew, from generation to generation, the peace of the golden age in all the borders of Hesperia.

Telemachus, after this, proposed to them to bestow on Diomedes the fields of Arpos, to plant a colony there. This new people, said he to them, will be obliged to you for their settlement in a country which you don't cultivate. Remember that all men owe each other reciprocal love ; that the earth is too large for them ; that they cannot be without neighbours ; and that 'tis best to have such as are indebted to us for their establishment. Compassionate the misfortunes of a king who cannot return into his own country.

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Polydamas and he, being united together by the bands of justice and virtue, which are the only durable ones, will preserve you in profound peace, and render you formidable to all the neighbouring nations, that might entertain thoughts of aggrandizing themselves. Ye see, O ye Daunians, that we have bestow'd on you a king capable of raising your glory to the skies ; do you, therefore, on your part, give up a piece of ground that is useless to you, since we ask it of you, for a king who deserves all manner of relief.

The Daunians replied, that they could deny Telemachus nothing, since it was he that had procur'd them Polydamas for their king. They immediately went to fetch him from his solitude, and to place him upon the throne. But before they parted, they granted the fertile plains of Arpos to Diomedes, to found a new kingdom there. The confederates were overjoy'd at this concession, because Diomedes's colony of Greeks would add a considerable weight to the confederate forces, if ever the Daunians should renew those usurpations, of which Adraustus had set so ill an example.

All the princes were now for separating. Telemachus, with tears in his eyes, departs with his men, after having tenderly embrac'd the valiant Diomedes, the wise and inconsolable Nestor, and the fam'd Philoctetes, the worthy inheritor of Hercules's arrows.

The END of the TWENTY-FIRST BOOK.

THE

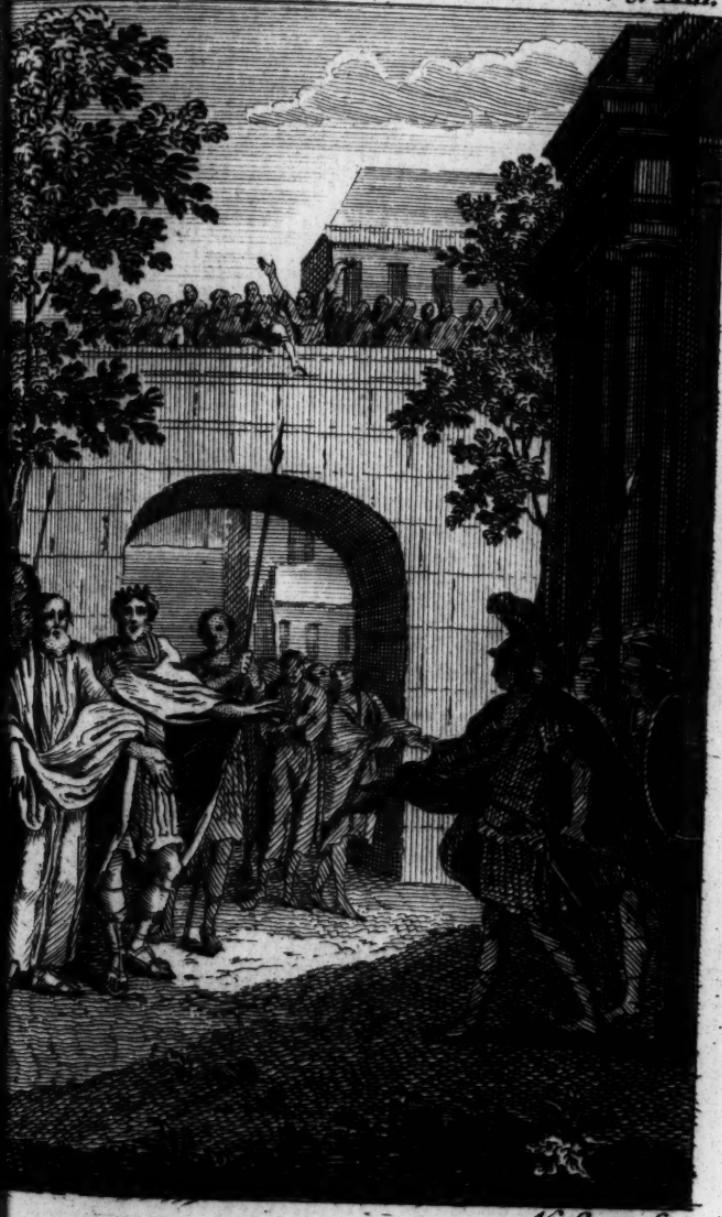
THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS.
BOOK XXII.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus arriving at Salentum, is surpriz'd to see the country round it so well cultivated, and to find so little magnificence in the city. Mentor acquaints him with the reasons of that change; makes him sensible of the faults which usually binder a state from flourishing; and proposes to him the conduct and government of Idomeneus, as a pattern for his imitation. After this, Telemachus opens his heart to Mentor, concerning his inclination to marry Antiope, that king's daughter. Mentor joins with him in commending her good qualities; assures him, that the gods design'd her for him; but that, for the present, he ought to think on nothing but to depart for Ithaca;

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Book X

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Ithaca, in order to deliver Penelope from the persecution of her lovers.



HE young son of Ulysses burn'd with impatience to see Mentor again at Salentum, and to take shipping with him for Ithaca, where he hop'd his father might e'er this be arriv'd. As he drew near to Salentum, he was fill'd with amazement to see all the neighbouring country, which he had left little better than a desert, cultivated like a fine garden, and full of diligent labourers. He concluded, this must be the work of Mentor. Afterwards, entering the city, he observ'd that there were fewer artificers for luxury and the pleasures of life, and a much less appearance of pomp and magnificence than before. Telemachus was offended at this; for he was naturally fond of every thing that look'd gay and fine. But his mind was soon possess'd with other thoughts. He at a distance sees Idomeneus coming towards him with Mentor: this instantly fill'd his heart with joy and tenderness; yet, notwithstanding he had been successful in the war against Adraustus, he was afraid lest Mentor should not be well pleased with him; and, as he came forward, he consulted Mentor's eyes, to see if they intimated any thing that might give him occasion to upbraid himself.

First Idomeneus embraced Telemachus as his own son; afterwards Telemachus threw himself about Mentor's neck, and bedew'd him with his tears. Says Mentor to him, I am well pleased with you; you have been guilty of great oversights; but they have serv'd to make you know yourself, and to be hereafter diffident of your own abilities. Men often reap more fruit from their errors, than from their noblest achievements. Great actions are apt to puff up the heart and to inspire a dangerous presumption; whereas

a man's miscarriages make him recollect himself, and restore him the prudence which he lost during the run of his good fortune. What remains for you to do, is to praise the gods, and not to court the praises of men. Your performances have been great; but confess the truth; they can hardly be said to have been done by you. Is it not true, that they have been derived upon you like something adventitious and foreign, that was infus'd into you? and were you not like to have spoil'd them by your violence and imprudence? did it not seem to you as if Minerva had chang'd you into another man, even above yourself, in order to make you the instrument of her achievements? she held all your faults in close restraint, as Neptune, when he quiets the tempests, puts a stop to the raging waves.

Whilst Idomeneus was earnestly asking questions of the Cretans who were returned from the war, Telemachus gave attentive ear to the sage counsels of Mentor. After which he cast his eyes on every side with wonder, and said to him, What a change do I see? I do not rightly apprehend the reason of it. Has any calamity beslant this place while I was absent? What is become of that magnificence which reign'd in every part of it at my departure? I see neither gold, nor silver, nor precious stones; the people are meanly habited; the buildings, that are carrying on, are much inferior to the rest, both for dimensions and ornament; the arts droop, and the city is become a desert.

To this Mentor reply'd smiling, Did you take notice of the condition of the country round the city? Yes, answer'd Telemachus, I saw husbandry flourish every where, and the fields clear'd and cultivated. Which is best, added Mentor, a city pompous with marble, gold, and silver, with a country neglected and barren; or a manured fertile country, with a city ordinary in shew, and moderate in it's manners? A great city overstock'd with artificers employ'd in emasculating men's minds with the luxuries of life, when it is surrounded with a kingdom poor and ill-cultivated, is,

like

like a monster, who has a head of an exorbitant bigness, but whose body is extremely thin, and depriv'd of nourishment, so as to bear no proportion to the head. 'Tis the number of people, and the plenty of provisions, which makes the true strength and true riches of a kingdom. Idomeneus has now a people innumerable, and indefatigable in labour, who fill every corner of his country ; so that his whole country is as it were but one entire city, and Salentum but the centre of it. We have sent away from the city into the country the men that were wanting there, and were superfluous in the city ; and have besides invited great numbers of foreigners into this country. The more these people increase and multiply, the more do the fruits of the earth increase and multiply by their labour. And this so sweet and peaceable a multiplication enlarges his kingdom more than a conquest would do. We have rejected such superfluous arts only, as divert the poor from applying themselves to things that are really wanting, and which corrupt the rich, by occasioning pride and effeminacy : but we have not in the least wrong'd either the liberal arts, or such men as have a true genius to cultivate them. Thus Idomeneus is much more powerful than he was when you admir'd his magnificence : that dazzling splendor hid under it a weakness and a misery, which would soon have undermin'd his empire : now he has a greater number of men, and subsists them more easily : these men, who are accustom'd to toil, pain, and a contempt of life, through the love they bear to good laws, are always in a readiness to fight in the defence of those lands, which they with their own hands have improv'd. This state, which you think decay'd, will soon become the wonder of Hesperia.

Remember, O Telemachus, that there are in the government of a nation two pernicious things, which are scarce ever remedy'd. The first is, an unjust and too violent authority in kings ; the second is luxury, which vitiates the manners of the people. When kings

have accustom'd themselves to know no laws but their own absolute will, and to give no check to their passions, they may do any thing ; but, by this very power of doing any thing, they sap the foundation of their power ; they go by no certain rules, nor have they any fix'd maxims of government ; all vie who shall flatter them most ; they lose their people, and have nothing left them but slaves, whose number diminishes every day. Who shall tell them the truth ? Who shall set bounds to this torrent ? Every thing falls before it ; the wisest fly away, hide themselves, and groan in secret ; nothing, but a sudden and violent revolution, can bring back this exorbitant power into it's natural channel ; nay, oftentimes the very means made use of to reduce it, irrecoverably destroy it. Nothing threatens so fatal a fall, as an authority that is strained too high ; it is like a bow too much bent, which at last breaks on a sudden, if the string be not slacken'd ; but who is he that will dare to slacken it ? Idomeneus was corrupted to the very bottom of his heart, by this bewitching authority : his throne had been overturn'd ; yet he had not been undeceived. There was a necessity for the gods to send us hither to open his eyes, and to shew him rightly that blind and monstrous power, which does not befit the state of man : nay, there was a necessity for a sort of miracle to recover him from his delusion. The other almost incurable mischief is luxury. As too great an authority intoxicates and poisons kings ; so luxury poisons a whole nation. 'Tis commonly urged, that luxury serves to feed the poor at the expence of the rich ; as if the poor could not more profitably provide for themselves, by increasing the fruits of the earth, than by unmanning the rich by the refinements of voluptuousness. Thus a whole nation habituates itself to look upon the most superfluous things as the necessaries of life ; and thus every day brings forth some new necessity of the same kind, and men can no longer live without things which but thirty years ago were utterly unknown.

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unknow to them. This luxury is call'd fine taste, the perfection of arts, and the politeness of a nation. This vice, which carries in it's womb an infinite number of others, is commended as a virtue ; it spreads it's contagion from the king down to the very dregs of the people ; those of the royal blood are willing to imitate the king's magnificence ; the men of quality emulate the king's relations ; and the middle sort strive to equal those of quality ; (for who will condemn himself when he is in the wrong ?) The lowest rank of men would pass for a middle sort ; and every one lives above his condition, some for ostentation, and to make a shew of their wealth ; others through a mistaken shame, and to cloak their poverty. Even those who are so wise as to condemn so great a disorder, and not so wise as to dare to be the first to stem the tide, or to set contrary examples. Thus a whole nation falls to ruin ; all conditions and ranks of men are confounded ; an eager desire of acquiring wealth to support a vain expence, corrupts the purest minds ; and when poverty is accounted infamous, nothing is minded but how to grow rich. Let a man be learn'd, skilful, and virtuous ; let him instruct mankind, win battles, save his country, and sacrifice every thing to the good of the publick, yet he will be despis'd, unless his talents be heighten'd by pomp and luxury. Even those who have no fortune will appear and spend, as if they had : and so they fall to borrowing, cheating, and using a thousand mean arts to get money. But who shall remedy these evils ? The relish and customs of a whole nation must be changed ; new laws must be given them. And who shall attempt this, unless the king should prove to be so much of a philosopher, as to set an example of moderation himself, and so put out of countenance all those who love a pompous expence ; and, at the same time, encourage the wise, who will be glad to be authoriz'd in a virtuous frugality ?

Telemachus, hearing this discourse, was just like a man who comes out of a profound sleep : he felt the truth

truth of these words, and they were deeply engraven in his heart, just as a skilful statuary imprints what lineaments he pleases on a piece of marble, and gives it tenderness, life, and motion. Telemachus made no answer; but, revolving in his mind all that he had been hearing, he attentively survey'd the several changes and alterations that had been made in the city, and after a while he thus express'd himself to Mentor.

You have made Idomeneus the wisest of all kings; both he and his people are become new creatures; and it must be granted, that what you have done here is infinitely greater than all the victories we have lately won. Chance and strength have a great share in the successes of war; we must share with our soldiers in the glory of battles; but all your work is the result of a single head; and you must have labour'd alone against a king, and all his people, in order to correct them. The successes in war are always fatal and odious: whereas all I see here, is the work of a celestial wisdom; all is sweet, all is pure, all is amiable, all bespeaks an authority that is more than human. When men are fondly ambitious of glory, why do they not look for it in thus applying themselves to do good? How ignorant are they of the true nature of glory, who hope to acquire it in ravaging the earth, and spilling human blood! Mentor display'd a sensible joy in his face, to find in Telemachus such right notions about victories and conquests, at an age when it was so natural for him to be intoxicated with the glory he had gain'd.

After this, Mentor added: 'Tis true, all you see here is good and laudable; but know, that it is possible to do yet better things than these. Idomeneus checks his passions, and applies himself to the governing of his people with justice; yet for all this he commits a great many faults, which are the unhappy consequences of his former errors. When men are desirous to cease to do evil, evil seems still to pursue them. For a long

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time they still retain some of their bad habits, weaken'd powers, inveterate errors, and almost incurable prejudices. Happy are they, who never wander'd out of the right path ! For they may be able to do good, in a much greater perfection. The gods, O Telemachus, will require more from you than from Idomeneus ; because you have been acquainted with the truth from your infancy, and have never been abandon'd to the enchantments of too great prosperity.

Idomeneus, continued Mentor, is wise and knows a great deal ; but he applies himself too much to minute things, and does not enough meditate on the bulk of his affairs, in order to form proper plans. The excellency of a king, who is set over other men, does not consist in doing all himself : it is a gross piece of vanity to think to do any such thing, or to go about to persuade the world that one can do it. A king ought to govern by choosing and conducting those who govern under him : he is not to descend to particulars ; for that is doing the business of those who are under him : he ought only to call them to an account, and to know enough to be able to enter into, and discern the material circumstances of such an account. Sublimely to govern, is to choose fit persons into the administration, and to employ them properly according to their respective talents. Supreme and perfect government, consists in governing those who govern : It must watch them narrowly, try them, check them, encourage them, raise them, depress them, remove them, and always retain the absolute disposal of them. For a prince to examine every thing himself, argues diffidence, narrowness of mind, and a jealousy about mean matters, which consumes that time and freedom of spirit which is necessary for great things. To form grand designs, requires a free and sedate mind, that can think at it's ease, in an entire disengagement from transacting any affairs that are perplex'd and difficult. A mind exhausted by attending to particularities, is like the lees of wine, which

which have neither strength nor flavour: they, who govern by considering particular parts only, are always determined by what is before them, without extending their views to a remote futurity; they are always sway'd by the affair of the present day, and that affair being the only one that takes up their thoughts, they are too much affected by it; it contracts their minds; for no man can pass a sound judgment on things, without comparing them all together, and marshalling them in a certain order, that thereby they may be reduced to a proper connection and proportion. To fail in this rule of government, is to be like a musician, who, thinking it enough that he has hit upon harmonious sounds, never troubles himself to unite and accord them together, in order to compose a sweet and ravishing piece of musick; or, like an architect, that thinks his business done, provided he heaps together mighty colums, and abundance of well-cut stones, without thinking of the order and proportion of the several ornaments of his building. When the parlour is building, he thinks not of making a suitable stair-case; when the body of the building is in hand, he dreams not either of the court-yard or the gate; his work is nothing but a confused medley of pompous parts, which are not made to fit one another. This work, instead of doing him credit, will rather be an eternal monument of his shame; for it shews, that it was done by a workman who had not a sufficient compass of thought, to take in at once the general design of his whole work; which is the character of a low and inferior mind. When a man is born with a genius confin'd to particulars, he is only fit to act under another. Depend upon it, O my dear Telemachus, the government of a kingdom, requires a certain harmony like musick, and just proportions like architecture.

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Book XXII. of TELE MACHUS. 201

If you will give me leave to use once more the comparison of these arts, I'll make you conceive what ordinary understandings those rulers have, who bestow all their attention on some particulars of government. He, who in a concert of musick sings only some certain parts, though he sings them perfectly well, is no more than a singer; he alone is the master of musick who governs the whole concert, and at once regulates all the parts of it. In like manner, he that cuts the columns, or raises one side of a building, is but a mason; but he who contrives the whole edifice, and has all the proportions in his head, is alone the architect. So those, who take most pains, and expedite most busines, are such as have the least share in the governing part; they are no more than under-workmen. The true genius that conducts a state, is he, who, doing nothing himself, causes every thing to be done; he contrives, he invents, he foresees the future, he reflects on what is past, he distributes and proportionates things, he makes early preparations, he incessantly arms himself to struggle against fortune, as a swimmer against a rapid stream of water; he is attentive night and day, that he may leave nothing to chance.

Do you think, O Telemachus, that a great painter labours from morning to night that he may dispatch his work the sooner? no; such a constraint and drudgery would damp the brightness of his fancy; he would no longer work with spirit; all must be done irregularly and by sallies, according as his taste directs him, and his genius stimulates him. Think you that he spends his time in grinding of colours, and preparing of pencils? no; that's the busines of his attendants. His province is thought and contrivance; he studies nothing but to strike bold strokes, that may give a noble air, life, and passion to his figures; he regards the peculiar turn of mind of those heroes he is about to represent; he transports himself into the ages wherein they lived, and enters into all the circumstances

cumstances that ever attended them : to this kind of enthusiasm, he must join a judgment that must restrain his luxuriant fancy, that the whole may be true, correct, and proportionable in all it's parts. Do you think, Telemachus, that less elevation of mind, effort of thought, and true genius, is required to make a great king, than a good painter ? conclude then, that the business of a king is to think, to form great projects, and to choose proper persons to execute them under him.

Telemachus replied : methinks I apprehend every thing you have been saying ; but at this rate, a king would be often impos'd upon, by not entering himself into particulars. No ; 'tis you that impose upon yourself, replied Mentor : that which hinders a prince from being impos'd upon, is a general knowledge of government : those who have no principles to go by in business, and have no true knowledge and discernment of men, are always, as it were, groping in the dark, and 'tis mere chance if they don't mistake their way. They don't so much as know what it is they are looking for, nor which way they ought to steer their course ; they only know how to be distrustful, and they sooner distrust honest men that contradict them, than knaves that flatter them. On the contrary, they that have true maxims of government, and who are well skill'd in men, know what they ought to look for in them, and the means to find it. They perceive, at least in gross, whether the persons they make use of, are instruments proper for their purpose, and whether they enter so far into their views as to be able to hit the mark they aim at. Besides, as they don't concern themselves with tedious particulars, they have their minds more at liberty to survey at once the whole of the work, and to observe whether it advances towards it's principal end : if they are impos'd upon, it scarce ever happens to be in essential matters. Moreover, they are above those little jealousies that argue a narrow spirit, and a groveling soul : they very well

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well know, that there's no avoiding being deceived sometimes in great affairs, because they must make use of men for their instruments, and that men are often deceitful. More may be lost by the irresoluteness attending diffidence, than would be lost by suffering one's self to be in some measure impos'd upon. He is very happy who is deceived only in inconsiderable things; those of principal importance may still go on rightly; and this is the only thing that a great man should be concern'd for. A prince ought severely to punish deceit when it is discover'd; but a man that will not be really deceiv'd, must reckon upon meeting with some deceit. An artificer in his shop, sees all with his own eyes, and does every thing with his own hands; but a king, in a great state, can neither do nor see every thing. He ought to do these things only which no-body else can do under him: and ought to see nothing but what makes for the decision of important matters.

In fine, says Mentor to Telemachus, you are beloved by the gods, who are preparing for you a reign that shall be replenish'd with wisdom; all that you see here is intended, not so much for Idomeneus's glory, as for your instruction. All these prudent establishments, which you admire in Salentum, are but the shadow of what you shall do, one day in Ithaca, if your virtues correspond to your high destiny. 'Tis time we should think of going hence; Idomeneus keeps a ship ready for our return.

Hereupon Telemachus, though not without some reluctance and uneasiness, unbosom'd himself to his friend, and acquainted him with an inclination which made him loth to depart from Salentum. You will blame me, perhaps, said he, for too easily entering into engagements in the places through which I pass: but my heart would continually upbraid me, if I should conceal from you, that I love Antiope, the daughter of Idomeneus. It is not, O my dear Mentor, such a blind passion as you cur'd me of in the island.

island of the goddess Calypso : I well know the depth of the wound love made in my soul, when I was with Eucharis : I cannot even yet pronounce her name without concern ; time and absence have not yet been able to efface it from my heart. So melancholy an experience teaches me to be distrustful of myself. But as for Antiope, what I feel on her account, is nothing like the other : it is not an extravagant passion ; it is judgment, it is esteem, it is persuasion : O how happy should I be in passing my life with her ! if ever the gods restore my father to me, and permit me to choose a wife, Antiope shall be the person. What charms me in her, is her silence, her modesty, her reservedness, her assiduity in labour, her industry in works of tapestry and embroidery, her application in managing her father's house, ever since the death of her mother, her contempt of gaudy apparel, that forgetfulness, or rather that absolute ignorance of her own beauty, which appears in her. When Idomeneus commands her to lead up the dances of the young Cretan maidens to the warbling flutes, one would take her for smiling Venus, so many graces adorn her : when he carries her to hunt with him in the forest, she looks as majestic, and is as dextrous at handling the bow, as Diana amidst her nymphs ; herself alone does not know it, while all the world admire it. When she enters into the temple of the gods, and bears the sacred offerings on her head in baskets, one would think she were the very deity that inhabits the temple. With what awe, with what devotion, have we seen her offer sacrifices, and avert the anger of the gods, when some crime was to be expiated, or some dreadful omen to be deprecated ? in fine, when one sees her with the virgins around her, holding in her hand a golden needle, one would think Minerva's self were descended to earth in a human form, to inspire mankind with curious arts. She animates the others to work ; she renders their labours pleasant to them by the sweetness of her voice, while she sings the miraculous

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raculous stories of the gods; and she surpasses the most exquisite painting by her delicate embroideries. Happy the man whom kindly Hymen shall unite to her! He will have nothing to fear but to lose and survive her.

My dear Mentor, I call the gods to witness, that I am ready to be gone: I shall love Antiope as long as I live; but she shall not retard my return to Ithaca one moment. If another was to enjoy her, I should pass the rest of my days in sorrow and bitterness: But, in short, I am resolv'd to leave her, tho' I know my absence may occasion my losing her. I am unwilling to discover my passion either to her, or to her father; for I think I ought not to make a declaration of it to any but you, till Ulysses, reinstated on his throne, gives me his consent. You may know by all this, my dear Mentor, how vastly different this present inclination of mine is from that blind passion I had for Eucharis.

Mentor reply'd; O Telemachus, I allow there is a difference; Antiope is gentle, unaffected, and prudent; her hands despise not labour; she foresees things at a great distance; she provides against all contingencies; she knows how to be silent; she acts regularly without a hurry; she is continually employ'd, but never embarrass'd, because she does every thing in it's due season; the good order of her father's house is her glory; it adds a greater lustre to her than her very beauty. Tho' the care of all lies upon her, and she is charg'd with the burthen of reproving, refusing, sparing, (things that make almost all other women hated) she has acquir'd the love of all the household; and this, because they find not in her either passion, or conceitedness, or levity, or humour, as in other women. With a single glance of her eye they know her meaning, and are afraid to displease her: The orders she gives are plain; the commands nothing but what may be perform'd; she reprobates with kindness, and her reproofs are incentives to do better: her father's heart reposes itself upon her, as a traveller.

fainting under the sun's sultry rays, reposest himself upon the tender grass under a shady tree. You are in the right, O Telemachus, Antiope is a treasure worthy to be sought for, even in the most remote regions; her mind, any more than her person, is never trimm'd with vain gaudy ornaments; her fancy, tho' sprightly, is yet discreet; she never speaks but when there is an absolute occasion, and, when she opens her mouth, soft persuasion and genuine graces flow from her lips, The moment she begins to speak, every body else is silent; which throws a bashful confusion into her face; she could find in her heart to suppress what she was about to say, when she perceives she is so attentively listen'd to: for my part I have scarce ever heard her speak.

Do you remember, O Telemachus, when her father, one day, sent for her? She appear'd with her eyes cast down, cover'd with a large veil, and spoke no more than just enough to moderate the anger of Idomeneus, who was going to inflict a rigorous punishment upon one of his slaves. At first, she took part with him in his vexation, then she calm'd him, at last she intimated to him what might be alledg'd in excuse for the poor wretch, and without letting the king know that he was transported beyond due bounds, she inspir'd into him sentiments of justice and compassion. Thetis, when she sooths old Nereus, does not appeare with more sweetnes the raging billows. Thus Antiope, without assuming any authority, and without taking advantage of her charms, will one day manage the heart of a husband, as she now touches her lyre, when she would draw from it the most melting sounds. Once again I tell you, Telemachus, your love for her is well grounded; the gods design her for you; you love her with a rational affection, but you must wait till Ulysses grant her to you. I commend you for not having discover'd your sentiments to her; but know, that if you had taken any indirect methods to let her know your designs, she would have rejected them, and have

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lost her esteem for you ; she will never promise herself to any one, but will leave herself to be dispos'd of by her father : she will never take for her consort a man that does not fear the gods, and who does not acquit himself of all the duties that are incumbent upon him. Have you not observ'd, as well as I, that she appears less in sight than she used to do, and casts her eyes more to the ground, since your return ? she knows all the successes that have attended you in the war ; she is not ignorant either of your birth, or of your adventures, or of any thing that the gods have bestow'd upon you ; and 'tis this that renders her so modest, and so reserv'd. Come, let us go, Telemachus, let us go to Ithaca ; there remains now nothing more for me to do, but to bring you to your father, and to put you in a condition to obtain a bride worthy of the golden age. Were she a shepherdess on the frosty mount Algidus, as she is the daughter of the king of Salentum, you would be the happiest of men in the enjoyment of her.

The END of the TWENTY-SECOND BOOK.





THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS.

BOOK XXIII.

The ARGUMENT.

Idomeneus, fearing the departure of his two guests, proposes to Mentor several intricate affairs, assuring him that he could not settle them without his assistance. Mentor instructs him how he ought to act, and persists in his resolution to conduct home Telemachus. Idomeneus endeavours still to detain them, by inflaming the passion of this latter for Antiope, and engages them in an hunting-match, at which he orders his daughter to be present. She is in danger of being torn to pieces by a wild boar, but Telemachus rescues her. He afterwards finds in himself a great reluctance to depart from her, and to take his leave of the king her father: but being encouraged by Mentor, he conquers his passion, and embarks to return home.

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DOMENEUS, who fear'd the departure of Telemachus and Mentor, made it his whole study how to put it off. He represented to Mentor, that he could not, without him, adjust a difference that had arisen between Diophanes, priest of Jupiter Conservator, and Heliodorus, priest of Apollo, about the presages drawn from the flight of birds, and the entrails of victims. Why, said Mentor to him, will you meddle with holy things? leave them to the decision of the Etrurians, who have the tradition of the most ancient oracles, and are divinely inspir'd to be the interpreters of the gods. Only interpose your authority to stifle these disputes in their birth; shew neither partiality, nor prepossession; and content yourself with supporting the determination when made. Remember, that a king ought to be subject to religion, and never to take upon him to direct it. Religion comes from the gods, and is above kings. If kings meddle with religion, instead of defending it, they bring it under slavery. Kings are so powerful, and other men are so weak, that every thing will be in danger of being alter'd according to the fancy of princes, if they be allow'd to concern themselves with questions relating to sacred things. Therefore let the friends of the gods decide those things in full liberty, and confine yourself to the repressing of those who shall be refractory to their judgment, when pronounc'd.

Then Idomeneus complained how much he was perplex'd with a great many law-suits between divers private persons, which he was solicited to determine. Determine, answer'd Mentor, all new questions that tend to establish general maxims of right and justice, and to make precedents for expounding the laws; but do not take upon you to judge private causes; which would all come crowding upon you; you would be the only judge of your people, and all the other judges, who are under you, would become useless. You would

be overwhelm'd and tired out ; small smatters would take you off from great affairs, and yet you would not be able to determine all the circumstances of those petty causes. Beware therefore of throwing yourself into such a perplexity. Refer private causes to the ordinary judges ; do nothing yourself but what no other man can do to ease you ; and so you'll discharge the true functions of a king.

I am solicited likewise, said Idemeneus, to make certain matches. Some persons of noble birth, who have follow'd me in all the wars, and lost very great estates in my service, would think it a sort of recompence if they might marry certain rich virgins ; and I need but say one word to procure them those settlements. True, answer'd Mentor, it would cost you but one word ; but even that one word would cost you too dear. Would you rob parents of the liberty and comfort of choosing their sons-in-law, and consequently their heirs ? This were reducing all families to the most intolerable slavery, and you would render yourself accountable for all the domeslick misfortunes of your people. Marriages are in themselves full enough of thorns, without this additional bitterness. If you have faithful servants to reward, give them lands that are uncultivated ; add to them titles and honours proportionable to their condition and services ; and, if need be, small sums of money out of what you may have spared from the funds destin'd for your ordinary expences : but never pay your own debts by sacrificing rich maidens, contrary to the inclinations of their parents and relations.

Idemeneus soon passed on to another question. The Sibarites, said he, complain of our usurping some lands that belong to them, and giving them as waists to the foreigners, whom we have lately invited hither, in order to be clear'd and improv'd. Shall I yield to these people ? If I do, every body will think they may lay claim to what we have. It is not reasonable, replied Mentor, to believe the Sibarites in their own cause ;

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cause; nor is it just to believe you in your's. Whom then shall we believe? return'd Idomeneus. Neither of the two parties, continu'd Mentor: But you must choose for an umpire some neighbouring people, whom neither side can suspect of partiality, such are the Sipontines, who have no interest opposite to your's. But, answer'd Idomeneus, am I oblig'd to trust to an umpire? am I not a king? must a sovereign submit to foreigners the fixing the extent of his dominions? Mentor replied in this manner: since you resolve not to yield, you must needs judge that you have right on your side: on the other hand, the Sibarites will not abate of their pretensions, but maintain that their claim is indisputable. In this contrariety of opinions, either an umpire, chosen by both parties, must make up the controversy, or the cause must be decided by the sword: there's no other medium. If you should come into a republick, where there were neither magistrates nor judges, and where every family should claim a right to do itself justice by violence, in all it's demands upon it's neighbours; you would deplore the miserable state of such a nation, and be seized with horror at that dismal confusion, wherein all families should take up arms one against another. Now do you imagine that the gods would look with less horror upon the whole world, which is the universal commonwealth, if every nation, which is no more in it than a great family, should think they have a full right to do themselves justice by force of arms, upon every claim they advance against the other neighbouring nations? A private man, who possesses a field, as an inheritance from his ancestors, cannot yet maintain himself in the possession of it, but by the authority of the laws, and the decree of the magistrate; and he would be severely punished, as a seditious person, if he should go about to preserve by open force what he has a right to. Do you think that kings may immediately employ violent means to maintain their pretensions, without having first tried all possible methods of gentleness and humanity? ought not

not justice to be far more sacred and inviolable to kings, with regard to whole countries, than to private families, with respect to some plough'd lands? shall a man be accounted unjust, and a plunderer, for seizing only a few acres of ground, and another man esteem'd just and pass for a hero, for usurping whole provinces? if men are apt to be prepossess'd, mistaken, and blinded in the little interests of private persons, ought they not to be more afraid of flattering themselves, and being blindly partial in the great interests of state? shall a man depend upon his own judgment in a matter wherein he has so much reason to distrust himself? and shall he not dread being deceiv'd in a case where the error of one man is attended with dreadful consequences? the error of a king who is mistaken in his pretensions, oftentimes occasions ravages, famines, massacres, ruins, and depravations of manners, whose fatal effects reach to the remotest posterity. Shall a king, who is always surrounded with flatterers, not be afraid of being flattered on such occasions? if he agrees upon an umpire for determining the difference, he shews his equity, upright dealing, and moderation; he publishes the solid reasons on which his cause is grounded; the umpire who is chosen is only an amicable mediator, and not a severe judge; his decisions are not blindly submitted to, but a great deference is paid to him. He does not pronounce sentence as supreme judge; but makes proposals to both parties, who, through his counsels, sacrifice something for the sake of peace. If a war happens, notwithstanding all the care a prince takes for the preservation of peace, he has then, at least, on his part, the testimony of a good conscience, the esteem of his neighbours, and the just protection of the gods. Idomeneus, moved with this discourse, consented that the Sipontines should be mediators between him and the Sibarites.

Then the king finding that all the means he had used to detain the two strangers had proved ineffectual,

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tual, endeavoured to stay them by a stronger tie. He had taken notice, that Telemachus was in love with Antiope, and so he hoped to retain him by this passion. In this view, he caused her several times to sing at feasts and entertainments, which she did in obedience to her father's commands, but with such a modest and melancholy air, that it was easy to perceive what pain she suffer'd in obeying. Idomeneus went so far as to desire her to sing the victory gained over the Daunians and Adraustus; but she could not be prevail'd with to sing the praises of Telemachus; she respectfully excused herself, and her father did not think fit to constrain her. Her soft and moving voice penetrated the heart of the young son of Ulysses, so that he was all in a rapture. Idomeneus, who kept his eyes fix'd upon him, had the pleasure to observe the disorder he was in; but Telemachus made as if he did not perceive the king's design. He could not, on such an occasion, forbear being extremely moved; but reason in him was superior to sense, and he was now no longer the same Telemachus, who had formerly been captivated by a tyrannical passion in the island of the goddess Calypso. Whilst Antiope was singing, he kept a deep silence; as soon as she had done, he hasten'd to turn the discourse upon some other subject.

The king, not being able to compass his design that way, resolv'd at last, to have a great hunting-match, and to make his daughter share the diversion of it. Antiope, being unwilling to go, fell a weeping: but her father's absolute commands must be obey'd. Hereupon, she mounts a foaming fiery horse, like one of those which Castor tamed for battle; she manages him with ease; a shining troop of young virgins joyfully attend her; she appears in the midst of them like Diana in the forests. The king saw her, and his eyes could never be satiated whith the sight of her, which made him forget all his past misfortunes. Telemachus saw her likewise,

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and is still more charmed with the modesty of Antiope, than with her dexterity, and all her graces. And now the dogs are upon the chace of a wild boar of a vast bigness, and fierce as that of Calydon ; his long bristles were hard, and stuck up like pointed darts ; his glaring eyes were full of blood and fire ; the noise of his breathing was heard afar off, like the hollow sound of rebellious winds, when, in order to allay the storm, Æolus calls them back into his deep cavern ; his long tushes, crooked as the reaper's keen sickle, were able to cut through the trunk of a tree. All the dogs, that durst come near him, were torn to pieces. The boldest huntsmen, who pursu'd him, were afraid of overtaking him : but Antiope, who rode as swift as the winds, was not afraid closely to attack him. She flings at him a dart that pierces him above the shoulder : the blood of the fierce beast streams out and renders him more furious ; he turns towards her who gave the wound. Immediately Antiope's steed, in spight of his courage and mettle, shudders and starts back ; the monstrous wild boar rushes upon him, like those heavy machines that shake the walls of the strongest towns. The courser staggers, and is borne down ; Antiope finds herself on the ground, unable to avoid the fatal tush of the beast animated against her. But Telemachus, attentive to the danger Antiope was in, had already dismounted ; swifter than lightning, he runs between the fallen horse and the wold boar, who was just going to revenge the loss of his blood ; he brandishes his long spear, and almost entirely buries it in the flank of the tremendous animal, which tumbles enrag'd to the ground.

Telemachus instantly severs his head, which still looks frightful, and astonishes all the huntsmen. He presents it to Antiope ; she blushes, and, with her eyes, consults her father, who having recovered his fright, is now transported with joy to see her out of danger, and makes a sign to her to accept the present. As she received it, she said to Telemachus, I thank-

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thankfully receive from you a greater gift than this, for to you I owe my life. She had scarce utter'd these words, but she was afraid of having said too much ; she cast her eyes down ; and Telemachus, who saw her confusion, durst not say more to her than this : Happy the son of Ulysses, in having preserv'd so precious a life ! but more happy still, if he could pass with you the remainder of his ! Antiope, without answering him, hastily rejoin'd her young companions, and remounted her horse.

Idomeneus would that very moment have promis'd his daughter to Telemachus : but he hoped to inflame his passion yet more, by leaving him in suspence ; and even thought to detain him still at Salentum, by the desire of securing his marriage. Thus Idomeneus reason'd with himself ; but the gods mock the wifdom of men : for what he fancy'd would stay Telemachus, prov'd the very motive that hasten'd his departure. What he began to feel, gave him a just distrust of himself : Mentor, on the other hand, redoubled his care to inspire him with an impatient desire of returning to Ithaca, and at the same time press'd Idomeneus to give him leave to depart. The ship was now ready. Thus Mentor, who regulated every moment of Telemachus's life, in order to raise him to the highest pitch of glory, staid him nowhere but just so long as was necessary to exercise his virtue, and make him acquire experience. Mentor had taken care to provide the vessel, immediately after Telemachus's arrival. But Idomeneus, who could not without great reluctance, see them prepare for their voyage, fell into a mortal sorrow, and a most deplorable melancholy, when he saw his two guests who had been so helpful to him, ready to forsake him. He shut himself up in the most retir'd apartments of his house ; there he eas'd his heart in sighing and pouring out floods of tears : he forgot to eat ; sleep no longer charm'd his piercing sorrows ; he pin'd away, he wither'd in this uneasy condition, like a vast

vast tree which covers the earth with the shadow of it's thick boughs, when a worm begins to gnaw the stock of it, in those refin'd channels through which the sap is convey'd to nourish it : this tree, which the winds were never able to loosen ; which the fruitful earth took delight to nourish in her bosom ; and which the woodman's axe had always spared with reverence, yet now languishes and droops, while the cause of it's decay lies undiscovered ; it fades, and sheds it's leaves that were it's glory and ornament ; it has now nothing to shew but it's trunk, cover'd with a bark that gapes with frequent flaws, together with dry and sapless branches. Thus fared it with Idomeneus in his grief.

Telemachus was melted, but durst not speak to him ; he dreaded the day of departure ; he sought pretexts to retard it ; and had continu'd a long time irresolute, if Mentor had not thus spoke to him : I am glad to see this change in you ; you were naturally rugged and haughty, not suffering yourself to be mov'd by any thing but your own conveniences and advantage ; but you are at length humaniz'd, and by the experience of your own misfortunes ; you begin to compassionate those of others. Without this sympathy a man has neither goodness nor virtue, nor capacity to govern others ; but you must not carry it too far, nor fall into a weak unmanly tenderness. I would willingly speak to Idomeneus, to get his consent for your departure, and would save you the trouble of so melancholy a conversation ; but I would not have either an unbecoming shame or timidity over-rule your heart : you must accustom yourself to blend courage and firmness of mind, with a tender and sensible friendship ; you should fear to afflict men without an unavoidable necessity ; you should take part in their troubles, when you cannot avoid making them uneasy, and soften as much as you can the severity of the blow, which it is impossible for you entirely to with-hold.

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It is for that very reason, answers Telemachus, that I would rather Idomeneus knew the time of our departure from your mouth than mine.

To this Mentor immediately replied : you are deceiv'd : my dear Telemachus, you are like the children of kings, who are tenderly brought up in purple ; they expect every thing to be done their own way, and would have the whole system of nature pay obedience to their humours ; and yet have not resolution enough to oppose any one to his face. Not that they care so much for mankind, or that they are tender of grieving them, out of a principle of goodness ; but they do it with an eye to their own conveniency ; they are not willing to see any sorrowful dissatisfy'd faces about them ; they are under no concern for the troubles and miseries of men, provided they are not before their eyes, or sounding in their ears ; discourses on such subjects are offensive to them, and damp their pleasure. To please them, they must be continually told that all things go well, and, while they are wallowing in delights, they are unwilling to hear or see or feel any thing that may interrupt their mirth. If there is occasion to reprehend, correct, or undeceive any one, to oppose the pretensions and passions of an unjust and troublesome man, they always employ some other to do it, rather than speak themselves with a gentle firmness of mind upon such occasions. They are ready to suffer the most unjust favours to be extorted from them, and spoil the most important affairs, for want of resolution to act against the opinion of those with whom they have to do every day. This weakness, which every body perceives in them, puts each one upon casting about how to make their advantage of it ; they tease them, they importune them, they tire them out, and, by thus worrying them, they gain their ends. They begin with flattering them, and extolling them to the skies, to insinuate themselves the better ; but as soon as ever they have wrought themselves into

their confidence, and are plac'd near their persons in some considerable authority, they lead them whither they please; they impose a yoke upon them, under which they groan, and are often inclin'd to shake it off, but still they wear it as long as they live. They are jealous lest they should seem to be govern'd by others, but yet are continually govern'd; nor can they tell how to do without it; for they are like those feeble vines, which not being able to support themselves, always creep round about the trunk of some large tree.

I cannot suffer you, O Telemachus, to fall into this fault, which renders a man so unapt for government; you, who are so tender as not to dare to speak to Idomeneus, will be no longer touch'd with his sorrows when once you are got out of Salentum: it is not so much his trouble that softens you; 'tis his presence that embarrasses you; go, speak yourself to Idomeneus; learn on this occasion to be tender-hearted and firm at the same time; let him know the concern you feel in parting from him, but let him know too, with a resolv'd air, and positive tone, the necessity of your departure.

Telemachus durst neither oppose Mentor, nor go to Idomeneus; he was ashame'd of his fear, and yet had not the courage to overcome it. He paus'd, then made a step or two, then immediately return'd, to alledge to Mentor some new reason for delay: but Mentor's look alone depriv'd him of speech, and put to flight all his fair pretences. Is this, said Mentor smiling, the mighty conqueror of the Daunians, the deliverer of great Hesperia, the son of the wise Ulysses, who is to be, after him, the oracle of Greece? he dares not tell Idomeneus that he can no longer put off his return into his country to see his father! O ye people of Ithaca, how unhappy will you one day be, if you have a king who is over-rul'd by an indecent shame, and who sacrifices his greatest interests to his weakness in the most inconsiderable matters? See; Telemachus,

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what a difference there is between valour in the field, and courage in busines : you did not fear the arms of Adraustus, and yet now you are afraid of the sorrows of Idomeneus : it is this that dishonours princes who have perform'd the greatest actions : after they have appear'd to be heroes in war, they shew themselves the meanest of men upon common occasions, wherein others support themselves with vigour.

Telemachus, convinc'd of the truth of these words, and stimulated with this reproach, went hurrying out, and would no longer give ear to his affections ; but he was scarce enter'd into the room where Idomeneus was sitting with down-cast eyes, languishing and overwhelm'd with sorrow, but they were both afraid of each other. They durst not look one upon another ; they understood one another without saying any thing, and each dreaded the other's breaking silence ; they both of them fell a weeping. After a while, Idomeneus, pressed with excess of sorrow, cried out, to what purpose is virtue courted, if she so ill requites those who love her ? after my weakness has been shewn to me, I am forsaken : alas ! now shall I relapse into all my misfortunes : speak no more to me of governing well ; no, I am not able to do it ; I am weary of mankind. Whither would you go, Telemachus ? your father is no longer among the living ; in vain you seek for him ; Ithaca is become a prey to your enemies ; they will destroy you if you return thither. One or other of them has married your mother ; therefore continue here : you shall be my son-in-law and my heir, and reign after me. Even during my life, you shall have here an absolute power ; and my confidence in you shall have no bounds. If you are not moved by all these advantages, at least leave Mentor with me, who is my only resource. Speak, answer me, harden not your heart, take pity on the most miserable man in the world. What ! are you silent ? ah ! too plainly I see how cruel the gods are to me ; I

felt it less severely, even in Crete, where I was so unhappy as to slay my only son.

At last, Telemachus replied, with a disorder'd and timorous voice, I am not at my own disposal; the Destinies recal me into my country; Mentor, who is endow'd with the wisdom of the gods, commands me in their name to be gone. What would you have me do? shall I renounce my father, my mother, and my country, which ought to be much dearer to me than they? being born to royalty, I am not destin'd to a soft quiet life, nor to follow my own inclinations. Your kingdom is more wealthy and more powerful than that of my father: but I ought to prefer what the gods design for me, before what you have the generosity to offer me. I should think myself too happy in having Antiope for my consort, even without any hopes of your kingdom. But in order to deserve her, I must go whither my duty calls, and my father must demand her of you for me. Did you not promise to send me back to Ithaca? Was it not upon this promise that I, with the confederates, fought for you against Adraustus? 'tis time for me to think of redressing my domestick misfortunes. The gods, who have given me to Mentor, have also given Mentor to the son of Ulysses, to make him fulfil the decrees of fate. Would you have me lose Mentor, after having lost all things besides? I have now neither estate, nor retreat, nor father, nor mother, nor any certain country to fly to; I have only a wise virtuous man left me, who is the most precious gift of Jupiter: judge you yourself, whether I can forego such a treasure, and consent to be abandon'd by him? no, I would sooner die; take, take my life, that's a trifie, but take not Mentor from me.

As Telemachus proceeded in his discourse, his voice grew stronger, and his timidity vanish'd. Idomeneus knew not what to answer, and could not find in his heart to grant what the son of Ulysses ask'd of him. When he could no longer speak to him, he endeav-

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your'd at least by his looks and gestures to move his compassion. At the same moment he saw Mentor appear, who gravely addressed himself to him in these terms: Do not afflict yourself: we indeed leave you; but wisdom, which presides in the council of the gods, will always continue with you: do but believe yourself happy that Jupiter has sent us hither to save your kingdom, and to make you retrieve your errors. Philocles, whom we have restor'd to you, will serve you faithfully. The fear of the gods, the relish of virtue, the love of the people, and compassion for the unhappy, will always prevail in his heart: hearken to him, and make use of him without distrust or jealousy; the greatest piece of service you can derive from thence, is to oblige him to tell you your faults freely, without the least palliation. The greatest courage of a good king, consists in seeking true friends, who may shew him his mistakes. Provided you are endow'd with this kind of courage, our absence cannot hurt you, and you will live happy: but if the poison of flattery, which insinuates like a serpent, should again find a way to your heart, to prejudice you against the most disinterested counsels, you are undone. Don't suffer yourself to be overcome with sorrow, but resolutely yield to the guidance of virtue. I have told Philocles all that he ought to do for your assistance, and have caution'd him never to make a wrong use of your confidence in him: I can take upon me to answer for him; the gods have given him to you, as they have given me to Telemachus; every one ought courageously to follow his destiny, 'tis of no use to wail and lament. If ever you have occasion for my help, after I have restored Telemachus to his father and his country, I will come and visit you again; and, indeed, what can I do that can give me a greater pleasure? I neither seek riches nor authority upon earth; I am only desirous to assist those that seek justice and virtue. Can I ever forget those instances of confidence and friendship you have shewn me?

At these words Idomeneus was of a sudden quite alter'd : he felt his mind grow calm, like the sea, when Neptune with his trident quells the tumultuous waves, and the most lowering tempests. There only remain'd in him a quiet and peaceable sort of regret, which was rather a sentiment of tenderness, than an acute sorrow. Courage, confidence, virtue, and the hope of the assistance of the gods, began to revive within him.

Well then, said he, my dear Mentor, I find I must lose every thing, and not be discourag'd. At least, remember Idomeneus. When you are arrived at Ithaca, where your wisdom will crown you with prosperity, forget not that Salentum was the work of your hands, and that you have left there an unfortunate king, who has no hope but in you. Go, O worthy son of Ulysses, I will retard you no longer ; far be it from me to resist the gods, who lent me so great a treasure. And farewell Mentor, the greatest and wifest of all men, (if indeed humanity is able to do what I have seen in you, and if you are not some deity, under a borrow'd form, instructing the weakness and ignorance of men) go, and conduct the son of Ulysses, who is more happy in having you with him, than in having been the conqueror of Adraustus. Farewell both of you ! I dare speak no more ; forgive my fighs ; go, live, and be happy together. All that remains for me, is the remembrance that I once possess'd you here. O glorious days ! too happy days ! days, which I knew not how sufficiently to value ! days, which have too swiftly pasted away, and which will never more return. Never will my eyes again see what they now behold !

Mentor took this moment for their parting ; he embrac'd Philocles, who bath'd him with his tears, without being able to speak a word. Telemachus would have taken Mentor by the hand, in order to get away from Idomeneus ; but Idomeneus, making towards the haven, plac'd himself between Mentor and

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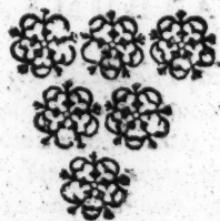
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and Telemachus. He gaz'd upon them ; fetch'd deep sighs ; he began to utter some broken words, but he had not power to finish them.

In the mean time, confused murmurs are heard upon the shore, which is cover'd with mariners ; the ropes are pull'd, the sails are hoisted, and a favourable wind begins to blow : Telemachus and Mentor, with tears in their eyes, take their leave of the king, who presses them, a long while, in the closest embraces, and still follows them with his eyes as far as he can possibly see them.

The END of the TWENTY-THIRD BOOK.



THE



THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS.

BOOK XXIV.

The ARGUMENT.

While they are at sea, Telemachus engages Mentor to explain to him several difficulties about governing a kingdom wisely; particularly how to know and discriminate men, in order to employ none but the good, and avoid being imposed upon by the wicked. Towards the end of their discourse, being becalm'd, they are oblig'd to put into an island where Ulysses was just landed. Telemachus sees and speaks with him there without knowing him. But after he had seen him embark again, he feels within himself a secret uneasiness, of which he cannot apprehend the cause. Mentor acquaints him with it, comforts him, assures him that he will soon rejoin his father, and tries his piety and patience, by retarding his departure to make



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make a sacrifice to Minerva. At last the goddess Minerva, till now concealed under the figure of Mentor, resumes her proper form, and makes herself known. She gives Telemachus her last instructions, and disappears: after which, Telemachus arrives at Ithaca, and meets again with Ulysses his father, at the house of the faithful Eumeus.



ND now the winds swell the spreading sails, they weigh anchor, and the land seems to fly from them; already the experienc'd pilot sees at a distance the Leucatian mountains, whose hoary head is hid beneath the storms and frosts of eternal winter; he likewise beholds the Acroceraunian hills, which still rear up their haughty brow to heaven, tho' they have been so often shatter'd by thunder.

As they sail'd, Telemachus said to Mentor, methinks I now conceive the maxims of government which you have explain'd to me. At first they had the appearance of a dream; but by degrees they unravel themselves in my mind, and present themselves clearly to me; as all objects seem dark at the first glimmerings of Aurora, and afterwards look as if they were coming out of a chaos, when the day, insensibly gaining strength, distinguishes them, and restores them, as it were, to their natural figures and colours. I am fully persuaded that the essential point of government, is to discern well the different characters and inclinations of men, in order to make a prudent choice, and to apply them according to their several talents; but I want to know how to acquire this skill in men.

To this Mentor answer'd: you must study men, if you would know them; and for that purpose, you must often converse and have dealings with them.

Kings

Kings ought to have frequent commerce with their subjects, to make them talk, to consult them, to make trial of them by small employments, that they may thereby know whether they are capable of higher functions. How, my dear Telemachus, did you in Ithaca attain your skill in horses ? it was by often seeing them, and observing their faults and their perfections, in company with men that had experience in them. Just so you should be often talking of the good and bad qualities of men, and make this the subject of your discourse, with other wise and virtuous persons who have long studied their characters ; you will insensibly learn what they are fit for, and what you may expect from them. Who is it that taught you how to know good and bad poets ? it was frequent reading, and reflection with such persons as had a true taste of Poetry. Who is it that procur'd you that judgment of musick ? it was the same application of mind in observing good musicians. How can any one hope to govern men well, if he does not know them ? and how should he know them if he does not converse with them ? to see them in publick, is not conversing with them ; for on such occasions there is nothing said on either side, but things indifferent and prepar'd with art. The busines is to converse with them in private, to draw from the bottom of their soul, all the secret resources that lie lurking there, to examine them on every side, and to sound them, in order to discover their maxims. But to judge well of men, you must first apply yourself to know what they ought to be : you should know what true and solid merit is, that you may distinguish such as have it, from such as have it not. People are continually talking of virtue and merit, without knowing precisely what merit and virtue are. These are only fair names, and loose insignificant terms, in the mouths of some men, who pride themselves in talking perpetually about them. You must be furnish'd with certain principles of justice, reason, and virtue, whereby to know them who are reasonable

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and virtuous : you must be acquainted with the maxims of a good and wise government, that you may distinguish the men who act by these maxims, from those who depart from them through a false subtlety : in a word, to take the dimensions of many bodies, one ought to have a fix'd measure, and in like manner, to form a right judgment, a man ought to have certain principles, to which all is reducible. He ought to know exactly what is the design of human life, and what end ought to be propos'd in governing mankind. This sole and essential aim is for a man never to covet authority and grandeur for his own sake, which ambitious desire, only tends to gratify a tyrannical pride, but to sacrifice himself to the infinite cares of government, in order to render men good and happy ; otherwise he walks at random, and gropes in the dark, all the whole course of his life : he goes like a ship adrift in the open sea, without a pilot, without consulting the stars, and without knowing any of the neighbouring coasts, and therefore cannot avoid being wreck'd.

Oftentimes princes, for want of knowing wherein true virtue consists, are ignorant of what they ought to look for in men : true virtue, they think, has something in it that is rough ; it appears to them to be too austere and independent ; which both affrights and puts them out of humour ; whereupon they turn themselves towards flattery ; and from that time they can no longer find either sincerity or virtue. From that time, they run after a vain phantom of false glory, which renders them unworthy of the true. They soon get a custom of believing that there is no true virtue upon earth ; for though good men very well know ill men, yet ill men cannot discern the good, nor bring themselves to believe there are any such in the world. Princes of this character cannot but distrust every body alike ; they hide themselves, lock themselves up, are jealous upon the least trifles, they are afraid of mankind, and make mankind afraid of them.

them. They fly the light, and dare not appear in their natural dispositions; though they desire not to be known, they can't help being so, for the malicious curiosity of their subjects dives into, and gueses at every thing; but they themselves know no-body. The selfish crew that besieges them, are overjoy'd to see them inaccessible to others; for a king inaccessible to men, is likewise inaccessible to truth. They blacken by infamous flanders, and drive away from the court, all such as are capable of opening the prince's eyes. Such kings pass their lives in a savage and unsociable kind of grandeur; wherein dreading incessantly to be deceived, they are always and inevitably deceived, and deserve to be so. When a man converses only with a few people, he enters into all their prejudices and their passions; even good men are not without their defects and prepossessions. Besides, a prince is at the mercy of tale-bearers, a vile and malignant tribe of men, whose food is venom; who poison the most innocent things: who make mountains of mole-hills; they will invent mischief, if none is ready made to their hands; and who, for their own interest, play with the diffidence and unbecoming curiosity of a weak and jealous prince.

Therefore, O my dear Telemachus, study men; examine them; make them talk one of another; try them gradually; be not blindly govern'd by any; profit by your own experience, when you happen to be deceiv'd in your judgment: for deceiv'd you will be sometimes. The wicked are too subtle and deep, not to impose upon the good by their specious pretences. Learn from hence, not to judge too hastily of any one, either well or ill; for both mistakes are very dangerous. But your past errors will afford you very useful instructions. When you find any man has a peculiar talent, and is withal virtuous, make use of him without reserve; for men of honour love to have their integrity taken notice of; they are fonder of esteem and confidence than riches; but take care

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care you do not spoil them, by giving them an unbounded power. Many a one has lost his virtue, because his master heap'd on him too much authority and wealth. He, who is so much belov'd of the gods, as to find in a whole kingdom two or three true friends, men of solid wisdom and stanch virtue, will soon, by their means, find other persons that resemble them, to fill up inferior places. Thus a prince may, by a few good men in whom he confides, learn what he cannot of himself discern in other men.

But is it advisable, said Telemachus, to employ ill men that have abilities, and are skilful in business, as I have often heard say it is? There is, said Mentor, oftentimes a necessity to make use of them. When a nation is in a ferment and disorder, there are often found unjust and designing persons in authority: they are possess'd of considerable posts, which they cannot easily be put out of; they have gain'd the confidence of certain powerful persons, who must be humour'd: nay, these very wicked men themselves must be humour'd, because they are to be fear'd, and have it in their power to overturn every thing. It is proper therefore to employ them for a time, but still with a design to render them useless by degrees. As for real and intimate confidence, beware of ever reposing it in them; for they may abuse it, and hold you fast, in spite of all you can do, by means of the secrets deposited with them; a chain more hard to be broken than any made of iron! Employ them in trivial negotiations; treat them well; engage them by their own passions to be faithful to you; for you can bind them to you by no other tie; but do not admit them into your most secret consultations. Have some engine always ready to move them at your pleasure; but never commit to them the key either of your heart, or of your affairs. When your kingdom comes to be quietly settled, and is under the conduct of wise and good men,

whom you may depend upon, these ill men, that you were forced to employ, will by degrees become useless. When that happens, you must not discontinue to treat them well; for ingratitude is never allowable, even with respect to ill men: But, at the same time that you shew them civilities, you should, however, endeavour to make them good. It is necessary to connive at some of their faults, as human frailties; but nevertheless you ought by degrees to resume your delegated authority, and repress the evils they would openly commit, if they were suffer'd in the administration. After all, there is an evil in the very good that is done by ill men; and tho' this evil often becomes inevitable, you should, however, endeavour by degrees to put a stop to it. A wise prince, who aims at good order and justice in all his views, will in time be able to lay aside corrupt and treacherous men, and do his busines without them. He will find a sufficient number of good men able to serve him.

But it is not enough for him to find good subjects in a nation, he should form such himself. This, answer'd Telemachus, must be attended with great difficulties. Far otherwise, reply'd Mentor: your application and diligence in looking out for able and virtuous men, in order to prefer them, excites and animates all such as have a talent and a spirit; so that they will all strive to recommend themselves to your notice. How many men are there that languish in an obscure and unactive life, who would become great men, were they excited by emulation and hope of success, to exert themselves in busines? how many men are there, whose misery, and the impossibility of raising themselves by their virtue, tempt them to do it by criminal methods? if therefore you annex rewards and honours to genius and virtue, what multitudes of your subjects will form and qualify themselves? but how many more will you form, in making them ascend, step by step, from the lowest to the highest

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employments? you will hereby exercise their genius, you will fathom the depth of their understanding, and discover the sincerity of their virtue: those that shall rise to the highest places will be such as have been brought up in the lowest, under your own eye. And, as you have observ'd them all your life-time, step by step, in their several employments, you will be able to judge of them, not by their words, but by the whole course of their actions.

While Mentor was reasoning thus with Telemachus, they perceiv'd a Pheacian ship that had put in at a small island, which was desolate and wild, and surrounded with frightful rocks. And now the winds were hush'd; even the gentle zephyrs seem'd to hold their breath; the whole sea became smooth like a looking-glaſs; the flagging sails could no longer give life to the vessel; the efforts of the rowers, who were now quite fatigu'd, became vain and useleſs; so that they were under a necessity of landing in this island, which was indeed rather a prodigious rock, than a habitable place. In other weather, less calm, there would be no approaching it without the greatest danger. Those Pheaciens who waited for the wind, appear'd no leſs impatient than the Salentines to prosecute their voyage. Telemachus advances towards them upon this craggy shore; he asks the firſt he meets, whether he had not ſeen Ulyſſes, king of Ithaca, in the palace of king Alcinous?

The person he thus accidentally accoſted was not a Pheacian, but an unknown stranger, who had a majestic air, but withal ſad and disconſolate: he ſeem'd to be full of thought, and ſcarce heard Telemachus's question at firſt; but at length he made this reply: You are not miſtaken; Ulyſſes was receiv'd in the paſſage of king Alcinous, as in a place where Jupiter is fear'd, and hospitality exercis'd; but he is not there now, and therefore it would be in vain for you to look for him there; he is gone to ſee Ithaca again, if the appeas'd deities will at laſt ſuffer him once again

to salute his domestick gods. Scarce had the stranger pronounc'd these melancholy words, but he ran into a little thicket that was on the top of the rock, from whence, with a sad aspect, he view'd the watry deep, flying from all the men he saw, and seeming troubled that he could not get away. Telemachus look'd wistfully on him, and the more he look'd, the more he was mov'd and astonish'd. This unknown person, said he to Mentor, answer'd me like one that is full of pain and anxiety, and hears with uneasines every thing that is said to him : I pity the unfortunate, since I am so myself ; and I find in my heart a deep concern for this man, tho' I know not why. He treated me but indifferently ; and scarce vouchsafed to hear and answer me, and yet I can't help wishing that his troubles were at an end. Mentor with a smile reply'd, You see what the misfortunes of life are good for; they take down the pride of princes, and render them sensible of other men's afflictions ; when they have never tasted nothing but the sweet poison of prosperity, they fancy themselves to be gods ; mountains must become plains to gratify their humour ; they look upon men as nothing ; they are for sporting with the whole frame of nature. When they hear any one speak of suffering, they know not what it means, 'tis all a dream to them ; they have never survey'd the vast distance between good and evil. Nothing but misfortune can give them humanity, and change their hearts of flint into hearts of flesh. Then they find they are but men themselves, and are taught to be tender of other men, who are like themselves. If your heart is mov'd with so much pity for a stranger, because you find him wandering on the shore like yourself, how much more compassion ought you to have for the people of Ithaca, if you shall hereafter see them suffer ! That people, whom the gods will commit to you as a flock to a shepherd, will perhaps become miserable through your ambition, or pride, or imprudence : for a nation never suffers, but through the errors and miscarriages

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of their kings, who ought to watch over them, to secure them from misery.

While Mentor was thus speaking, Telemachus was overwhelm'd with trouble and grief; but after a while he answer'd, with some emotion; If all this be true, the condition of a king is very miserable: he is a slave to all those he seems to command; he is not so much made to command them, as he is to serve them; he owes himself entirely to them; he is burthen'd with all their cares; he is the servant of all the people, and of each in particular; he must comply with their weakneſſes; correct them like a father; render them wise and happy: the authority he seems to have, is not his own; he can do nothing, either for his own glory or pleasure; his authority is that of the laws, which he must obey himself, to set an example to his subjects; properly speaking, he is only the defender of the laws, in order to make them reign: he must watch and labour to maintain those laws; he has the least liberty and repose of any man in his kingdom. He is a slave, who sacrifices his own repose and liberty to the liberty and felicity of the publick.

It is very true, reply'd Mentor; a king is made a king only to take care of his people, as a shepherd does of his flock, or as a father does of his family. But, my dear Telemachus, do you think him unhappy for having so much good to do to so many people? He restrains ill men by punishments; encourages the good by rewards; he represents the gods in thus conducting all mankind to virtue. Has he not glory enough in causing the laws to be observ'd? That of setting himself above the laws is but a false glory, and breeds nothing but horror and contempt. If he is a vicious man, he cannot but be miserable; for he can find no tranquillity amidst his passions, and in his vanity. If he be a good man he tastes the purest and most substantial of all pleasure in labouring for the cause of virtue, and expecting from the gods an everlasting recompence.

Telemachus, troubled within himself with a secret pain, seem'd never to have understood these maxims, although he was full of them, and had himself taught them to others. A melancholy humour gave him, even against his own sentiments, a spirit of contradiction and subtily, and made him reject the truths which Mentor expounded.

Telemachus oppos'd to these reasons the ingratitude of men. What! said he, shall we take so much pains to endear ourselves to those men, who perhaps will never love us, and shew kindness to such worthless wretches as will make use of the very favours they they have receiv'd, to do us a mischief. Mentor answer'd calmly; You must reckon upon meeting with ingratitude from men, and yet you must not cease to do them good; you ought to serve them, not so much for their own sake, as out of love to the gods who command it: the good that is done is never lost; if men forget it, the gods remember and reward it. Besides, if the bulk of mankind is ungrateful, there are always some virtuous men, upon whom your virtue will make an impression; nay, the very multitude, as fickle and capricious as they are, never fail at one time or other to do some kind of justice to men of real virtue. But would you hinder men from being ungrateful? Do not solely apply yourself to render them powerful, rich, formidable in arms, happy in pleasure; such glory, such plenty, such pleasures corrupt them; they make them but the more wicked, and consequently the more ungrateful. 'Tis making them a fatal present; 'tis offering them a delicious poison. But apply yourself to reform their manners, to instil into them justice, sincerity, the fear of the gods, humanity, fidelity, moderation, disinterestedness; by making them good you will prevent their being ungrateful; you will give them the true good, namely virtue, which, if it be solid, will always engage them to him who shall have inspir'd them with it. Thus, by giving them the true good,

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you will do good to yourself, and shall have no fear of their ingratitude. Is it matter of wonder, that men should prove ungrateful to such princes, as never employ'd them in any thing but injustice, boundless ambition, jealousy against their neighbours, inhumanity, pride, and treachery? A prince ought to expect nothing from them, but what he has taught them to do. But if, on the contrary, he labours by his own example, as well as authority, to render them good; he will find the fruit of his labour in their virtue, or at least, he will find in his own, and in the friendship of the gods, sufficient matter of consolation for all his disappointments.

This discourse was scarce ended, but Telemachus advanc'd with impatience towards the Pheacians, whose ship lay off the shore. He addressed himself to an old man amongst them, and ask'd him from whence they came, whither bound, and whether they had seen Ulysses? The old man answer'd; We came from our island, which is that of the Pheacians; we are going to fetch goods from Epirus; Ulysses, as you have already been told, has been in our country, but is gone from thence. Telemachus, immediately added, Who is that melancholy man, who seeks the most solitary places, while he awaits the going off of your ship? He is, answer'd the old man, a stranger to us unknown; but his name is said to be Cleomenes; that he was born in Phrygia; that an oracle foretold to his mother before his birth that he would be a king, provided he did not stay in his own country, and that if he staid there, the Phrygians would feel the anger of the gods in a dreadful pestilence. As soon as he was born, his parents gave him to some mariners who carried him into the island of Lesbos, where he was privately bred up at the charge of his country, which was so highly concern'd to keep him out of it. He soon grew tall, robust, agreeable, and dextrous in all bodily exercises. He also applied himself with a great deal of taste and genius to the sciences and liberal arts; but he could not be suffer'd to live in any country. The prediction

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concerning him grew so famous, that he was soon known wherever he came. In all places kings were afraid he should rob them of their diadems, so that he wanders ever since his youth, and cannot find any place in the world where he is allow'd to settle. He has often gone to countries far remote from his own; but he is hardly arriv'd in any city, but his birth and the oracle concerning him are discover'd. 'Tis in vain for him to hide himself, and to choose in every place some kind of obscure life: his abilities and talents, with respect to war, letters, and the most important affairs, ever break forth, they say, in spite of himself. There ever happens, in all countries, some unforeseen occasion or other, which draws him forth, and discovers him to the publick. His merit is his misfortune, for it makes him fear'd, and excludes him from all the places where he would inhabit. 'Tis his fate to be every-where esteem'd, belov'd, and admir'd, but thrown out of all the known countries of the earth. He is not young, and he has not yet been able to find any coast, either on Asia or Greece, where he might be permitted to live quietly. He appears to be void of ambition, and to aim at no fortune; so that he would be too happy, if the oracle had never promis'd him a crown. He has no hope left of seeing his country again, because he knows that if he did, he should only carry mourning and tears into all families. Royalty itself, for which he suffers, does not appear desirable to him; he pursues it, in spite of himself, by a sad fatality, from kingdom to kingdom, and it seems to fly from him, in order to mock that wretch till his old age. A fatal present of the gods which disquiets all his fairest days, and brings him only trouble and vexation at that time when infirm man wants nothing but repose! He says he is going towards Thrace, in quest of some savage nation or other that has no laws, whom he may assemble, civilize, and govern for some years; after which, the oracle being fulfill'd, no fear of him can be entertain'd in the most flourishing kingdoms,

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doms. He then intend to retire in freedom to some village of Caria, where he will addict himself to agriculture, which he loves passionately. He is a wise sober man, who fears the gods, has a thorough knowledge of men, and knows how to live peaceably with them, even tho' he has no esteem for them. This is the account people give of this stranger, whom you enquire about.

While they were thus conversing, Telemachus often turn'd his eyes towards the sea, which began to be in motion; the winds heav'd up the waves, which came dashing against the rocks, whitening them with their foam. At that very moment, the old man said to Telemachus, I must be gone, my companions cannot stay for me. Thus saying, he runs to the shore; they embark; nothing is heard on the shore but a confus'd noise, proceeding from the eagerness of the mariners to put to sea.

That unknown person, whom they call'd Cleomenes, had been wandering some time up and down the island, climbing to the top of every rock, and from thence surveying the immense space of the seas, with a profound dejection of mind. Telemachus had not lost sight of him, but watch'd every step he took. His heart compassionated a virtuous, wandering, unhappy man, destin'd for the greatest atchievements, and who was the sport of adverse fortune, far from this country. At least, said he to himself, I may perhaps see Ithaca again; but this Cleomenes can never return to Phrygia. And thus the example of a man, more unfortunate than himself, alleviated Telemachus's sorrow. At last, this man, seeing his ship ready to set sail, descended from those sharp-pointed rocks, with as much speed and agility as Apollo in the forests of Lycia, when having ty'd up his flaxen locks, he scours over the precipices in chace of the stags and wild boars. And now this unknown person is embark'd, his ship cuts it's way through the briny waves, and flies from the lessening shore.

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And now a secret impression of grief seizes Telemachus's heart ; he is uneasy without knowing why ; tears trickle down his face, and nothing is so pleasant to him as weeping. At the same time he sees all the Salentine mariners fast asleep on the grats ; they were weary'd and depreſſ'd ; a soft reſpoſe had gently crept into all their limbs, and all the humid poppies of the night were, by Minerva's power, ſtrew'd upon them in the middle of the day. Telemachus is aſtoniſh'd to ſee this universal drowsiſſeſs of the Salentines, while the Pheacians were ſo diligent to take the advantage of the favourable wind ; but he is yet more mindful to view the Pheacian ſhip almost out of ſight in the midst of the ſea, than to go to awake the Salentines. Aſtoniſhment and a certain ſecret uneaſineſsлаſten'd his eyes to that ſhip, of which he can now ſee nothing but the fails, which caſt a glimmering whitenefs from the azure deep ; nay, he is ſo intent, that he does not hear Mentor ſpeak to him ; he is in an extaſy, like that of the Menades, when they hold the thyrſus in their hands, and make their frantick ſhouts reſound from the banks of the Hebrus, and the moun-tains of Rhodope and Iſmarus.

At laſt, he began a little to recover from this ſort of inchantment ; tears trickled down again from his eyes : upon which Mentor ſays to him ; I do not wonder, my dear Telemachus, to ſee you weep ; tho' the cauſe of your ſorrow is unknown to you, it is not ſo to Mentor ; 'tis naſture that ſpeaks and acts in you ; 'tis ſhe that melts your heart. The ſtranger, who gave you ſo lively an emotion, is the great Ulyſſes : What an old Pheacian has reſlated to you concerning him, under the name of Cleomenes, is but a fiction, the better to conceal your father's return to his kingdom. He is going di rectly to Ithaca, and is already very near the harbour, and at laſt ſees again that long deſired place. Your eyes have ſeen him, as formerly was foretold you ſhould, but without knowing him : you ſhall

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shall soon see him and know him, and he shall know you ; but this the gods permit not out of Ithaca : his heart felt no less perturbation than your's, but he is too wise to discover himself to any mortal in a place where he might be expos'd to the treachery, and the insults of Penelope's cruel lovers. Ulysses, your father, is the wisest of all men ; his heart is like a deep well, his secrets are not to be drawn out of him. He loves truth, and never speaks any thing that wounds it ; but he never speaks it, unless there be occasion. Wisdom, like a seal, always keeps his lips shut from all unnecessary words. How often was he disorder'd in speaking to you ! How often did he lay a restraint upon himself, that he might not discover himself to you ! What anguish did he not feel in seeing you ! and this was the cause of his melancholy and sadness.

During this discourse, Telemachus, melting and disorder'd, could not refrain from pouring forth a torrent of tears. Deep sobs hinder'd him for a while from answering ; but, at last, he cried, Alas ! my dear Mentor, I found something in that stranger that strongly engag'd me to him, and caus'd a yearning in all my bowels. But why did you not tell me before he went away, that it was Ulysses, seeing you knew him ? why did you let him go without speaking to him, and without intimating that you knew him ? What is the mystery of this ? Am I always to be unhappy ! Will the incens'd gods for ever hold me, like thirsty Tantalus, whose greedy lips are still amus'd by the fugitive deceitful water ? O Ulysses ! Ulysses ! have you escap'd me for ever ? perhaps I shall never see him more ! he may perhaps fall into those ambushes which Penelope's lovers prepar'd for me. Oh ! had I follow'd him, then at least I had died with him. O Ulysses ! Ulysses ! even though you escape the fury of a fresh storm (for I have every thing to fear from adverse fortune) I tremble, lest when you arrive at Ithaca, you should meet with the same sad fate Agamemnon did at Mycenæ. But why, dear Mentor,

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did you envy my happiness? I should now have embrac'd him; I should even now have been with him in the port of Ithaca; and together should we have combated, in order to have triumph'd together over all our enemies.

Mentor replied, smiling, See my dear Telemachus, how the mind of man is form'd! you are under the deepest affliction, because you have seen your father without knowing him. What would you have given yesterday only to be assured that he was not dead? now, to day you are assured of it by your own eyes; and yet this assurance, which ought to fill you with joy, leaves you in bitterness. Thus the distemper'd mind of mortals always reckons for nothing, what they have most passionately desir'd, as soon as posses'd; and they are industrious in tormenting themselves about what they do not yet possess! it is to increase your patience, that the gods hold you thus in suspence: you look upon this time as lost, but know that it is the most useful part of your life; for these sufferings exercise you in the most necessary of all virtues, for those who are to command others. You must be patient, if you would acquire the mastery of yourself and others. Impatience, which seems to be the vivacity and strength of the soul, is only it's weakness, and an impotence to bear pain. He that cannot wait and suffer, is like one that cannot keep a secret; both of them want firmness of mind to contain themselves. As a man that rashly enters in the chariot race, and has not a hand strong enough to stop, at proper times, his fiery coursers; they cease to obey the bridle, they gallop headlong down a precipice, and the weak man, with whom they run away, is dash'd in pieces by the fall. Thus an impatient man, by his wild ungovernable appetites, is flung into an abyf of misfortunes; the more absolute his authority is, the more fatal to himself is his impatience: he will not wait; he will not give himself time to measure any thing; he forces all things to gratify

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tify his wishes ; he tears off the boughs to gather the fruit before it is ripe ; he breaks down the gates, rather than stay till they are open'd ; he will needs be reaping when the wise husbandman is but sowing ; all he does, in haste and preposterously, is ill done, and can have no more stability than his own desultory desires. Such are the mad projects of a man who thinks he is able to do every thing, and who gives the reins to his impatient desires, abusing his power. 'Tis to teach you to be patient, my dear Telemachus, that the gods so severely exercise your patience ; and seem to sport with you, by keeping you still in suspence in a wandering life. The blessings you hope for, just shew themselves to you, and then fly away like an airy dream, which vanishes as soon as a man awakes : and this is done to instruct you, that the very things you fancy you hold fast in your hands, may escape from you in an instant. The wisest lessons you can have from the mouth of Ulysses, will not be so useful to you as his long absence, and the sufferings you have undergone in seeking him.

After this Mentor resolved to put Telemachus's patience to the last and severest trial. At the very moment that the young man, full of ardour, went to press the mariners to hasten his departure, Mentor stopt him short, and engag'd him to make upon the shore a great sacrifice to Minerva. Telemachus obeys with docility Mentor's commands. Two altars of turf are raised ; the incense smokes, and the blood of the victims flows. Telemachus breathes forth tender sighs towards heaven ; he acknowledges the powerful protection of the goddes. The sacrifice was scarce ended, but he follows Mentor into the gloomy paths of a neighbouring grove ; where he perceives that, on a sudden, his friend's face assumes a new form : the wrinkles of his forehead disappear'd, as the shades of night

vanish when the rosy-finger'd morn unbars the gates of the east, and inflames the whole horizon ; his hollow and severe eyes were turn'd to a celestial blue, and filled with divine fire ; his grisly and uncouth beard was no longer seen ; noble and majestic lineaments, mixed with sweetness and grace, presented themselves to the eyes of the dazzled Telemachus : he saw a woman's countenance, with a complexion finer than that of a tender flower just opening to the sun ; where he beheld the pure lustre of the lily mix'd with blooming roses ; eternal youth flourish'd in her face, with a simple and unaffected majesty ; an ambrosial odour diffus'd itself from her flowing tresses ; her garment glister'd like those lively colours with which the sun, when he rises, paints the dusky arches of heaven, and the clouds that he has just gilt. This deity did not touch the ground with her foot, but shot fleeting through the air, as a bird cleaves it with his wings. In her powerful hand she held a glittering spear, capable of striking terror into the most warlike cities and nations ; Mars himself would have trembled at it ; her voice was sweet and mild, and yet strong and insinuating ; all her words were like darts of fire that pierc'd Telemachus's soul, and made him feel an unaccountable kind of delicious pain : upon her helmet appear'd the solitary bird of Athens, and upon her breast there glitter'd the formidable ægis. By these marks Telemachus knew it was Minerva.

O Goddess, said he, 'tis you 'tis you yourself who have youchsaferd to conduct the son of Ulysses, for his father's sake ! — He would have gone on, but his voice fail'd him ; his lips made fruitless offers to utter the thoughts that sprung impetuously from the bottom of his heart. The presence of the deity overcame him, so that he was like a man, who, in a dream, is so oppres'd, as to lose his respiration, and who, with all the vio-

lent agitation of his lips, is not able to form one word.

At length Minerva pronounced these words : O son of Ulysses, hearken for this last time : I never instructed any mortal with so much care as I have done you : I have led you by the hand through shipwrecks, unknown countries, bloody wars, and all the evils that can try the heart of man : I have shewn you, by plain examples, the true and false maxims of government : your errors have been no less useful to you than your misfortunes ; for what man can govern wisely, if he has never suffered any hardship, or has never made any advantage of the sufferings into which his faults have precipitated him ? you, as well as your father, have fill'd sea and land with your disastrous adventures : go, you are now worthy to tread in his steps : all that remains for you, is a short and easy passage to Ithaca, where your father is this very moment landing. Go, fight under him, and pay him the same obedience as the meanest of his subjects, to whom be you yourself an example. He will procure Antiope to be your bride, and you shall be happy with her, because you sought her for her prudence and her virtue more than her beauty. When you come to reign, place your whole glory in renewing the golden age : hear every body, trust but a few ; have a care of trusting your own self too much : fear to deceive yourself, but never fear to let others see that you have been mistaken. Love your people, and omit nothing to gain their love. Fear is necessary, where love is wanting ; but it should always be made use of with unwillingness, just as violent and most dangerous remedies are. Ever consider at a distance, all the consequences of what you are about to undertake ; endeavour to foresee the most terrible inconveniences ; and know that true courage consists in looking all dangers in the face, and in despising them when once they become necessary. He

that is unwilling to see them, has not courage enough to bear the sight of them unconcern'd: he that sees them all, and avoids such of them as are avoidable, and makes head against the rest, without any perturbation of mind, is the only wise and magnanimous man. Avoid luxury, pride, and profusion; place your glory in simplicity; let your virtues and good deeds be the ornament of your person and palace; let them be your life-guards; and let all the world learn from you, wherein true happiness consists: never forget that kings are not kings for their own glory, but for the benefit of their people: the good they do, descends to the most distant ages, and the evil they do, multiplies from generation to generation, even to the remotest posterity.

One ill reign sometimes proves the calamity of several ages. Above all, be upon your guard against your own humour, an enemy which you will ever carry along with you as long as you live; which will intrude into your councils, and which, if hearken'd to, will certainly betray you. Humour makes a man lose the most important opportunities; it gives him childish inclinations and aversions, to the prejudice of the greatest concerns; it makes him determine the most weighty affairs, by the most trifling considerations; it obscures and drowns all talents; debases courage; renders a man unequal, weak, abject, and insupportable. Ever distrust such any enemy.

Fear the gods, O Telemachus! this fear is the most valuable treasure of the heart of man; you will find it accompanied with wisdom, justice, peace, joy, refin'd pleasure, true liberty, delicious plenty, and unblemish'd glory;

I now leave you, O son of Ulysses, but my wisdom shall never leave you, provided you always remain sensible that you can do nothing without it. 'Tis time you should now learn to go alone. I parted from you in Egypt and Salentum, only to accustom you to be without

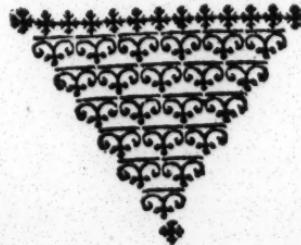
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Scarce had the goddess made an end of her speech, but she sprung into the air, and mantled herself with a cloud of gold and azure, in which she disappear'd. Telemachus, sighing, astonished, and transported, prostrated himself on the ground, lifting up his hands to heaven : Afterwards he went and wak'd his companions, hasten'd away, and arrived at Ithaca, where he found again and knew his father, at the house of the faithful Eumæus.

The END of the TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK.



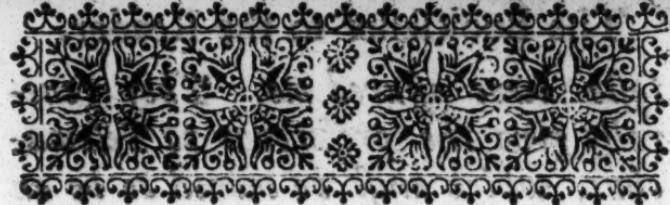
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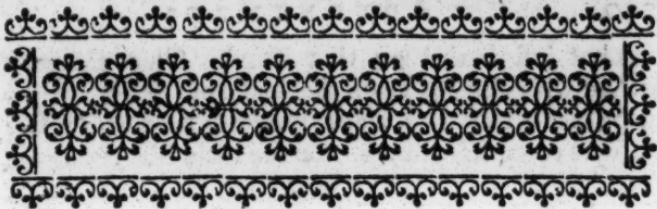
taste have assured me. They generally give the preference to *Telema-chus*, which must be owned to be an incomparable piece. The author of *Aristonous* has borrowed the hint, the style, and the moral from the former. So that if he has not the glory of the first invention; yet he has at least thus much to say in his own behalf, that he has found out the secret of imitating a man who seemed to be inimitable.



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T H E
ADVENTURES
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ARISTONOUS.



OPHRONIMUS, being depriv'd of the estate of his ancestors, by shipwrecks, and other misfortunes, comforted himself with his virtue, in the island of Delos. There, upon a golden harp, he warbled forth the wonders of the god that was worshipped in that place: he cultivated the Muses, by whom he was belov'd; he was curiosus in the searches he made into all the secrets of nature; he studied the motions of the stars and the heavens; the order of the elements; the structure of the universe, which he measur'd by his compass; the virtue of plants, and the formation of animals: above all, he studied himself, and endeavour'd to adorn his soul with virtue. This fortune, by abasing him, had advanc'd him to true glory, namely, that of wisdom.

Whilst he liv'd thus happily, without an estate, in this silent retreat, he one day espied upon the sea-shore, a venerable old man, a perfect stranger to him, who was

was but just landed on that island. This old man looked with admiration on the banks of the sea, wherein he knew that this island formerly floated, he cast his eyes upon that side, where the little hills, (always cover'd with a green and flourishing turf) had rais'd their heads above the sands and rocks. He thought he could never take a sufficient view of the crystal fountains, and rapid streams that water'd this delicious country : he advanc'd towards the sacred groves which surrounded the temple of the god ; he wonder'd to see it's verdure not so much as tarnish'd with the cold and boisterous winds ; and now he survey'd the temple of Parian marble, more white than snow, round which were lofty pillars all of jasper. Sophronimus was no less intent upon viewing this old man ; his silver beard waved gently over his breast, his wrinkled face had nothing in it of deformity ; he was still exempt from the injuries of decrepid old age ; a sweet vivacity sparkled in his eyes ; he was tall, and of a majestick mien, but somewhat stooping, and an ivory staff supported him as he walked. O, Sir, says Sophronimus to him, what seek you in this island, to which you seem to be a stranger ? if it be the temple of the god, you see it at a distance, and I am ready to conduct you thither ; for I reverence the gods, and have learn'd, that Jupiter requires we should succour strangers.

I accept, reply'd the old man, of the offer which you have so frankly and kindly make me. May the gods reward your love to strangers. Come, let us go towards the temple. In the way thither, he related to Sophronimus the occasion of his voyage.

My name, says he, is Aristonous, a native of Clazomene, a town of Ionia, situated on that pleasant coast, which runs out into the sea, and seems to join with the isle of Chios the fortunate country of Homer. I was descended of poor, tho' noble parentage ; my father, named Polystratus, who was already over-burthened with a numerous family, was not willing to bring me up, but caus'd me to be

exposed

exposed by one of his friends of Teos. An ancient woman of Erythrea, who lived near the place where I was exposed, took me up, and fed me with goat's milk in her cottage. But her circumstances being low, as soon as I was capable of doing any service, she sold me to a merchant that dealt in slaves, who carried me to Lycia. This merchant resold me at Patara, to a wealthy and virtuous man, nam'd Alcinus; and Alcinus took care of me in my youth. He found me to be tractable, sober, sincere, affectionate, and addicted to whatever useful thing they were willing to have me instructed in: he devoted me to those arts which Apollo favours, and made me learn musick, bodily exercises, and especially the art of chirurgery. I soon attained to a great perfection in that art, which is so necessary to human life; and Apollo, who inspired me, discovered to me a great many wonderful secrets in that way.

Alcinus, who loved me daily more and more, and who was ravish'd to see how successful his cares towards me had proved, enfranchised me, and sent me to Polycrates, the tyrant of Samos, who, amidst that incredible prosperity which he enjoyed, always feared, left fortune, which had smiled upon him so long, should at last cruelly betray him. He lov'd life, which afforded him so many delights; he was afraid of losing it; and was for preventing the very least appearances of evil; and hence it was, that he had always attending upon him the most eminent physicians that could be got.

Polycrates was very glad that I would live with him; and, to engage me the closer to his service, he bestowed great riches and honours upon me. I resided a long time at Samos; where I could not but wonder to see how fortune seemed to take a kind of pleasure in granting him whatever he desired. He needed only to begin a war, and victory would be sure to follow him: it was enough for him to will the most difficult things, and immediately they were done, as it were of themselves;

selves ; his heaps of wealth increased every day ; all his enemies were cast down beneath his feet ; his health was so far from being impaired, that it grew stronger and sounder. For forty years past had this peaceful and happy prince held fortune as it were in chains ; nor had she dared to vary in any thing, or caused him the least disappointment in any of his designs. Such an uninterrupted prosperity, so seldom heard of among mortals, made me concern'd for him ; I loved him heartily, and could not forbear opening to him my apprehensions, which made some impression upon his heart ; for tho' he was softened by pleasures, and puffed up with his grandeur, yet he had still remaining some sentiments of humanity, whenever he was put in mind of the gods, and of the inconstancy of human affairs. He permitted me to tell him the truth, and was so moved by the fear I had for him, that at last he resolved to interrupt the course of his prosperity, by a loss that he would inflict upon himself.

I am sensible, says he to me, that there is no man but what ought once, in his life, to suffer some flights of fortune ; the more he has been favoured by her, the more ought he to fear some terrible revolution. As for me, on whom she has heaped so many good things for so many years together, I must expect the extremest hardships from her, if I do not divert the storm that seems to threaten me. I will therefore forthwith prevent the treacheries of this flattering fortune.

No sooner had he said this, but he pluck'd a ring off his finger, of a very great value, for which he had a vast esteem ; he threw it, in my presence, from a high tower into the sea, hoping by this loss, to have atoned for the necessity of suffering, at least once in his life, the frowns of fortune. But this was a mistake into which he was blindly led by his prosperity : the misfortunes which one makes a matter of choice, and submits voluntarily to, are not real evils ; we are

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only afflicted by the forced and unforeseen miseries which the gods in punishment inflict upon us.

Polycrates was not sensible, that the true way of preventing the caprices of fortune, was, by prudence and moderation, to sit loose to all her transitory enjoyments. Fortune, to which he sacrific'd his ring, did not accept of that trifling victim ; and Polycrates, in spight of himself, seem'd to be more fortunate than ever. A fish had swallow'd the ring ; and the fish was taken, brought to the palace of Polycrates, dress'd up for his table, and the ring, found in the belly of the fish by the cook, was restored to the tyrant, who turn'd pale when he pereev'd that fortune was so obstinately bent upon favouring him : but alas ! the time drew near, when all his prosperity was at one stroke to be chang'd into the most dismal adversity.

The great king of Persia, Darius, the son of Hydaspes, enter'd into a war against the Greeks ; he soon subdued all the Greek colonies on the coast of Asia, and the neighbouring islands, which lie in the Ægean sea : Samos was taken, the tyrant conquered, and Orantes, who was commander in chief under that great king, having caus'd a high gibbet to be rais'd, ordered the tyrant to be hanged thereon. Thus this man, who had enjoyed such a prodigious prosperity, and who could not even attain to taste the misfortune he had voluntarily fought, fell from his glory on a sudden, and cruelly suffered the most ignominious of deaths. No men therefore are more in danger of some great affliction than those who enjoy too high a degree of prosperity. That same capricious fortune, which so cruelly sports with men of the highest station, does as often raise the most miserable creatures out of the dust. She had thrown down Polycrates from the top of her wheel, and brought me out of the most miserable of all conditions, to the enjoyment of great riches.

The Persians were so far from taking any thing away from me, that on the contrary they set a high

value upon my skill in curing the wounded, and greatly esteemed the moderation I had practised, during my being in favour with the tyrant. Those persons, who had abused his authority, and the trust he had repos'd in them, were punish'd after several manners ; whereas, for my part, I never did any man an injury, but, on the contrary, all the good I could. I was the only person whom the conquerors spared and treated honourably. Every one rejoiced at my fortune, for I was beloved, and had enjoyed prosperity without envy, because I never shew'd the least tokens of cruelty, pride, avarice, or injustice.

I lived quietly at Samos for some years longer ; but at last I perceived in myself a longing desire of revisiting Lycia, where I had spent my youth so pleasantly. I was in hopes of meeting there with Alcinus, who had brought me up, and was the first founder of all my fortune. Upon my arrival in the country, I understood that Alcinus was dead, after he had lost his estate, and suffered the miseries of old age with the utmost constancy.

I went and strew'd some flowers, and shed some tears over his ashes ; I placed an honourable inscription on his tomb, and enquired, What was become of his children ? They told me, the only son who survived, named Orcilochus, not being able to bear the thoughts of being poor in his own country, where his father had lived with so great splendor, went on board a strange vessel, intending to lead an obscure life in some remote island of the sea. They acquainted me farther, That Orcilochus within a short time after suffer'd shipwreck near the island of Carpathus, so that there was not one remaining of the family of my benefactor Alcinus. Immediately I thought of buying the house where he had dwelt, and the fertile fields round about, which he formerly possess'd. I was very glad to see again those places, which recalled to my mind the sweet remembrance of so pleasant an age, and of so kind a master. Methought

I was

I was still in the bloom of my tender years, wherein I had serv'd Alcinus.

I had scarce purchased this estate of his creditors, but I was obliged to go to Clazomene. My father Polystratus, and my mother Phidilis were dead; and I had several brothers, who could not very well agree with one another. As soon as I arrived at Clazomene, I presented myself before them in a mean dress, as a man stript of all he had, and shew'd them the marks with which you know people generally take care to expose children. They were startled to see the number of Polystratus's heirs increase, who were to be sharers in his small inheritance; they were resolved even to contest my birth, and refused to own me as their brother before the judges. To punish their inhumanity, I declared, That I consented to be as a stranger to them, and demanded that they should be excluded for ever from being my heirs. The judges decreed it should be so; and then I shew'd the treasures which I had brought along with me in my ship. I discover'd to them that I was that Aristonous who had acquired so much wealth under Polycrates of Samos, and that I was yet unmarry'd.

My brethren soon repented of their unjust usage of me; and, in hopes of becoming one day my heirs, used their utmost endeavours, but to no purpose, to insinuate themselves again into my favour. Their quarrelling obliged them to sell our father's estate; I bought it, and they had the mortification to see the whole patrimony fall into the hands of one whom they would not admit into the least share. By this means they fell into extreme poverty; but, after they had sufficiently smarted for their fault, I was minded to extend my good-nature to them: I pardon'd them, admitted them into my own house, and put each of them in a way to grow rich by merchandizing; I reconciled them all; they and their children lived peaceably together with me, and I became the common father of all these several families. By

their union and industry they soon got together considerable wealth. In the mean time, old age, as you see, comes upon me apace ; it has silver'd my hairs, and furrow'd my face ; and admonishes me, that I have not long to enjoy so perfect a prosperity. I was willing therefore, before I die, to see once more that country which is so dear to me, and which affects me more than my native soil ; Lycia I mean, where I had learned to be good and wise, under the conduct of the virtuous Alcinus. As I was upon my voyage thither, I met with a merchant belonging to one of the Cyclade Islands, who assured me, that there was still living at Delos, a son of Orcilochus, who imitated the prudence and virtue of his grandfather Alcinus. Immediately I quitted my design of sailing to Lycia, and hasten'd, by favour of Apollo, to find out in his island the precious remains of a family to whom I owe my all. I have but a short time to live ; the destinies, enemies to that sweet repose, which the gods so rarely grant to mortals, will soon cut the thread of my life ; but I shall be content to die, provided my eyes, before they are robbed of this light, can but behold my master's grandson. Speak then, O you, who are an inhabitant, as well as he, of this island, Do you know him ? Can you tell me where I may find him ? If you can, shew him to me ; may the gods in recompence grant you to see your children's children to the fifth generation : may the gods preserve all your family in peace and plenty, as the reward of your virtue.

Whilst Aristonous spoke thus, Sophronimus shed tears that flow'd from a mixture of joy and sorrow. In short, without being able to utter one word, he threw his arms about the neck of the old man, he embraced him, he grasped him close, and with much ado forced out these words, that were often interrupted by sighs.

I am, oh ! my father, the person whom you seek : you see Sophronimus the grandson of your friend Al-

cinus ;

cinus ; 'tis I myself ; and I cannot question, in hearing your relation, but that the gods have sent you hither to alleviate my misfortunes. Gratitude, which seems to be no more on earth, is lodged in your single breast. I had heard indeed, in my childhood, that a certain famous and wealthy man, residing at Samos, had been brought up by my grandfather : but whereas my father Orcilochus died young, and left me in the cradle, the knowledge I had of these matters has been but confused. I would not venture to Samos upon an uncertainty, and chose rather to stay in this island ; comforting myself under my misfortunes, by the contempt of vain riches, and by employing myself agreeably in cultivating the Muses in the sacred house of Apollo. That prudence, which accustoms men to be content with a little, and to be quiet, has served me hitherto instead of all other treasures.

Upon finishing these words, Sophronimus perceiving they were arrived at the temple, propos'd to Aristonous there to offer up his prayers and oblations. They sacrificed to the god two sheep whiter than snow, and a bull which had a crescent on his forehead between the two horns. Afterwards they sang in verse the praises of the god, who enlightens the universe, who regulates the seasons, who presides over the sciences, and who inspires the choir of the nine Muses. Having left the temple, Sophronimus and Aristonous spent the rest of the day in recounting to each other their adventures. Sophronimus received the old man into his habitation with the same tenderness and respect as he would have testified for Alcinus himself, had he been alive. The next day they set out both together, and set sail for Lycia. Aristonous led Sophronimus into a fruitful country, upon the banks of a river, in whose waves Apollo returning from hunting, cover'd with dust, has often bath'd his body, and wash'd his flaxen locks. Along this river they met with poplars and willows, whose green and tender boughs concealed the nests of an infinite number of birds, who warbled

forth their melodious notes both night and day : the river falling from a rock with great noise and foam, dash'd it's waves into a current that was full of small pebbles. All the plain was cover'd with a gilded harvest ; the hills that appeared like an amphitheatre, were set with vines and fruit-trees ; there whole nature was gay and smiling ; the air was calm and serene ; and the earth always ready to yield out of it's bosom new crops, to reward the labours of the husbandman. In going farther up the river, Sophronimus perceived a plain and middling house, but whose architecture was comely, just, and proportionable ; it had neither marble, nor gold, nor silver, nor ivory, nor was it furnish'd with purple ; but all was neat, agreeable, and convenient, without magnificence or pomp : a fountain spouted up in the midst of the court, and formed a small canal, with a green border round about it : the gardens were not large, but full of useful fruits and plants, proper for the nourishment of man. On two sides of the garden were two groves, whose trees were almost as ancient as the earth that bare them, and whose thick branches cast such a shade as could not be pierced by the sun-beams. They enter'd into a great hall, where they made a sweet repast of such provisions as nature furnish'd them with out of the gardens, wherein there was nothing of those sumptuous delicacies to be seen, which luxury inclines men to send for so far, and to buy at so dear a rate in the cities. There was milk as sweet as that which Apollo drew whilst he was shepherd to king Admetus ; and honey more exquisite than that of the bees of Hybla in Sicily, or of mount Hymettus in Attica : there were garden-pulse and fruits fresh gather'd ; wine more delicious than nectar copiously flow'd out of large vessels into carved cups. During this frugal, but pleasant and quiet repast, Aristonous would not sit down at table : at first he endeavour'd, under various pretences, to conceal his modesty ; but at last, when Sophronimus earnestly press'd him

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him to it, he declar'd, that he could not find in his heart to sit down and eat with the grandson of Alcinus, on whom he had waited so many years at that very table. Here it was, said he, where that wise old man was wont to eat ; there he entertain'd himself with his friend ; there he diverted himself at several sorts of games ; there he walk'd out and pleas'd himself with reading Homer and Hesiod ; and there he laid himself down to rest at night. In reciting these circumstances, his heart melted with tenderness, and the tears trickled from his eyes. After the repast was over, he led forth Sophronimus to take a view of the pleasant meadows, where the large herds of cattle wander'd on the banks of the river ; then they saw the flocks of sheep returning from their fat pastures, the ewes, bleating and full of milk, were follow'd by their little skipping lambs. Every where you might perceive the workmen earnest at their business, as if they were in love with their labour, whilst they promoted the interest of their kind and gentle master, who made himself to be beloved by them, and alleviated the misery of their slavery.

After Aristonous had shew'd to Sophronimus this house, these slaves, these flocks, and these lands, which were become so fertile by careful cultivating ; he address'd himself to him in these words : I am extremely glad to see you in the ancient patrimony of your ancestors ; now am I content, since I put you in possession of a place where I serv'd Alcinus so long. Do you peaceably enjoy what was his ; live happily, but secure to yourself, by your foresight and vigilance, a milder end than his. At the same time he made over to him by deed of gift that estate, according to all the necessary forms of law ; and declar'd, that he would disinherit his natural heirs of his own estate, if ever they should prove so ungrateful as to contest that donation which he had made to the grandson of Alcinus, his benefactor. But all this did not yet satisfy his grateful heart. Before Aristonous gave away his

house

house, he furnish'd it throughout with new furniture, plain and modest indeed, but withal neat and agreeable : he fill'd the barns with the rich presents of Ceres, and the cellar with choice wine of Chios, fit to be serv'd up by the hand of Ganymede at the table of great Jupiter ; he laid in likewise some Parthenian wine, with great quantities of honey of Hyzmettus and Hybla, and Attick oil, almost as sweet as honey it self. Lastly, to all these things he added innumerable fleeces of fine wool, as white as the driven snow, being the rich spoils of the tender sheep that fed on the mountains of Arcadia, and in the fat pastures of Sicily. In this state and condition he bestow'd the house on Sophronimus : he gave him over and above fifty Eutoic talents ; and reserv'd to his own relations the estate which he possess'd in the peninsula of Clazomene, and in the parts that lay about Smyrna, Lebedos, and Colophon, which was of a very great value.

When this deed of gift was made, Aristonous re-embark'd on board his ship, to return to Ionia. Sophronimus, surprized and moved at the magnificence of those favours, attended him to the ship with tears in his eyes, calling him his father all along as he went, and embracing him in his arms. Aristonous soon arriv'd at his own home, having had a happy voyage. None of his relations durst complain of his liberality to Sophronimus. I have order'd, said he to them, by my last will and testament, that all my estate shall be sold, and given to the poor of Ionia, if ever any one of you should oppose the gift I have made to the grandson of Alcinus. The wife and aged Aristonous liv'd in peace, and enjoy'd those good things which the gods had granted to his virtue. Every year, notwithstanding his old age, he took a voyage into Lycia, to visit Sophronimus, and to offer a sacrifice on the tomb of Alcinus, which he had enrich'd with several curious ornaments of architecture and sculpture. He had order'd that his own ashes, after his death, should

be laid up in the same tomb, where they might rest with those of his dear master. Each year, in the spring, Sophronimus waited with impatience for his return ; he had always his eyes looking towards the sea-shore, to see whether he could discover the ship of Aristonous, which usually arrived at that season. Each year he had the pleasure of seeing at a distance the ship which was so grateful to him, crossing the briny waves ; and it's arrival was more pleasant to him by far, than all the beauties which reviving nature in spring brings back to adorn the earth, after the rigours of a severe winter.

One year it happen'd, that this so long'd-for ship did not arrive as usual ; Sophronimus sigh'd bitterly ; sorrow and fear were painted on his face ; soft sleep departed from his eyes ; the most exquisite dainties had no relish with him ; he was restless, disturb'd even at the least noise ; was always looking towards the port, and every moment demanding whether there were no ship arriv'd from Ionia. There came one, at last ; but, alas ! Aristonous was not there ; it only brought his ashes in a silver urn. Amphicles, an ancient friend of the deceas'd, and almost of the same age with him, the trusty executor of his last will and commands, was the sad bearer of this urn. When he drew near to Sophronimus, they could neither of them utter a word, but express'd their sentiments in sighs and groans. Sophronimus, kissing the urn, and bedewing it with tears, at length gave vent to his grief in these words : It was to you, O thou good old man, that I stood indebted for all the happiness of my life, and now you are the occasion of the most pungent sorrow. I shall never see you more ! death would be welcome to me, could I but be with you, and serve you in the Elysian Fields, where your shade enjoys the happy peace which the just gods reserve as the reward of virtue. You have in our days brought back upon earth, justice, piety, and gratitude ; you have in these iron times shewn the goodness and innocence

nocence of the golden age. The gods, before they crown'd you in the mansions of the just, granted you here below a long, happy, and pleasant life; but alas! that which ought to last for ever is not always of the longest continuance. I have now no pleasure to enjoy, being robb'd of your presence. O dear shade! When is it that I shall follow you? O precious ashes! were you but sensible of any thing, you would doubtless be pleased with being mixed with those of Alcinus; and mine shall one day mingle themselves with both! In the mean time, all my comfort will be to preserve those remains of what I so passionately lov'd. O Aristonous! you shall never die; no, you shall always live within my breast; may I sooner forget myself, than ever forget so amiable a man, who lov'd me so much, was so great a lover of virtue, and to whom I owe my all.

After these words, often interrupted with deep sighs, Sophronimus placed the urn in the tomb of Alcinus; he offer'd several victims, whose blood overflow'd the altars of turf which surrounded the tomb; he pour'd out copious libations of wine and milk; he burnt rich perfumes that came from the farthest part of the East, which caus'd an odiferous cloud to ascend the sky. Sophronimus appointed, that for the future every year, at the same season, funeral sports should be celebrated in honour of Alcinus and Aristonous. Thither they flock'd from Caria, a happy and fertile country; from the enchanting banks of Meander, which sports itself in so many windings and turnings, and seems so loth to part with the country which it waters; from the ever-green banks of Cayster; from the shores of Pactolus, which rolls along over the golden sand beneath it's waves; from Pamphylia, where Ceres, Pomona, and Flora, strive who shall in greatest affluence bestow their precious presents: lastly, from the vast plains of Cilicia, water'd as a garden, by the streams which fall from mount Taurus, always cover'd with snow. During this solemn festival

festival, the young men and maidens, clothed with long robes of linen, whiter than the lilies, sang hymns in honour of Alcinus and Aristonous ; for they could not praise one without commending the other, nor separate two men who were so closely united, even after their deaths.

What was most wonderful was, that on the first day, whilst Sophronimus made the libations of wine and milk, a green myrtle-tree, of an exquisite fragrance, sprang out of the midst of the tomb, and all of a sudden rear'd it's bushy head, to cover the two urns with it's overspreading boughs. Every one cried out, that Aristonous, as a reward of his virtue, was chang'd by the gods into so pleasant a tree. Sophronimus took care to water it himself, and to reverence it as a deity. This tree is so far from growing old, that it is renew'd every ten years ; and the gods, by this miracle, were pleas'd to signify, *That virtue, which casts so sweet a perfume on the memory of man, never dies.*

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